

Hibernicus's Letters:

O R, A

Philosophical Miscellany.

Containing (among many others) *Essays* on the following useful and entertaining Subjects, *viz.*

Of Happiness.	Of Gaming.
Of imaginary Evils.	Of Industry.
Of Beauty.	Of Fashions.
Of Castle-building.	Of Women.
Of false Contempt of the World.	Censure on Dr. <i>Burnet's</i> Reflections on Human Life.
Of Witches and Apparitions.	The Opinion of a <i>Siamese</i> on the Religion of <i>Great Britain</i> .
Of the Art of Printing.	Religion vindicated from the Character of Moroseness.
Of Laughter and Ridicule.	The Vanity of <i>Cicero</i> and <i>Montagne</i> vindicated.
Of False Taste.	The Usefulness of Modern Translations of Ancient Books.
Of Useless Studies.	The Character of <i>Anacreon</i> , with a Specimen of his Writings.
Of Toleration.	Remains of Archdeacon <i>Par- nel</i> , &c.
Of Solitude.	
Of Epistolary Writing.	
Of the <i>Fable of the Bees</i> .	
Of the Happiness of former Times compared with the present.	
Of National Frugality.	
Of Liberty.	

Interpersed with several Original *POEMS* and Translations.

Written by several Eminent Hands in *Dublin*.

V O L. II.

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Hibernicus's *Letters.*

N^o 55. *Saturday, April 16, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Ne si fort³ suas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. —*

H O R.

S I R,



S I look upon your Paper to be written with a View of correcting the Vices of Mankind, and reforming their Manners; I hope you will not think it impertinent in me, tho an illiterate Man, to address you in behalf of myself, and the generality of Traders within this City, who suffer very much by a Maxim supported no where so much as here, ' That it is
' beneath a Man of Quality to pay his Debts
' as soon as he receives Money, and to an-

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' fwer

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‘swer submissively the Call of every inferior
‘scoundrel Dun, as they are pleased to ex-
‘press it.’

I AM, indeed, one of a low Rank, and therefore think it no way derogating from my Quality to attend the Service of the Church on *Sundays* and *Holidays*, and to read every Evening a Chapter in the Bible, from which I might pick out a great number of Passages, to arraign that fashionable Practice of neglecting to pay just Debts: But the Persons whom I mention being generally professed Enemies to, or utterly ignorant of the Contents of those sacred Oracles; I should think it to as little purpose to argue from thence against them, as to dispute with them out of the Acts of some Popish Council, the very Name of which they abhor, or the Laws of the Empire of *China*, which they are unacquainted with. Therefore, all that I propose by this Paper (if you will vouchsafe it a Place in yours) is to represent to them, how contrary their Behaviour is to Honour, to common Justice and Charity, and to the Welfare of that Nation, wherein they endeavour to make a Figure, and in which some of them have even the assurance to set up for *mighty Patriots*! First then, I beg leave to observe, tho the Remark is of antient date, That a great part of Mankind err very much in their Notions of HONOUR; as you may be convinc'd from the Character and Behaviour of Lord *Modish*: His Lordship has so much Mettle,

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Mettle, that he would cut any Man's throat, who should but presume to look him in the face, with a Cock of Defiance in his Hat; and would make the Sun shine thro' any one's Body, who durst deny him the Title of *Right Honourable*: He is so generous, that he seldom suffers any of his Company to club with him for a Reckoning; and he has so much good Nature, that I dare say he would run the risque of his Life, to steal away a young Heirels for any one to whom he professeth himself a Friend: All which Qualifications make him fancy that he has the Reputation of a *gallant Peer*, and a Man of *strictest Honour*. But I believe he would be very much surprized and humbled, if he heard the Discourses of the trading Part of the City, concerning his *Lordship*; most of them making it serve as an Excuse to their respective Creditors, that they cannot pay them for want of large Sums due to them from Lord *Modish*. Thus he is proclaimed a bad *Paymaster* at all ends of the Town, even sometimes without truth, by Persons who shelter themselves from paying, under his *Illustrious Fame*; and he makes himself the common Topick of Discourse over every *Counter*, and at the publick *Exchange*.

SQUIRE *Fopling* is next to him in that vicious Folly, in proportion to his Quality and Fortune: He dresses elegantly, attacks a Mask at the Play with a good deal of Wit, moves a Minuet with great Applause at the

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Castle, and has had two or three Rencounters in which he behaved like a *Man of Spirit*: From this he infers that he passes for an *accomplished Gentleman*, and a Person of *untainted Honour*. But whenever he walks thro' *Castle-street*, the *Shoemaker* comes out of his Shop to gaze after him, and curses his Feet for being so well fitted with *Shoes* which are not paid for: When he goes along *Dame's-street*, the *Woollen-Draper* shakes his Head, and tells all who are in his Shop, that the *Squire* ought at least to have made him a Bow, considering how spruce he is at his Expence: And by the time he comes to *College-Green*, the *Wigmaker* points at him, and assures his *Hair-Merchant* that the *Beau* who struts by his Window, is the Person who hinders him from clearing his Accounts. So that after all his Dreams of Reputation and Honour, he is looked upon as a publick Nuisance, not to say a publick Robber; and the poor Journeyman or Labourer who punctually pays the Ale-wife every *Saturday Evening*, when his little Salary comes into his hands, is esteemed the better Customer, and the more honourable Person of the two.

As great as my Resentment is against such false Pretenders to Honour, I would not be so severe as to give my Voice for introducing among us an old *Roman Law*, which I once heard my Son read in one of his School-books; which put it in the power of Creditors, after a certain prefixed time, to sell their Debtor

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Debtor as a Slave, or to cut him in pieces, and take each a quantity of his Flesh proportionable to the Debt: But I must own, I cannot forbear wishing often, that all who have the misfortune of dealing with one of that Species, could agree unanimously to strip the *Jackdaw* of his borrow'd Plumes. What a diverting Scene would it afford to see the *Haberdasher* seize his fierce Beaver; the *Wig-maker* running away with his prim *Queue*, or his Martial *Eugene*; the *Woollen-draper*, *Lace-man* and *Taylor* stripping him to his Shirt; the *Milliner* half strangling him for his *Steinkirk*, *Breast-chatbern*, and *Engageantes*; the *Sword-Cutler* disarming him like a Prisoner of State; and the *Hosier* and *Crispin* pulling his Pedestals with as much vehemence as the *German Hostler* who unbooted *Doctor Faustus*!

'TIS in this agreeable Attitude that I would draw one of those Gentlemen, if I had any Skill in Painting; and distribute Copies of it to be set up in every Shop, especially in those of *Wigmakers* and *Hatters*, where it might save the Expence of a Looking-Glass. But as I have no Talent that way, and never was in *Holland* to learn the humorous Art of representing Grotesque Figures, I leave it to your finer Pen to finish a Piece of which my coarse Quill has only given you the Out-lines: And if you do me the Honour to publish this, I shall at another Opportunity handle the two other Articles in a more serious manner, by

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shewing,

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shewing, as a *Trader* of some Experience, how much the Behaviour of such Persons is contrary to common Justice and Charity, and to the Welfare of that Nation, of which they pretend to be important Members.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

O. O.

P. S. As I was going to seal up this Letter, my Friend Mr. *Searwell* the Surgeon came full of the Spleen, to tell me that young Squire *Flanen* refuses to pay him for a certain private piece of Service, and bids him defiance; telling poor *Searwell* in plain terms, that he is a *Confessor* by Trade, and would lose all his Practice if he should be so audacious as to complain aloud of a Patient of *Quality*, who is not in the humour to open his Purse. But to shew him how little my Friend fears his Threats, he begs I would desire of you, that this Story may be inserted at the End of your Paper.



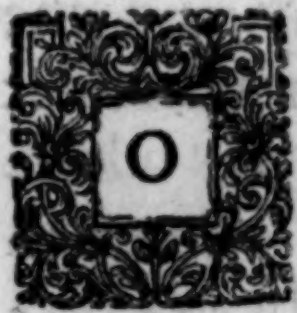


N^o 56. *Saturday, April 23, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Fervet avaritiâ, miseroque cupidine pectus? HOR.

S I R,



OF all the Infirmities the human Mind is subject to, there is none which has been oftner, and more powerfully declaimed against than *Avarice*, nor which the generality of Men are more ashamed of having laid to their charge. It is an old Observation, that People are apter to resent a Reflection on their *Honesty*, than their *Sense*; and therefore because it argues a little and narrow Mind, and very small knowledge of the real Worth of things, to set our hearts too much on the secondary Goods of Life, every body is very shy of letting any Blemish of that sort appear in their Character.

AMBITIOUS Men love Power, and vain Men the Trappings and Ornaments of it. Wise Men in their Pursuits after Greatness and Authority, industriously decline all ostentatious Appearances of it; and satisfy themselves with the real Advantages it brings them

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them in point of Interest either to themselves, or their Friends. But when Men cannot conceal the Pleasure they find in the Pomp and Splendor attending the Dignities they possess, it seldom, if ever, fails to draw on them such a Load of Envy as crushes all their Projects, and themselves, in the Ruins of them. By an Error of this sort did *Pompey* lay himself open and unguarded against the Attacks of his Enemies; while his more crafty Competitor *Cæsar*, by a close and silent Application to Business, was daily strengthening his Interest both in the Army and the Senate, till he had secured a Power sufficient to overthrow the other, and made the whole Authority of the Commonwealth center in himself. He could not however always preserve the same Moderation, but afterwards fell into the Distemper which gave him the advantage over his Rival, and perished in it. His politick Nephew, and Successor, *Augustus*, saw too clearly into the Error of them both, to give in to it; and by a modest, but artful Neglect of Grandure, confirmed the supreme Power in his own Person, and not only enjoyed it without disturbance during his own Life, but transmitted it entire and undisputed to his Successors.

IN the same manner most of those Persons who are infected with *Covetousness*, endeavour all they can to conceal it from the Observation of the World about them. The clumsy way of doing this is, when the covetous
 Person

Person is perpetually complaining of *Poverty*, and making his niggardly Disposition pass for a necessary Frugality. But this trick is grown too stale to pass upon the World now-a-days; and therefore the Men of better Sense carry on the matter with more decency, and by a handsom Appearance in their way of living strive to make themselves looked upon as Persons of *Generosity* and *Beneficence*, when at the same time their Desires know no bounds, and the acquiring an immense Fortune is the grand Design to which they sacrifice all other Considerations.

PEOPLE of this Stamp, however, are sure some time or other to be discovered, notwithstanding all their Arts to the contrary. Tho *Varillus*, by the Splendor and Decency of his Equipage, and the Exactness of Payments, appears here in Town to be a Person of *nice Honour*, and *uncommon Liberality*, yet his poor Tenants in the Country have cause to give him a very different Character, and find themselves abundantly worse used for paying him his Rents, than if they wore his *Livery*. And on the other hand, tho *Lucullus* is a kind Master, no bad Landlord, and upon occasion even bountiful to his Friends; yet how can *Lucullus* be reckoned generous, who suffers himself to live perpetually indebted in vast Sums to Multitudes of honest industrious Tradesmen? The Goodness of such Men is like that of the Sea, which is gentle and favourable to one Coast, only that it may
overflow

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overflow some other distant Shore with the greater Violence and Inundation.

THERE is one thing I have observ'd of several People pretending to much Generosity, and Contempt of immoderate Riches, That a base and avaritious Temper is at the bottom of it. They cannot be persuaded, that any thing they want is ever to be bought too cheaply, or that it is any hardship upon Traders to beat down the Price of their Commodities, even below what they can possibly afford them for, so as to derive a Subsistence from their Business. This is a Fault peculiar to the better sort of People, who are not concern'd in Trade themselves, any farther than for their own Consumption. Men of Business have little or nothing of it among them. They know that Men must have their Profit from whatever Commodities they deal in, and therefore are generally at a word in their Bargains; and if they find they cannot carry their Point at one place of Sale, withdraw quietly, and try what they can do elsewhere. Whereas among the fashionable and genteel part of the World, as they affect to be called, nothing is more usual than for them to stand a long while haggling with a Shop-keeper about a matter perfectly insignificant and trifling. I have often known more needless Breath spent in a difference of a few Shillings in the Price of a Suit of Clothes, or some such matter, than would be sufficient, among Merchants, to conclude a Bargain

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Bargain of so many hundred Pounds Value, And if one were to hear all the Lyes and Nonsense utter'd on such occasions, and to form a Judgment of Mankind from them, it could not avoid giving him a very low and contemptible Opinion of the Species.

WANT of Skill in the Goodness or Knowledge of the Prices of Commodities, is what I am inclined to believe frequently induces the Buyers to be thus narrow and querulous in their Dealings. But the Sense hereof ought in common prudence to have a quite different effect; since by discovering this their Ignorance, they only expose themselves as fit to be impos'd upon, and by obstinate persisting in their Error, provoke a Man to do so, who perhaps otherwise would not have been inclined to it. These however are not commonly the worst sort of Criminals in this way. There are others who make no conscience of grinding the Faces of their honest Neighbours, offering a great deal less for a Commodity than they know it to be worth, and sometimes forcing the Seller, for fear of disobliging such as have Influence on other Customers, to part with their Goods at an under-rate, and very often to his considerable damage. When this is done, there is an immediate Triumph raised among all their Acquaintance, what a wonderful good Bargain they have made; and the next Person they have occasion to deal with is insulted upon it, if he refuses to quit to them those honest Gains

Gains he proposed to himself by his Business, and which are absolutely necessary for the Support of his Family.

DID this Practice only affect the rich, or the extorting part of the trading World, it might admit of some kind of Excuse. But indeed the Poor, and the Industrious are generally the People who suffer by it. The wealthy Trader will not part with his Wares but to advantage, because he can afford to keep them till he finds a Market for his purpose. And for the same reason the thriving Mechanick will not work without what he thinks to be sufficient Wages. Whereas the Shopkeeper who has but a small Stock, being obliged to answer the Demands of his Creditors, is forced often to sell at an under-value, to raise Money for such occasions, and by that means is always kept low and necessitous. In the same manner a Mechanick who is but just come into the World, and happens upon Customers of this stingy and pitiful Temper, must either continue without Employment, or submit to manifest Cruelty and Oppression. And the Consequence of all this is the Encouragement of a pack of idle drunken Rogues, enough of whom are to be found among all Trades, who, either having no Families, or else taking no manner of care of them, will undertake a Job at any rate, to get a riotous Night or two in the Week. Thus for the sake of saving a very small part in the Article of Expences, we hazard the Ruin of the honestest and worthiest part of the
the

the People, and prefer to them such as are only a Nuisance and Encumbrance to the Society.

BUT tho this should not be the Effect of a penurious and haggling way in dealing, as I am persuaded it frequently is, yet still there is another obvious ill Effect arising from it, which ought to make it odious to all Men of Sense and Virtue. A Trader, who has any competent knowledge of the World, will soon find out the Temper of his Customers; and if he discovers this to be their weak side, the Vices of Mankind being infectious, will endeavour to foil them at their own weapons. If it be the known Character of a Buyer to bid at first but the one half of what he intends to give for a thing, the Shopkeeper will quickly learn to demand twice as much as he can afford to sell it for. Thus a fraudulent and insincere way of dealing is introduced, and Mankind are taught to treat one another as a parcel of downright Villains, every one in a constant design of cozening and imposing on all the rest. This is so known at present, that every body makes a merit of it, when they have trick'd a hard niggardly Chap into the belief of his having got a special Bargain, tho he has only got it in the *Cant* Sense of the Word. And it is a common Observation, that those Persons who are least contentious in bargaining, get cheaper and better Pennyworths than their Neighbours. So that if Men either regard the promoting
of

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of Honesty and Truth in the World, or know their own true Interest, they must despise such sneaking Methods of negotiating, and leave them to be practised only by those who are so overrun with sordid *Avarice*, that every thing they do, is evidently tainted with it.

THO I do not believe this Evil owes its Original to the *Mercantile* Part of Mankind, yet I strongly imagine the Remedy lies pretty much in their power. And therefore I would humbly propose it to such of my Readers as are concerned in Business, whether it would not probably save themselves and Customers a great deal of Lungs which are at present unnecessarily wasted, and make Trade much more expeditious, for them to fix a Rate on all their Goods, which they shall never abate one farthing of for any Customer, but insist upon it, let him *argue* and *expostulate*, and *rave*, and *coax*, and *lye*, to the utter effusion of his Voice as well as Language: *Provided nevertheless*, That nothing herein contained shall be deemed or understood to extend to the *Ladies*, whose undoubted Right and Privilege of *ventilating* themselves on all occasions ought to be and remain with them without any Let or Molestation whatsoever.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

N^o 57.



Nº 57. *Saturday, April 30, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Omnia quæ secundum naturam sunt, æstimatione digna sunt.
TULL.

S I R,



ÆSAR is often taken notice of by the Criticks, as the only Author that ever writ of himself with a good Grace. I believe *Cæsar's* exalted Character, and great Actions, may have contributed as much to this Opinion as the manner of his Writing; and our Admiration of the Hero raised our Idea of the Author. It is certainly a very nice Point for a Man to speak of himself at all. If he speaks well of himself, he discovers his Vanity; and if ill, his Indiscretion, or something yet worse.

THIS Consideration, however, has not hinder'd several Men of excellent Sense, and true Judgment, from making themselves the Subject of their own Writings. *Tully* has been much censured for his Vanity on this account. Amidst all his Excellencies he was an immoderate Lover of Praise, and a perpetual

petual Boaster of his Services to the Commonwealth. We are told, that he once intended to have writ a History of the *Roman Affairs*, but was so impatient to do himself Justice, that he begun at the wrong End, and wrote his own Consulship first, intending to trace the Story backwards to the Foundation of the Empire. What Progress he made in this Work is uncertain, none of it having come to our hands. But how ridiculous soever the Project may seem, I am apt to think the want of it a considerable loss to us. For tho an Author gains not much Credit by talking of himself, yet his Readers get a great deal of Entertainment and Instruction from it. Such an open way of Writing resembles the Conversation of Friends; we enter more readily into the Sentiments and Genius of the Author, and pay the greater Regard to what he says, on account of his treating us with so much Familiarity and Confidence.

Few Men, perhaps, would be willing to write in the same manner *Montaigne* has done: Yet, I believe, there are not many disgusted at it when they read him, or would wish those Passages expunged from his Works, wherein he speaks of himself. We accuse him of Vanity; but at the same time are well pleased with the humorous Instances he gives us of it. The Faults we discover in the Man, are what principally recommend him to us as a Writer. And sure, no Man
ever

ever exposed his Infirmities and Weakness with more freedom and unreservedness to a Friend, than he has done to his Readers. By this means we are softened into a favourable Opinion of him; and cannot condemn the Errors of one, who has the art of making himself so very agreeable.

THE Account he gives us of his being admitted a Citizen of *Rome*, is perhaps one of the strongest Instances to be met with of Elation of Heart on occasions of receiving Marks of Honour and Esteem. There is doubtless no Man but what conceives abundance of Pleasure from Incidents of this nature; yet so unkind are we to one another, that we will not allow any Man to express that Satisfaction, without accusing him of Weakness and Vanity. We all feel those Impulses, yet are ashamed to have it known that we do so. *Montaigne* very honestly tells us what he felt, and every Man who reads him will find from his own Experience what he says to be true. Whereas were Men to form a Judgment from the Professions of Mankind, every Man who has these Emotions, would look on himself as a Person of more than ordinary Weakness, and wanting that Solidity of Mind which other Men seem to be possessed of. Such an Author therefore as *Montaigne* is capable of relieving an honest Mind from the Pain of thinking it self of a very uncommon and singular Mould, by shewing that there may be, and are

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others framed exactly like it. I have known two or three Persons freed from a good deal of uneasiness, by reading the ingenious Paper in the *Spectator* on *Castle-Building*; before which time they always imagined they were alone in that fantastical Business, and never once dreamed, that any body but themselves had the trouble of such an extravagant Imagination. And sure the Pains we take to conceal a great many natural Motions of our Hearts, has in many other Instances, as well as this, been the Occasion of unexperienced Peoples condemning themselves of several intellectual Weaknesses, common to them with the rest of the human Species.

THESE Observations give a fair handle against that pernicious way of *Philosophizing*, which is for reducing all our Actions and Behaviour to the strict and rigid Rules of what they call the Dictates of sound and right Reason, and making no allowances for natural Impulses and Inclinations, but censuring every Action, however good and generous in it self, as irrational and unmanly, if not done upon cool deliberation, and after a nice and critical survey of all its Consequences. The Gentlemen in this Scheme of thinking will not admit any thing to be well done, which is the Effect of great, or delicate natural Sentiments, or wherein the Heart is more concerned than the Head. In order to become Men, we are to divest our selves
of

of those Passions which all Men are born with. We are taught to suppress what principally spurs us on to brave and virtuous Actions, under the notion of Enthusiasm, and Heat of Imagination. And Wisdom and Virtue too are made to consist in a perfect Indifference for every thing but the performance of our Duty; a Word, which in their mouths who make use of it in this manner, seems to have no meaning or signification at all.

WE are too apt upon all occasions to run into Extremes. Because it has been observed, that Men, by too much indulging their Passions, have done very unreasonable or ridiculous things, therefore the Passions themselves have been declaim'd against, or laugh'd at; when the only Fault has lain in giving way to their irregular Motions. Thus the Love of Praise has been represented as a Weakness, because some Men, who have had it in too high a degree, have been prompted by it to commit a great many Extravagances. Yet this Principle is natural to all Men; and without some such powerful Incentive to laudable Actions, it is highly probable, we should grow very remiss and languid in the Performance of them. It might also be shewn in several of our best and noblest Affections, such as *Love, Friendship, and Pity*, that the Excesses of them may betray us into great Errors, and even a criminal Weakness. Yet sure, that ought not to make those Affections either unmanly or vicious, unless we

will contend, that Wisdom and Virtue consist in extinguishing, rather than moderating our Desires; which whoever attempts to do may indeed commence a Savage, but, I am persuaded, will never make himself such a one as a truly wise and good Man will esteem.

THE pompous Manner in which some of the antient Philosophers talked of the Vanity of human Life, and its Enjoyments, has of late been succeeded by a buffooning way of laughing at every thing which Men seem to be serious and in earnest about. The former Method tended to make Men contemn the World, and neglect the Offices of their Station, for the sake of a certain romantick Notion, which they called by the name of Virtue; but this aims at the destruction of Virtue altogether, without substituting any thing in its room but a *Grin*. Whoever has read a late celebrated Performance, entitled, *The Fable of the Bees*, cannot but have observed a great many notable Instances of this *Jocular* Philosophy. *Fame*, according to him, is a *Bauble*; *Pity*, an Infirmary common to us with the Beasts; and *Love* and *Friendship*, think of them as highly as you please, are nothing at the bottom but downright Lust, and Combination. The Consequence of all this is, that Men, if they act wisely, will endeavour to free themselves from such troublesome and vicious Companions. But what shall we do then? Or how shall we employ ourselves, when Life presents us no-

thing

thing else, but one continued Scene of Farce and Impertinence? Why truly we may e'en sit down, and laugh at the World, and every thing in it, as this Author has most judiciously done: for since we are all selfish by Nature, and every thing in Life is ridiculous, both which Points he has attempted to demonstrate, the only rational thing we can do is to live perpetually *Sneering*.

OBJECTS of *Laughter* need never be wanting to People who are well disposed towards it. The World will yield an inexhaustible Fund of Mirth for a Man of any tolerable Genius. The *grave Looks* of Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians, are full of delightful Raillery. What can be more ridiculous than the Pomp and Magnificence of Kings, and publick Magistrates, or than the insipid Formality of Parliaments, and Courts of Justice? Is it not a comical thing to see a Man toiling and slaving all his days, merely to support the Noise and Nonsense of a Wife and Family; and to be breaking his Rest for the sake of a parcel of People, called his *Posterity*, whom he is never to be sixpence the better for? What silly Fellows are they, who sigh, whine, and languish in the absence of one they call a Friend or a Mistress? Can there be any thing merrier, than for a Man to desire to be well spoken of by People whom he never will converse with during his days; nay, and who perhaps will not be born till many years after he is dead and rotten? In a word,

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is there any thing *in rerum natura*, to be seen, felt, heard or understood, good for any thing else but to break a Jest upon? The *Tub*, the *Ladder*, the *Stage Itinerant*, are not the only Places consecrated to Merriment; we may as readily find it in the Closet of a *Philosopher*, as at the *Assembly*, or the *Ring*; and divert ourselves as much with the *Tattle* of a *Council-Board*, as of a *Tea-Table*. We may go among the *Indians*, and laugh at their Simplicity, and Ignorance of Politeness and Good-Living; at the *Turks*, for being such silly Rascals as to refuse drinking *Wine*; and then come home and laugh at our own Countrymen for their whimsical Care of their paltry *Liberty* and *Property*. Thus having laughed round the *Globe*, we may fairly sit down and laugh at ourselves, because there are no more *Worlds* to be laughed at.

It requires not much pains to discover, that should such a Vein as this once come to be universal, it would quickly put an end to every thing good and serious, and destroy all Notions of Honour and Virtue among Men. Yet the introducing it seems to be the natural Consequence of arguing against several Particularities which may be observed in human Nature. The excess of any commendable Quality is very apt to lead Men to some Extravagances; and the best and finest Spirits have commonly a tincture of Enthusiasm, or Vanity, in their Composition. It is therefore an easy matter for weak Minds, when they

they hear those Defects censured, to fall into a much more dangerous Mistake, and grow into a disapprobation of the Virtues themselves, as well as their Excesses; much what like has happened in another part of Philosophy, wherein some Men, by taking a great deal of pains to prove that the secondary Qualities of Matter have no real existence, have given a handle to others to assert the same of the primary Qualities, and of Matter itself.

BUT if it be dangerous to argue gravely against such Blemishes in virtuous Characters, it is still more so to set them in a ridiculous Light. Deformity, either real, or apprehended, is the proper Object of Ridicule; and therefore the very Shades of Virtue ought to be preserved from it, lest it should by degrees prejudice us against its Beauties. *Laughter*, when once it breaks out, is too undistinguishing and ungovernable to be kept within bounds. Let it once open upon the Vanity of some great Men, and it will be ready the next time to fall upon the Love of true Glory in others. And if it be turn'd against the Ravings and Fondness of romantick Lovers, it may afterwards receive Provocation from every degree of Tendernefs and Affection whatsoever. Sir *William Temple* tells us of an ingenious *Spaniard*, who imagined the Ruin of the *Spanish* Monarchy to be owing to the Ridicule in the History of *Don Quixote* of the Spirit of Knight-Errantry, and Gallantry, which had so much

prevailed in that Nation ; because from that time their *Cavaliers* became so much ashamed of it, that they fell into the other Extreme, and lost all that Bravery which formerly rendered them so serviceable to their Country. Tho this seems to be straining the Matter too far, yet I am of opinion, that among the People of these Nations we shall find a great many Humours and Prejudices, in themselves ridiculous and unreasonable enough, which however it would not be much for the Interest of the Publick to have removed. Nothing that is natural to any People ought to be despised, unless where it is hurtful either towards any particular Society, or Mankind.

How preposterous then is the present *Humour* of the World in this matter ? We are grown ashamed to be thought kind, generous, or tender-hearted ; but make a merit of being satirical and ill-natur'd on any slight occasion. To shed Tears at a *Tragedy* is reckoned a Weakness even among the *Fair Sex* ; but we may laugh without measure at a *bald Jest*, or *double Entendre* in a *Comedy* ; as if Laughter were more natural and humane than Pity and Compassion. No greater Instance can be given of a perverted and vitiated Taste. But this affords too large a Field for Reflection here, and may deserve to be more fully considered on some other Occasion.

I am, &c.



N^o 58. Saturday, May 7, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Eminentia cujusque operis arctissimis temporum claustris
circundata.* VELL. PATER.

S I R,



WE *Essay-Writers* are under the most unhappy Circumstances of any sort of Authors whatsoever. Others have nothing to do, but to make the most they can of the Subject they have chosen. We have not only that Task to perform, but another no less difficult, the Choice of our Subject; wherein let our Care and Diligence be ever so great, it is next to impossible, but every time we write, we disgust a great number of our Readers. People sit down to a formal and regular Treatise with a quite different Disposition, from what they are possessed with when they take up one of these Miscellaneous Productions. If they like not the Subject, they throw it by, upon perusal of the Title-Page; but we, professing to write upon no single Subject, are called to an account both for our Materials, and our Manner of working them. And
in

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in both these the Taste of our Readers admits of so much Variety and Disagreement, that there is no pleasing them all at once.

SOME are displeased with every thing in such Performances which is not either Wit, or Humour. They reckon every thing grave and serious, to be dull and insipid ; and think their Time thrown away in reading a Paper which does not make them laugh. Amusement is the only end of their reading ; and they think that is never obtained, unless accompanied with some very quick and violent Emotions. The sober and gentle Pleasure which arises from the reading of just and rational Reflections on Men and Things, is too faint and languishing for People who are never easy but when they are in a Convulsion of Merriment.

ON the other hand, there are some Readers so oppressed with Phlegm, that they can like nothing which is not directly instructive, and writ in the way of a Philosophical Lecture. A familiar manner of talking about the common things of Life, always puts them out of humour. They expect there shall be Strictness of Reason, Proportion of Parts, and Regularity of Design in every thing they read ; otherwise they think themselves ill dealt with. The loose and negligent Manner of an Essay, which is indeed its principal Ornament and Beauty, is what they cannot endure. Let the Matter be ever so good, it is damned if they do not approve the Method
of

of handling it. And sometimes the chief Excellency they look for in an Author, is a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness of Composition, which in truth is no more than an artful Covering found out by us ingenious Moderns, to conceal our want of that Force and Flame, and of those great Conceptions, and noble Imaginations which animate the Writings of Antiquity. And even in this, Opinions are so divided, as renders it extremely difficult to please all Parties. For as on the one hand there are some Gentlemen who can never be prevail'd on to approve any other than the *Synthetic* Method of writing, so there are not wanting considerable Numbers no less devoted to the *Analytic*. So that a poor Author who is ignorant of either of these Forms of tacking his Thoughts together, is like to meet with a very indifferent Reception from the Men of profound Erudition, and top Criticism, who cut all their Compositions, as the Ladies do Muslins, by the drawing of a Thread; which however is commonly such poor unsubstantial Stuff, that it is very apt to break between their Fingers.

BESIDES these Disadvantages common to all Writers of *Essays*, there is another peculiar to us, who have taken upon us to dispense our *Weekly Admonitions* to the Publick; which, as it is a sufficient Apology for not being able to perform that Service so effectually as we could wish, and that I do not remember to have seen it any more than hinted
at

at elsewhere, I shall be at some pains in this Paper to lay before my Readers in the best Light I can.

It has been observed, that in all Nations where-ever Wit, Learning, and Politeness have flourished, they have blazed out all at once, and arrived to their Height in the compass of a few Years. A Constellation of great Genius's has risen together, and by mutually imparting Light and Warmth to each other, shined forth with united Splendor and Influence. The Age of *Socrates* was famous in *Greece* for producing a Race of great Men eminent in Arms and Arts. After that there was a visible Declension among them; and tho several worthy Patriots, and good Authors are to be found among the later *Greeks*, yet they come infinitely short of their Predecessors in that wonderful Fertility of Invention, Force of Imagination, and Dignity of Expression, which have render'd their Works the Admiration of all the succeeding Ages, and are like to continue them so to the end of Time.

THE *Roman* Learning and Eloquence also had a very short Term of Duration. Their Height seems to have begun in *Lucretius*, about the time of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and to have lasted little longer than the Reign of *Tiberius*. *Cicero*, and *Livy*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, who were the greatest, and most justly admired among the *Latin* Authors, were all Contemporaries; and wrote either at, or very
near

near the same time ; and are all in their several Kinds inimitable : Not to mention *Cæsar*, *Sallust*, and many more, who flourished in the same Age. It seemed as if Nature had exerted her utmost in producing such an extraordinary Set of Men at once, and thereby render'd herself unable to continue the Succession ; that warm Sunshine of Wit and Learning being soon followed with a long and dismal Winter of Ignorance and Barbarity, from whence the World did not recover till after the Expiration of many Ages : during which time the Commonwealth of Learning was under the Tyranny of a dark and gloomy Generation of *Monks* and *Friars*, a kind of Spiritual Locusts, that overspread the whole Horizon, intercepted the fair Face of Heaven from Mankind ; and not only ravished from them the Rewards of Arts and Industry, but abolished the very Arts themselves.

AT the Restoration of Learning, there appeared a noble and numerous Band of exalted Spirits, to animate and assist each other in that generous Undertaking, without whose joint Endeavours to rescue Mankind from Ignorance and Stupidity, it is highly probable, our greatest Proficiency in Learning at this day had been the Art of composing *Romances*, *Religious* or *Amorous*. But the *More's*, the *Erasmus's*, and the *Buchanan's* of that Age put an end to that Strain ; and in the space of a few Years carried useful Knowledge and good Sense to a Pitch they had not been at
since

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since the Days of *Augustus*. That happy Conjunction of so many great Men, has derived to us most of the Materials which the learned World have at present to work upon. Yet in a short time after there followed a very great Degeneracy; and the Spirit being evaporated, only the *Caput Mortuum* remained behind, which we have since had parcell'd out in the Writings of *German* Divines, and *Dutch* Commentators.

AMONG ourselves the Case has been pretty much the same. We have had our alternate Periods of Learning and Ignorance, of Wit and Dullness, as well as other Nations. Whoever is conversant with the *English* Writers, cannot but have observed, that the best of them have commonly appeared together, and given us a luxurious, but short Repast; after which we had a long Interval of Penury and Starving. The last remarkable Class of good Authors we have had, was a few Years ago, who improved our Taste and Language to the utmost perfection they seemed capable of. In compliance with our natural Impatience, and unwillingness to undergo any Fatigue for the sake of intellectual Attainments, they chose to reform us by degrees, and for that purpose sent abroad their Compositions from time to time in single Sheets; and executed their Design so happily, that from them we may date a new *Æra* of the *British* Learning and Eloquence. Some of those excellent Men are gone to a better World, to enjoy the
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the Reward of their Virtue and generous Labours for the Service of Mankind: and the rest of them, having done their duty in this, and received the Applauses due to their Merit, seem to have retired from the Scene, and left the Management of it to a new Set of Performers.

FROM this Account it is easy to see, that our Readers ought not to raise their Expectations too high from the Persons at present employed in this Province. The warm Fit is over with the present Age; and we ought to prepare for the cold one. Our immediate Predecessors have soared too high for us to do any more than gaze on them at an humble distance. Where it is impossible to excel those who have gone before us, it is natural to fall infinitely short. The Despair of ever being able to equal such illustrious Originals, damps all our Ambition, and checks every Attempt to follow them. Add to this, that they have exhausted most of those Subjects which are capable of making Writings at once entertaining and useful. We have only the Gleanings of their rich Harvest; and therefore our Readers must not be surpriz'd, that we sometimes set them a picking of Straws. To these Causes we may impute that lamentable Dullness which is at present so universally complained of. And as Dullness is ever infectious, we poor *Essay-Writers* must not pretend to be exempted from the common Calamity. To be *dull with Design* is a Pretence
which

which will not bear Water at present, when it is so much owing to *Chance*, if ever we are otherwise.

IN Justice however to the learned World at present, it must be owned, that it has lately produced some Performances of great Value and Usefulness, on very important Subjects, particularly in Morality. My intelligent Readers will quickly perceive, that I have in my Eye those two incomparable Treatises, the *Religion of Nature delineated*, and the *Inquiry into Beauty and Virtue*; Works which cannot fail of being esteemed while Mankind have any regard left for good Sense, or useful Knowledge. But alas! Productions of this kind go but ill down with the generality of Readers; and a Miscellaneous Writer who should at any time fall into that Strain, would procure little Thanks for his Pains. And Works of Fancy which are any way truly valuable, are at present too scarce, to warm us sufficiently by their Influence. So that on the whole, considering the Character of the Age we live in, and the numerous Defects our Compositions necessarily labour under, we may apply every week to our Writings that humorous Reflection which *La Bruyere* did once to his; ‘ If they do not take, we may wonder they should not; but if they do take, we may wonder as much how they should.’

I am, &c.

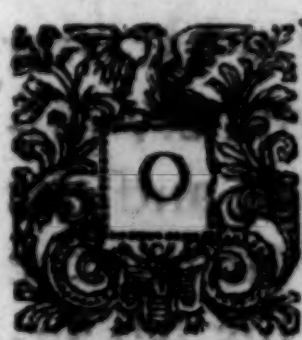


N^o 59. Saturday, May 14, 1726.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Magnum proventum poetarum annus hic attulit, P L I N.

S I R,



OUR *Journalists* have lately thought fit to communicate to the Publick several Translations of Odes from *Horace*. He is one of the Authors of Antiquity who can never be too much admired, for the Beauty and Variety of his Compositions, the Delicacy and Justness of his Reflections, and the inimitable Art he has of always appearing new every time he is read; being every where so rich in Sense, that we are perpetually making new Discoveries in him, and may constantly apply to him *Milton's* Character of that noble Species of Writing,

Where more is meant than meets the Ear.

It is therefore always with singular Pleasure I observe those worthy Attempts which are made to render into *English* any Parts of so great and useful an Author. But at the

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same

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same time, considering how many have been baffled in it already, I am ready to tremble for the adventurous Person who undertakes to give us a Translation of the whole, as seems to be the Design of one or more of those Gentlemen, whose Specimens have been published some weeks since in the *London Journal*.

I do not pretend to Criticism enough, to make a Judgment on those Performances. But this I cannot help thinking, that so close and scrupulous a Translation of *Horace* as seems to be there promised, is what our Language will not bear. It is extremely difficult, at once to preserve the Spirit and the Words of an Author. In endeavouring the former, we are apt to fly off from his Meaning; and in adhering too closely to the latter, we are in equal danger of creeping after him in a servile manner. And truly I apprehend this last to be the worse Error of the two: For, as my Lord *Bacon* observes, in translating the Writings of Antiquity, the Spirit of the Original is apt to evaporate, unless a new Spirit be transfused into them by the Translator. And certainly this Observation will hold much more in Poetical Productions; there being greater reason to fear, that a Translator should not be able to come up to the Poetry, than that he should miss the precise Meaning of his Original. A Reader at least will be much better satisfied with a Translation, where the Author's Sense is beauti-

beautifully expressed, tho not exactly in his own Phrase, than where it is perhaps more truly represented, but in a dry and spiritless manner; otherwise we must have had more Admirers of *Hobbes's* Translation of *Homer*, than of Mr. *Pope's*.

IN translating the two following Odes, I have endeavoured equally to shun the Licence of an Imitation, and the Restraint of a Literal Version. You will readily perceive, that they cannot pretend an Exemption from Censure; and indeed I am too sensible of their Defects, to desire their Publication on any other account, than as they may excite others to vindicate, by their more excellent Performances, an Author who has suffered Injuries from so many other Hands as well as mine; that as in the Multitude of ill Translators, and Commentators, he has received great Injustice, so he may, some time or other, be relieved by the Numbers of those who have Strength and Genius sufficient for it. If a good Translation of *Horace* is ever to be expected, it must be from some such happy Conjunction in his favour; for I fear much, it will always prove, as it has done hitherto, too hard a Task for any one Man.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

Horace, Book I. ODE XXVIII.

TO Winds expos'd, and wash'd by ev'ry Wave,
 Deny'd Mankind's last Privilege, a Grave,
 See, where thy poor Remains, Archytas, lie,
 Whose mighty Mind once grasp'd both Earth and Sky!
 Say then, what did avail thy nice Survey
 Of the wide World, and far extending Sea?
 What did it boot, that thou by Art cou'dst soar
 Above the Planets, and their Course explore;
 Compute the awful Spaces where they roll,
 And with them travel round the radiant Pole;
 Since all thy vast Discov'ries could not charm
 The Fates, or shield from Death's impartial Arm?
 THIS is the Fate all Humane Kind must share;
 Tithon at last is vanish'd into Air;
 While Tantalus, condemn'd to endless Woe,
 Sits fretting in th' elusive Floods below;
 Whom Fortune once with ev'ry Blessing stor'd,
 And Gods themselves vouchsaf'd to grace his Board.
 Minos the Just has yielded too to Fate,
 The Friend of Jove, and Partner of his State.
 And He, the Sage, whom you with just Applause
 Will own best skill'd in Nature and her Laws,
 Who by convincing Proofs had made it plain,
 That Souls withdraw but to return again,
 And Death's detested Empire o'er Mankind
 Extends to Body only, not to Mind;
 For ever now dismiss'd, no more survives,
 To vouch his boasted Magazine of Lives.
 One gloomy Night for all Mankind remains,
 And once we all must tread the shadowy Plains.
 Mars sweeps away th' ambitious Sons of Fame,
 Who lose their Being to acquire a Name.
 And greedy Sailors to their Ruin brave,
 In search of Treasure perish in the Wave.

Th:

*The cruel Fates to none Compassion show,
But Old and Young without distinction go.
What wonder then that I my Fate should find
On these rough Shores, from Winds and Waves combin'd?
YET stay, kind Mariner, nor let thy Hand
Withhold the Tribute of the common Sand,
To cover up my whitening Bones, which lie
To Seas expos'd, and an inclement Sky.
For which good Office, when the rising Storm
Shall strip the Woods, and Adria's Gulf deform,
Amidst the Tumult mayst thou safely sleep,
And Neptune guard thee thro' the rolling Deep;
Nor gracious Jove be wanting to repay
With Wealth thy Dangers in the wat'ry Way.
But if, proud Man, the pious Act you scorn,
Nor care your Offspring the Neglect shou'd mourn,
Expect the same hard Fates to wait on thee,
When thou despis'd, as I am now, shall be;
To thy cold Corps no friendly Hand come near
With Cypress Shade, or decently inter.
My Execrations are not vainly lost;
No Off'rings shall appease my injur'd Ghost.
Make no delays; the Task is quickly done;
Thrice strow the Sand, and thou art free to run.*

Book II. ODE XVIII.

*'TIS true, my Cottage mean and low,
Not built for Grandure, but for Ease,
No Iv'ry Cornices can show,
Nor Ceilings wrought with Gold displays.
No Cedar Beams for Pomp and State,
(To Nature Names confest unknown)
Repose their great and precious Weight
On Pillars of the Parian Stone.*

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*Not drop'd an accidental Heir
To some old Kinless Miser's Means,
No wealthy Vassal's Gifts I wear,
Rich purple Vests and sweeping Trains.*

*But Virtue, and a little Sense
Have so endear'd me to the Great,
That, Thanks to bounteous Providence,
Nor have, nor want I an Estate.*

*Blest in my little Sabine Field,
I'll neither Gods above implore,
Nor, since in sneaking Arts unskill'd,
Hang on my wealthy Friend for more.*

*From Day to Day with equal Pace
Our sliding Moments steal away;
Nor is the fleeting Moon's Increase
Ought but her Progress to Decay.*

*Yet you, amus'd with airy Dreams,
Forgetful that the Grave is near,
Are busy'd with your endless Schemes
Of pleasant Seats, and Houses here.*

*The Bounds of Nature for your Mind
Too little seem, and you are poor,
Unless the Ocean be confin'd
To enlarge your Borders on the Shore.*

*Nay more, profanely you leap o'er
Your peaceful Neighbours antient Bounds,
Invade the weak unfriended Poor,
And seize his patrimonial Grounds.*

Expell'd

*Expell'd by you from their Abodes,
The tender Wife and Husband fly ;
In vain they invoke their Gods ;
In vain their helpless Infants cry.*

*And yet this dearly bought Estate
How quickly must its Owner leave ?
The wealthy Miser's last Retreat,
And surest Portion, is the Grave.*

*What would you more ? Impartial Earth
Wraps in her Lap with equal Care
The High and Low ; nor Royal Birth
Preserves its poor Distinctions there.*

*Not all Prometheus' boasted Art
Could ever surly Charon sway,
Nor Gold itself work on his Heart
To waft him back into the Day.*

*Proud Tantalus and all his Race
He holds in Chains ; the Royal Kin
In vain implore the smallest Grace :
Empire no Patent has for Sin.*

*Yet call'd, or not, the Poor he hears,
And in his last and painful strife
To his Assistance straight repairs,
And carries off his Load of Life.*



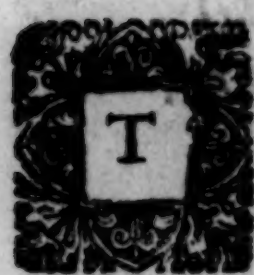


N^o 60. *Saturday, May 21, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

—*Hem, vir viro quid præstat ?* Ter.

S I R,



THE Philosophers in all Ages have recommended to us the Knowledge of ourselves as the best and most useful Study, and the Acquisition of it as the highest and clearest Evidence of Wisdom. Philosophers however have not been always able to make good their own Claim to it. They as well as other Men have suffered themselves to be too much guided by Appearances in this Science, no less than in others ; and have frequently had so little Wisdom, as to imagine themselves the sole Proprietors of it, and to exclude all others from having any share in it. This Error could only have proceeded from overrating themselves, or undervaluing the rest of Mankind : and either of these demonstrates the want of Self-knowledge, since the Worth of a Man is always to be estimated by comparing it with that of others ; and it will be found, upon making the Comparison, that there

there is not such a prodigious Difference in this matter among Men as we commonly are too apt to imagine.

It happens a little unluckily too, that Philosophical Minds are more apt to fall into this Mistake than others. For employing all their Time and Studies in general Speculations and abstract Inquiries, they are shut out from a particular acquaintance with Men and Things. So that knowing little besides themselves, and their own Ideas, they are ignorant of all that Worth and Wisdom which may be abroad in the World; and by that means beget in themselves a fond Belief of their being among the reserved few who have monopolized all useful Knowledge, and rational Notions. And this Circumstance, at the same time that it is the occasion of many Learned Men being proud and positive, is one of the best Arguments why they should be just the contrary.

Nothing is more likely to betray Men into a criminal Conduct towards their Fellow-Creatures than an imagined Superiority over them, either in natural or acquired Accomplishments. It fills them with unbecoming Notions, and unfociable Dispositions towards them. When we look on our Neighbours with Contempt, we shall hardly forbear to treat them with Unkindness; if it be not indeed Unkindness and Injustice too, to contemn Men at all, unless upon clear Evidences of their Dishonesty and Wickedness. For the

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Opinion

Opinion of Worth being what all Men seek, and the Desire of it injurious to none, the Possession of it is a real Good, which ought not to be taken from any Man, without the strongest Conviction of his having forfeited it. Acting any otherwise is making ourselves the only Standard of Wisdom and Merit; and we may with as good a grace claim the Government of the Universe as our own undoubted Right and Privilege. This at least is certain, that immoderate Self-Esteem, and Contempt of others as a more base and unworthy kind of People, have been the true source of Tyranny in all Ages and Nations of the World. And for this very reason those wise and brave *Northern* People, to whom we owe the Origin of all the free Constitutions now in *Europe*, made it the first part of their Polity, that the common Consent should be the Rule of Government. But in regard that could not be always obtained, and the Capacities of the whole Community were supposed to be equal, to prevent the ill Consequences of different Opinions, they all agreed, that the Mind of the Majority should stand for the Consent of the Whole; every Man wisely presuming that the Wisdom of the greater Number would be more than that of the Less, and consequently that there would be greater Safety in following it. And hence perhaps it is, that our Parliaments have been usually styled the *Wisdom of the Nation*. However that be, this

this is sure, that this Constitution never was violated, or given up, without introducing Tyranny, and all the Calamities attending it.

IF we look into the World, we shall find but little reason for Men to be much exalted on any Account whatsoever. Providence has been exceeding careful in this respect, that all valuable Blessings should be pretty equally distributed among Men, in order to keep them in a mutual dependence one upon the other, and to fortify the Duties of Humanity by Considerations of Interest. Thus no Man is rich enough to be above the Favour, nor great enough never to stand in need of the Assistance of others. And in point of Wisdom, the Difference among Men is still less. Every Man seems to be satisfied, that he has enough: and nothing can be a greater argument of the equal Distribution of any thing, than that all Men are content with their share of it.

IT is a common saying among Men of Letters, who have not been born to some considerable share of the Goods of Fortune, that *the World is unequally divided*. They imagine they are the only People of Merit in it, and consequently think themselves ill used that any others should be richer in its external Enjoyments. This is the Effect both of great Presumption and great Ignorance; Presumption, in thinking so highly of themselves, and Ignorance, in reckoning so contemptibly of others. If Abilities are to be
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estimated

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estimated according to their Efficacy in promoting either our own Happiness, or the publick Welfare, which seems to be the most reasonable way of proceeding, it will not be found, that the odds lie on the side of the greatest Wits, or the finest Understandings. There is a certain plain and beaten Road of thinking, which we call Experience, that directs Men much better in the Affairs of Life, than the fine and airy Schemes of curious and speculative Heads: and this sort of Knowledge is much oftner to be met with among the Mercantile or Mechanick World, than in the Closets of Philosophers. He is a wise Man, who chuses the best Ends, and discovers the fittest Means for the accomplishment of them. Now, I think, it needs not much labour to prove, that as the best End Men can pursue is their own Happiness in conjunction with the Good of others, so this End has at all times been much more effectually pursued by Men of moderate Talents and good common Sense, than by those of greater Genius and closer Reflection, who have usually too many things in view, and start too much Game, to go successfully upon any one Scent.

BESIDES, since we know not how great Mens Abilities may be till they are tried, how can we know that those who have never had leisure to apply themselves to scientific Discoveries, might not have made as great Advances in them as any others, had they
ever

ever made the Experiment? A Proficiency in Science or Literature, is not the only true Touchstone of a Man's Capacity. Domestick Affairs, Trade and Commerce, require as much Prudence and Sagacity, in order to their right Management, as it does Thought or Invention, to trace the Nature of Things, or compose some elaborate Dissertation on a Point of abstract Knowledge, or critical Learning. And if the Use to which Talents of any kind are applied, be of any moment in the Value of him to whom they belong, they who employ them in such useful and honest Occupations, seem to have a much fairer Title to our Esteem, than such as are wholly taken up in contemplative Exercises, where all that is gained serves only to gratify a vain Curiosity, or a luxurious Imagination.

It is true, there are several Parts of Learning which render Men exceeding useful and profitable Members of Society, and which it is necessary for the publick Good, that some Men should be eminently skilled in. But what then? Is that an Argument, that they who excel in such Arts should look down with disdain upon other Members of the Society; equally useful and necessary as themselves; and this only because they want some of those Qualifications which it neither is possible, nor would be convenient, that all should be equal Sharers in? This is something like the Contest between the Belly and the other Members of the Human Body, in
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the famous Apologue, by the dextrous Application of which *Menenius Agrippa* allayed that terrible Sedition in the *Roman State*, when the People retired to the *Mons Sacer*. Far less reasonable then is it, or becoming in those who have only acquired the Knowledge of Arts which serve for nothing but Curiosity and Amusement, to assume to themselves a superior Air, and cry out *Apage Vulgus !* to the rest of Mankind.

SINCE the Temper and Dispositions of Men are so extremely various ; since these are so apt to bias and prejudice us in our Inquiries after Truth ; since Objects appear so differently to different Minds ; since it is owned almost impossible that the same Reason should make the same Impression on every Understanding ; and since the Adepts in all kinds of Science are every day making new Discoveries, and rejecting Opinions they formerly held for certain and demonstrative : In a word, since some or every one of these Difficulties occur, more or less, in the way to true and real Knowledge, it seems our wisest and safest course to be less positive and dogmatical in our Decisions, and to put an end to those empty Wranglings and Disputes which have so long plagued Mankind, made Bigotry a Science, and Persecution a Demonstration. Even some who disclaim all Bigotry, and cry out most against Restraints on the Reason and Judgment of Mankind, can upon occasion shew themselves as opinionative

nionative and obstinate in the defense of their Tenets as the most *Orthodox* of their Neighbours. And tho we have new Systems of Infidelity almost every Year, yet the present Scheme is always strict Demonstration; and all Gainfayers are a Set of designing Hypocrites, or hot-brain'd Enthusiasts, who have not the least Claim either to common Honesty, or common Sense. You are desired indeed to think with all *Freedom*; but pray, let not this be understood to extend towards what those Gentlemen call *Free-thinking*; that is a *hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther*. Every one who shall dare to attack that shall find, that Zeal and Reproach, Wrath and Persecution, are not confined to one side of the Question, but may indifferently serve to promote the Cause of either Tyranny or Liberty, of Ignorance or Knowledge.

AND after all, what should we gain on a supposition of the Truth of any of those Schemes which have been propagated with so much Industry, and with so much Profusion of false Learning, and unfeigned Zeal? Why truly the valuable Privilege of knowing ourselves to be very unhappy; and we might say, as Mr. *Prior* does, in his Ode to the late Earl of *Halifax*,

*If we see right, we see our Woes :
Then what avails it to have Eyes ?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows ;
And Sorrow from our being wise.*

THESE

THESE have been, and ever will be the Effects of Mens over-valuing themselves on account of their great Knowledge, and being pertinacious in defense of their Opinions. Authority flows from Esteem, as Power from Dominion ; so that when once a Man comes to get an immoderate conceit of himself, he will as naturally expect, that others should submit to his Judgment, as one who has a considerable Stake in his Country does to have a Seat in Parliament, and some Influence on the Administration of the publick Affairs. And how much this tends to weaken our good Dispositions, and make us breathe a contentious and tyrannical Spirit in all our Dealings with one another, I think has been sufficiently shewn already, and will be very obvious to Men of Sense and Reflection.

I WILL close with this single Observation : Where Learning meets with a benevolent Disposition, which has been early under the culture of Humanity and good Breeding, it sets off every other Accomplishment with double advantage. But if on the other hand it happens to fall upon *stony Ground*, it only renders the Soil harder and coarser, and produces *Thorns*, where Nature only intended inoffensive *Weeds*. In the one Case it makes quiet honest Men, or else generous and undaunted Patriots ; and in the other, either a Generation of stupid *Pedants*, or noisy and impertinent *Sciolists*.

Sciolists. It has improved many good Tempers, but seldom, if ever, mended a bad one.

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 61. *Saturday, May 28, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.* V I R.

S I R,



THE Desire of Conquest, and Enlargement of Territory, seems to have been the governing Passion of the great Men of Antiquity in all Ages, of which we have any Accounts that can be depended upon. A *Golden Age*, an *Arcadian State* of pure Love, and perfect Innocence, is a thing which never existed but in the Imaginations of Poets. And all the Reasonings of Philosophers against immoderate Passions, and irregular Pursuits of Objects foreign to our true Happiness, have not been able to extinguish this powerful Inclination in the Hearts of those, who having been born to Greatness

and Empire, have looked on themselves as a superior Species of Mortals, and consequently obliged to distinguish themselves from the rest of Mankind by a Course of Actions which might beget Wonder and Astonishment in the Minds of all below them.

AMONG the Heathens a revengeful and implacable Disposition was esteemed one of the truest Characters of a noble and elevated Soul : And to forgive an Injury, or even not to repay it with the most exemplary Vengeance, the greatest degree of Baseness and Pusillanimity. Courage was the Quality, which beyond all others entitled the Possessor to true Glory. Fame, Command, and Dignity were in a manner appropriated to it. And Eloquence, with the other Arts of Peace, however cultivated in States which were already grown great and powerful, yet even there were accounted no more than secondary Accomplishments. But in all new-formed and rising Societies they were totally neglected, and sometimes the Study and Practice of them expressly prohibited, as criminal and dangerous to the State.

CHRISTIANITY came into the World on purpose to teach Men a purer and more refined Morality, than they had been yet acquainted with. The forgiveness of Injuries is a Precept almost peculiar to it ; and the Arguments for a sincere and universal Benevolence are placed in the strongest Light, and enforced by the most powerful Motives.

It

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It does not however appear, that all the Professors of this divine and amiable Doctrine fully understood the Nature and Compass of its Precepts. They indeed strongly inculcated the Duties of Men in common Life, and shewed how inconsistent Wrath and Resentment between private Persons were with the Christian Profession. The Cruelty and Barbarity of the Spectacles in the *Roman* Amphitheatres had filled their Minds with a just Abhorrence of such unnatural and wicked Practices. And to decide Controversies by *Duel*, or *single Combat*, was always held by them as unlawful and unchristian. But with respect to publick Matters, they had not the same good and just Notions. The Wars, which their Emperors undertook either for the sake of Glory, or the Enlargement of the *Roman* Dominion, were never condemned by them. On the contrary, they prayed for the Success of those cruel and unjust Enterprizes, and animated each other to contribute to the Destruction and Slavery of their poor Neighbours, who were endeavouring to free themselves from the Usurpation and Oppression of a Succession of the greatest Tyrants and Monsters that ever Heaven, in its Anger, had sent forth for the punishment of Mankind. To shed a single Person's Blood was held a great and damnable Sin; but to lay waste Kingdoms, and extirpate Nations, to gratify the brutal Pride and Barbarity of an Imperial Murderer, was not only innocent, but laudable and me-

ritorious. And to the scandal of the Christian Name, there are yet Monuments upon Record, wherein Fathers of the Church have boasted of their Zeal in promoting national Cruelty, at the same time that they condemned every thing contrary to Justice and Humanity among private Persons.

How vain is Custom, and how guilty Power?

Slaughter is lawful made by the Excess;

Earth's partial Laws just Heaven must needs abhor,

Which greater Crimes allow, and damn the less.*

OUR Northern Ancestors, whom the Romans, in their great Civility, were pleased to term *Barbarians*, tho a much politer People than themselves, if wise Constitutions and good Laws be any Arguments of Politeness; did indeed take their full swing of Revenge on the *Roman* Empire for the Insolence and Oppression with which they had treated their Neighbours and Subjects; and prosecuted this their Revenge with a greater degree of Fury and Ravage, than is perhaps to be met with elsewhere in History. At this time however they were all Heathens, and the Memory of the *Roman* Cruelties and Exactions continued yet fresh upon their Minds. But afterwards, when they had settled themselves in their new Conquests, they soon discovered more native Wisdom and Goodness, than any who had gone before them. And upon their embracing of Christianity, they shewed, that they entered farther into the Genius and Spirit of

* *Sir William Davenant.*

it, than their more refined Predecessors. Tho they were all of a warlike Temper, yet they had such a Sense of the Calamities and Misery which War brings upon Mankind, that they made it their study to prevent it, if possible, for the future, or at least hinder it from raging, so long and so cruelly as it had done in the former Ages of the World. For this purpose, they not only formed their Constitutions, so as to preserve the Liberties of every particular Society from the Encroachments of their own Princes, but restrain'd the Power of Princes in such a manner as render'd it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for them to extend their Conquests very far, and erect such formidable Empires as some other Nations had done. The Conquests they made were cantoned out into a great number of States and Principalities. And the Power being thus divided, no single Potentate was able to disturb the publick Tranquillity, without being soon brought to Reason by his next Neighbours. Or if any one of them happened to grow too powerful for his next Neighbours, this issued in Alliances of considerable Numbers of them, to check an Ambition which threatned the Safety of them all.

THIS seems to have been the Original of what has been called of late Years *the Ballance of Power*, the Preservation of which has been so much the Care of all our best and wisest Princes. To it we owe, that Wars are now-a-days neither so long, nor so bloody

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as they were wont to be in former Ages, as every one knows who is the least conversant in History. It is this, which has banished false Notions of Glory and Renown from among most Nations in *Europe*, and turned Mens Minds to Trade, Commerce, Agriculture, and other honest and industrious Arts of Life. It is this, that keeps aspiring and ambitious Princes in awe of their Neighbours; and not only hinders the Encroachments of Nation upon Nation, but preserves very often the Freedom of States within themselves. For whenever a Prince grows absolute at home, it immediately stirs up the Jealousy of his Neighbours, and prompts them, from a Principle of Self-preservation, to unite against him.

HENCE we may observe the mutual Dependence there is between this *Ballance of Power* among different States, and the Liberties of the People in every particular State, and how they tend to preserve and strengthen each other. Free Nations are not very fond of making Conquests and Depredations on their Neighbours, both from a Principle of Frugality, and because they well know, that foreign Acquisitions only serve to aggrandize the Prince, and enable him, if so inclined, more effectually to make himself Master of his People. And on the other hand, where the *Ballance of Power* is pretty well established among the neighbouring States, Princes are not under such strong Temptations to attempt

attempt any thing against their own People, having none of those grand Designs to serve by it, which ambitious Princes conceive upon observing the Weakness of their Neighbours. Accordingly we find, that ever since the Declension of the *Roman* Empire, all the Struggles which have been made for reviving a new Empire in the *Western* parts of the World, have proceeded from absolute Princes, and the Scheme has been as often defeated by the Union of those States which enjoyed a greater share of Freedom. *Charles V. Solymán* the Magnificent, *Lewis XIV. Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, and *Peter* late Czar of *Muscovy*, all successively pursued the Project of an Universal Monarchy, and were all absolute in their own Dominions. Nor can we conceive, humanly speaking, what could have hindered them from carrying their Point, had it not been for the early Coalition of the neighbouring States, to give a timely check to the Growth of their exorbitant Power.

THESE Observations serve to shew the Justice, and the Necessity of entering into War for the Preservation of the *Ballance of Power*, even before Hostilities committed, or actual Injuries done by the Potentate grown too great for his Neighbours. The Kings of *England* who make any Figure in History, have constantly pursued this Maxim. *Henry VIII.* who, if he was not one of the best, was certainly one of our wisest Princes, by steadily adhering to it, not only preserved

his own Dominions in Peace during his whole Reign, but contributed much to the Happiness and Tranquillity of all *Europe*. His renowned Daughter, Queen *Elizabeth*, went in the same Track, and has the Blessings of many Nations following her for it to this Day. And none of our Princes have ever deviated from it, who were not either very weak, or guided by other Views than the publick Tranquillity, or the Ease, Happiness, and Liberty of their own People.

WE have a Monarch at present on the Throne, who during the whole Course of his Reign, has constantly pursued these wise and generous Counsels. And we have reason to bless God for a Prince of a Genius so suited to the Interest and Temper of the People over whom he is placed. His Sword is never drawn to scatter Wrath and Desolation among his harmless and unoffending Neighbours, but to avert those Calamities from them all, and hinder any one aspiring Man from making himself an universal Oppressor. This is indeed the way to true Glory; but it is not making Glory the Motive to Action. War itself loses all its Terrors, and becomes amiable, when carried on for such wise and good Purposes. Humanity, as well as Justice, sanctifies the taking up of Arms in so virtuous a Cause; and every one who goes out to Battle, may reflect with Pleasure, that he is not carrying on the *Cause of Vanity*.

nity or *Ambition*, or fighting only for *Lands*, or for *Laurels*; but that he bears in his Hand the Interest of his COUNTRY, supports an Empire of Laws and Reason, in opposition to brutal Force and absolute Will, vindicates the *Rights of Nations*, and contends for the Welfare and Happiness of Mankind.

WHAT a Panegyrick is it on the *British Nation*, that they have been so long and so often not the Arbiters only, but the Defenders of *Europe*? And how should it animate them to continue still so, to consider, that they thereby perpetuate their own Happiness, and preserve that precious LIBERTY, purchased at so much expence of Blood and Treasure? The Efforts making at present, not only procure us the Blessings of many neighbouring States, but tend to secure to us our own happy Constitution. If the present *Crisis* of Affairs should determine in a War, we have the Satisfaction to know, that it is not for the sake of *Rapine*, *Bloodshed*, or *Conquest*, but to avert those very Evils from ourselves, and many others. The antient Heroes used to animate their Soldiers, when they came to an Engagement, with the airy Imaginations of *Victory*, *Fame*, *Dominion*, and *Empire*. These are poor and sordid Considerations, in comparison of those which arm a Nation in defence of the Injured and Opprest. The one inspire only

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only a false Bravery, the other a true and heroick Virtue. BRITONS, methinks, need no other Argument to urge their Resolution, than to see the Navies of their Country spread over the Face of the Deep, granting Peace and Protection to the Innocent and the Peaceable, and speaking Terror and Defiance to the Tyrant and the Invader. And to fortify a Virtue raised from such pure and noble Motives, they have only to imagine the Genius of the *British* Empire addressing them in the Language of CATO.

*Remember, O my Sons, the Laws, and Rights,
The generous Plan of Pow'r deliver'd down
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers;
(So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)
O let it never perish in your Hands!
But piously transmit it to your Children.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 62. Saturday, June 4, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

—Des nominis hujus honorem.

H O R.

S I R,



YOU have so often obliged me in this way already, that I begin to think myself entitled to a Place in your Paper, from a Right of Prescription. What I now send you, has a Claim to it for a much better Reason. The following Pieces are the genuine Remains of a reverend Gentleman, whose Writings have been received with universal Applause. How these came to miss a Place in the printed Collection of his Works, I know not ; but sure the Publick ought not to be deprived of them, nor any other Production of so deserving and excellent a Person ; tho I am informed, there are a good many other Pieces of the same Hand, which have never yet seen the Light.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

PIETY,

PIETY, or the VISION.

TWAS when the Night in silent Sable fled,
 When chearful Morning sprung with rising red,
 When Dreams and Vapours leave to croud the Brain,
 And best the Vision draws its heavenly Scene;
 'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my Couch I lay,
 A sudden Splendor seem'd to kindle Day,
 A Breeze came breathing in a sweet Perfume,
 Blown from eternal Gardens, fill'd the Room;
 And in a void of Blue, that Clouds invest,
 Appear'd a Daughter of the Realms of Rest;
 Her Head a Ring of golden Glory wore,
 Her honour'd Hand the sacred Volume bore,
 Her Raiment glist'ring seem'd a Silver White,
 And all her sweet Companions Sons of Light.

STRAIGHT as I gaz'd, my Fear and Wonder grew,
 Fear barr'd my Voice, and Wonder fix'd my View;
 When lo! a Cherub of the shining Croud
 That sail'd as Guardians in her Azure Cloud,
 Fan'd the soft Air, and downward seem'd to glide,
 And to my Lips a living Coal apply'd.
 Then while the Warmth on all my Pulses ran,
 Diffusing Comfort, thus the Maid began.

WHERE glorious Mansions are prepar'd above,
 ' The Seats of Musick, and the Seats of Love,
 ' Thence I descend, and PIETY my Name,
 ' To warm thy Bosom with celestial Flame,
 ' To teach thee Praises mix'd with humble Pray'rs,
 ' And tune thy Soul to sing Seraphic Airs.
 ' Be thou my Bard.' A Viol here she caught,
 (An Angel's Hand the Crystal Viol brought)
 And as with awful Sound the Word was said,
 She pour'd a sacred Unction on my Head;
 Then thus proceeded: ' Be thy Muse thy Zeal,
 ' Dare to be good, and all my Joys reveal.

' While

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While other Pencils flatt'ring Forms create,
 And paint the gaudy Plumes that deck the Great;
 While other Pens exalt the vain Delight,
 Whose wakeful Revel wakes the depth of Night;
 Or others softly sing in idle Lines
 How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
 More wisely thou select a Theme Divine,
 Fame is their Recompence, but Heav'n is thine.
 DESPISE the Raptures of discorded Fire,
 Where Wine, or Passion, or Applause inspire
 Low restless Life, and Ravings born of Earth,
 Whose meaner Subjects speak their humble Birth,
 Like working Seas, that, when loud Winters blow,
 Not made for rising, only rage below.
 Mine is a warm and yet a lambent Heat,
 More lasting still, as more intensely great,
 Produc'd where Pray'r, and Praise, and Pleasure breathe,
 And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
 Unpaint the Love, that hov'ring over Beds,
 From glitt'ring Pinions guilty Pleasure sheds;
 Restore the Colour to the golden Mines
 With which behind the feather'd Idol shines;
 To flow'ry Greens give back their native Care,
 The Rose and Lily, never his to wear;
 To sweet Arabia send the balmy Breath;
 Strip the fair Flesh, and call the Phantom, Death;
 His Bow be sabled o'er, his Shaft the same,
 And fork and point them with eternal Flame.
 BUT urge thy Pow'rs, thine utmost Voice advance,
 Make the loud Strings against thy Fingers dance;
 'Tis Love that Angels praise, and Men adore,
 'Tis Love Divine that asks it all and more.
 Fling back the Gates of ever-blazing Day,
 Pour Floods of liquid Light to gild the Way;
 And all in Glory wrapt, thro' Paths untrod
 Pursue the great unseen Descent of GOD.
 Hail the meek Virgin, bid the Child appear,
 The Child is GOD, and call him JESUS here.
He

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' He comes, but where to rest? A Manger nigh,
 ' Make the Great Being in a Manger lie;
 ' Fill the wide Sky with Angels on the Wing,
 ' Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
 ' Let Men afflict him, Men he came to save,
 ' And still afflict him till he reach the Grave;
 ' Make him resign'd, his Loads of Sorrow meet,
 ' And me, like Mary, weep beneath his Feet;
 ' I'll bathe my Tresses there, my Prayers rehearse,
 ' And glide in Flames of Love along thy Verse.
 ' AH! while I speak, I feel my Bosom swell,
 ' My Raptures smother what I long to tell.
 ' 'Tis GOD! a present GOD! Thro' cleaving Air
 ' I see the Throne, and see the JESUS there
 ' Plac'd on the Right. He shews the Wounds he bore,
 ' (My Fervours oft have won him thus before)
 ' How pleas'd he looks! My Words have reach'd his Ear;
 ' He bids the Gates unbar, and calls me near.

SHE ceas'd. The Cloud on which she seem'd to tread,
 Its Curls unfolded, and around her spread;
 Bright Angels waft their Wings to raise the Cloud,
 And sweep their Ivory Lutes, and sing aloud;
 The Scene moves off, while all its ambient Sky
 Is turn'd to wondrous Musick as they fly;
 And soft the swelling Sounds of Musick grow,
 And faint their Softness, till they fall below.

MY downy Sleep the Warmth of Phœbus broke,
 And while my Thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.
 Thou beauteous Vision! on the Soul impress'd,
 When most my Reason would appear to rest,
 'Twas sure with Pencils dipt in various Lights
 Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred Sights;
 From blazing Suns his radiant Gold he drew,
 White Moons the Silver gave, and Air the blue.
 I'll mount the roving Winds expanded Wing,
 And seek the sacred Hill, and Light to sing;
 ('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my Lays
 Obedient to thy Summons, sound with Praise.

BUT

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BUT still I fear, unwarm'd with holy Flame,
I take for Truth the Flatt'ries of a Dream ;
And barely wish the wondrous Gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most. (displays
INDULGENT LORD! whose gracious Love
Joy in the Light, and fills the Dark with Ease ;
Be this, to bless my Days, no Dream of Bliss ;
Or be, to bless the Nights, my Dreams like this.

BACCHUS.

AS Bacchus ranging at his leisure
(Jolly Bacchus, King of Pleasure !)
Charm'd the wide World with Drink and
And all his thousand airy Fancies, (Dances,
Alas ! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite Vines in Lesbos Isle.

THE God, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah ! see my jolly Fauns, he cry'd,
The Leaves but hardly born and red,
And the bare Arms for Pity spread :
The Beasts afford a rich Manure ;
Fly, my Boys, to bring the Cure ;
Up the Mountains, o'er the Vales,
Thro' the Woods, and down the Dales ;
For this, if full the Cluster grow,
Your Bowls shall doubly overflow.

SO chear'd, with more officious Haste
They bring the Dung of ev'ry Beast ;
The Loads they wheel, the Roots they bear,
They lay the rich Manure with Care ;
While oft he calls to Labour hard,
And names as oft the red Reward.

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*THE Plants refresh'd, new Leaves appear,
The thick'ning Clusters load the Year;
The Season swiftly purple grew,
The Grapes hung dangling deep with blue.*

*A VINEYARD ripe, a Day serene
Now calls them all to work again.*

*The Fauns thro' every Furrow shoot
To load their Flaskets with the Fruit;
And now the Vintage early trod,
The Wines invite the jovial God.*

*STROW the Roses, raise the Song,
See the Master comes along;
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolick follow after:
The Fauns aside the Vats remain
To show the Work, and reap the Gain.*

*ALL around, and all around
They sit to riot on the Ground;
A Vessel stands amidst the Ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise a jolly jolly Band,
And dance about it Hand in Hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh, and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The Sun, and all their Wits away.*

*BUT, as an antient Author sung,
The Vine, manur'd with ev'ry Dung,
From ev'ry Creature strangely drew
A Twang of brutal Nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the Lawns
New Turns of Humours seiz'd the Fauns.*

HERE one was crying out, by Jove!
 Another, Fight me in the Grove;
 This wounds a Friend, and that the Trees;
 The Lion's Temper reign'd in these.

ANOTHER grins, and leaps about,
 And keeps a merry World of Rout,
 And talks impertinently free,
 And twenty talk the same as he;
 Chatt'ring, airy, idle Kind:
 These take the Monkey Turn of Mind.

HERE one, that saw the Nymphs which
 To peep upon them from the Wood, (stood,
 Steals off to try if any Maid
 Be lagging late beneath the Shade:
 While loose Discourse another raises
 In naked Nature's plainest Phrases,
 And ev'ry Glass he drinks enjoys,
 With change of Nonsense, Lust, and Noise;
 Mad and careless, hot and vain:
 Such as these the Goat retain.

ANOTHER drinks and casts it up,
 And drinks, and wants another Cup;
 Solemn, silent, and sedate,
 Ever long, and ever late,
 Full of Meats, and full of Wine:
 This takes his Temper from the Swine.

HERE some who hardly seem to breathe,
 Drink, and hang the Jaw beneath,
 Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
 Their Nature's alter'd by the Sheep.

'T WAS thus one Autumn all the Crew
 (If what the Poets say be true)

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*While Bacchus made the merry Feast,
Inclin'd to one, or other Beast :
And since, 'tis said, for many a Mile
He spread the Vines of Lesbos Isle.*



Nº 63. Saturday, June 11, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Accedat huc suavitas quædam oportet sermonum, atque
morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum ami-
citiae.*

TULL.

S I R,



THE Art of pleasing in Conver-
sation, as it is one of the most dif-
ficultly acquired, so is it one of the
usefullest Accomplishments a Man
can be master of. It is our Duty
as well as Interest to aim at rendering ourselves
agreeable to other Men. And tho it is in
Conversation that Men have the greatest Op-
portunities of becoming so, yet there we com-
monly find the greatest and most shameful
Instances of their making themselves other-
wise ; there being no part of Life which has
produced more Heart-burnings, Animosities,
and Dissensions among Men than this, which,
according to the Intention of Nature, and
under

under right Management, is capable of procuring us so much Ease and Satisfaction.

No doubt but there may be, and are Rules which may be of great use for regulating our Conduct in this Particular. But it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to establish any so general, as to reach all the Cases which may happen; and at the same time so plain, as to make the Application of them easy on any Emergency. The Humours of Men are subject to too much Variety, to be brought under any one Method whereby we may adapt ourselves to them; and these Humours operate so differently, according to the different Circumstances of Times, Places, and Persons, that it must be left to every Man's own Prudence and Observation how to behave in a multitude of Cases.

THIS however ought not to discourage us from endeavouring to lay down Rules for our Behaviour in a Matter of so much Importance to us. Tho we cannot provide against every Accident which may happen in Conversation, yet we may against some of the most considerable. However out of our power it may be to please every one with whom we converse, one would think it should not be hard to avoid the Error of displeasing. To know all things requisite is perhaps the privilege of no Man; but few are ignorant of such as are dangerous. The way to Truth and Right is but one, while Errors and Mistakes are innumerable. The greatest degree of Perfection

therefore we can hope for in most human Actions is, that they shall not be hurtful: and consequently the best way of teaching Men their duty in such Cases is, instead of laying down positive Rules and Axioms, to point out some of the most dangerous and criminal Mistakes, which they are apt to fall into; it being much easier for the most part to discover wherein we do amiss, than to assign after what manner we may demean ourselves perfectly right.

THE greatest and commonest Weakness Men carry into company with them is measuring all Reason by their own; which is not only an Incroachment on the common Right of Mankind, but defeats every End a Man can propose by conversing with others. For it discovers too much Pride and Arrogance, to gain the good-will of the Company, and makes a Man too sufficient to receive any improvement from them; nothing being so likely to keep a Man from Knowledge and Wisdom, as thinking he has them already; agreeable to the Nature of all Contentment, which constantly stifles the Desire of any more Riches. And since these two are the only Advantages any reasonable Man can expect from Conversation, whoever would be true to himself, ought to banish, if possible, a Disposition so little adapted to receive them.

NEAR

NEAR akin to this Infirmary is the pedantick Humour of despising all Subjects of Conversation but what are agreeable to our own turn of thinking, and wherein we have spent much Time and Study. A Lawyer of this Cast is eternally for putting of Cases, and thinks his Time lost in any Company, wherein the Discourse turns not upon the Laws of the Land. A Physician will never be easy till he has talked the whole Company sick, upon his darling and only useful Topick of *Health*. The Mathematician expects Demonstration for every thing said, and reckons them a set of very superficial Fellows who can pass an Evening together without talking of something of which they may be absolutely certain. The Gentlemen of the *Belles Lettres* look on all Conversation as dull and insipid, which does not relate to the Refinement of Taste, and Propriety of Speaking or Writing; as if the only End of Letters were to arrive at a Perfection in using them. And on the other hand, the Philosopher imagines every thing useless and trifling, which does not clear up some general Proposition, or establish a favourite Notion; and makes the whole Business and Pleasure of Life to consist in reasoning and discoursing about it. All People of this Complexion are too particular to give, and too delicate to receive Pleasure in common Conversation. They pretend to be too much refined beyond others, to participate

in their Satisfaction; and are no more fit to come into mixt Company, than splenetick People into the open Air. They expect too much from Society, and so cannot fail of being disappointed when they come into it. And as all Disappointments create Chagrin, and Chagrin is ever infectious, it is no wonder that Persons so nice and tender should render themselves generally disagreeable to those with whom they converse.

IF Men consult either their own Ease, or the Satisfaction of their Company, they will find it necessary to yield to the prevailing Humour, whenever it is innocent; and join in Discourse, without reflecting severely on its Usefulness or Importance. It is much more important to comply with a Company in things indifferent, and thereby preserve their good Humour, than to interrupt their chearful and friendly, tho perhaps trifling Conversation, under pretence of informing their Judgment, and improving their Minds. Besides that it is an Argument of a great as well as good Mind, that it can accommodate itself to a variety of Circumstances, and either bend, or relax itself as there is occasion. Such a Disposition will make a Man easy and acceptable in all Companies, and enable him to draw both Entertainment and Instruction from the Discourses of honest unlearned Men, as well as from those of greater Knowledge and Understanding; whereas a false Delicacy exposes a Man to more Uneasiness

finest than Nature ever meant him, and deprives him of a thousand Advantages and Pleasures in Society, which Minds less embarrassed are open to receive. And tho' to Men of Genius and Speculation it may seem low to discourse upon common Affairs, yet it enlarges our Knowledge much more than reasoning upon general Principles, and the Nature of Things, where every Inquiry engrosses our whole thoughts, and shuts every thing else out of our Minds. And if we compare the two with a view to the tendency each has, either to enlarge our Benevolence and Regard for our Company, or to lessen our overweening Conceit of our selves; I fancy there will be little occasion to dispute on which side the Advantage lies: the usual Effects of the one being a tenacious Struggle for Victory, a high Esteem of our own superior Understanding, and a strong Contempt of our Antagonists, not to mention the Clamour, and sometimes Quarrels which are apt to start up when People are in full cry of an Argument; while the other, if it does no great Good, is seldom attended with much Hurt, which, in the present Circumstances of human Affairs, is the best that can be said of most things.

ANOTHER Error in Conversation, which has produced many ill Consequences, and seldom fails to put Company into disorder, is the buffooning Humour of running into excessive Strains of Mirth and Pleasantry.

This in some proceeds from a mistaken Notion of pleasing. They find Laughter to be an agreeable Sensation themselves, and so are willing to communicate the Pleasure to others. But it is very certain, that as People seldom laugh when they are most pleased, so they are not always well pleased when they laugh most. For this reason boistrous Mirth is constantly look'd upon as Clownishness and Rusticity in all civil and well-bred Companies. However, tho it seems to be pretty much agreed, that the violent Agitation itself is indecent and unmannerly, yet there has not been due care taken to banish out of Conversation that which excites it. For Satire and Ridicule, which are the main Provocatives to Laughter, still keep their ground among us, and are reckoned the chief Embellishments of Discourse by all who aim at the Character of Wits.

HE must have had little Acquaintance with Mankind, who sees not how pernicious this petulant Humour has been. And if we reflect on the Principle it proceeds from, we must conclude it an immoral and unmanly thing to indulge it. Want of Reverence towards one another is the first Inlet to every thing unsociable; and no Man can ridicule another without failing in point of Reverence. Add to this, that in ridiculing any Person, we always make a Comparison between his Weakness and our own Superiority, and consequently express Pride and

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Ill-nature at once ; which two things render a Man very disagreeable to all he converses with.

WHOEVER desires to conciliate the Goodwill and Esteem of Mankind, must endeavour to weed this out of his Conversation as much as possible. Tho it passes now under the modest and plausible Name of *Raillery*, yet every body knows, that it was originally Railing, which because no body would take without Blows, Men of more Wit than Courage made this Improvement upon it, the more effectually to hurt others, and secure themselves. The Injury therefore is now the greater, as it is more artfully concealed ; and consequently those that find themselves injur'd will conceive the greater and keener Resentment of it, and look about for the surest and silentest Methods of Revenge. The most benevolent and honest Dispositions will soonest take fire upon Occasions of this nature, nothing being so grievous to them as to be lessened in the Esteem of those they love, and no People being more exposed than they to such Insults ; their Blemishes resembling the Scars of a beautiful Face, which are always more remarkable than the regular Features, and the constant Marks that Fools and envious People take of them : whereas Characters altogether vitious, and Faces intirely deformed, generally have the good
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luck to pass without being taken such particular notice of.

I AM very far from thinking that all Wit and Mirth ought to be banished from Conversation. What I have said only condemns the practice of carrying it on till it becomes offensive to Company; which he must be a very weak Man who does not know when it is so, and a very ill one, if when he does know it, he nevertheless persists in it. To give pain to our Fellow-Creatures, in order to procure any advantage to ourselves, is allowed to be criminal by every body; but certainly it is much more so, to do it when we can propose no End at all by it. And those who indulge themselves in such an ill-natured Luxury, however they may imagine they please a Company, because they make them laugh, will always be regarded by wise Men as a very worthless and insignificant Set of People, for any other purpose than to be play'd off upon occasion, and to blurt out things, which tho discreet Persons may be sometimes fond of hearing, yet they do not care for saying themselves.

WHEN Men meet together from a Spirit of Benevolence and true good Humour, and not with a design to distinguish themselves as *Wits* or *Philosophers*, they will find such a Gladness growing up in their Hearts upon the sight of their Friends and Acquaintance, as will suppress every Motion that can hinder

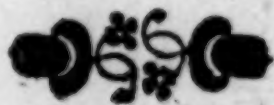
HIBERNICUS's *Letters.* 75

hinder what the Scripture elegantly calls *preferring one another in love*. They will mutually participate in each others Grati-
fications; and instead of turning their Thoughts to remark on the false Pleasures of others, keep up a Disposition for receiving true Pleasures themselves: which familiar and easy Conversation about the common Incidents and Occurrences of Life is much fitter to inspire, than either contentious Disputes, or insipid Raillery. Without cultivating such a Temper, and endeavouring to preserve a constant Sweetness and Decency of Behaviour, it is impossible to preserve Friendship and mutual Esteem; and without some degree of both of these, all Conversation must either be tasteless, or troublesome and uneasy.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 64.



N^o 64. Saturday, June 18, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

*Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes :
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius. — VIRG.*

S I R,



I HAVE often admired, that during the Course of your Papers you have never once drawn any part of your Entertainment from the Country, but on the contrary intirely neglected that Scene of Life, which is not only the most natural to human Kind, but affords the fairest and largest Field for the Imagination of a Writer to exercise itself in.

To make a Panegyric on Retirement, or form a Comparison betwixt a Life spent amidst the Noise, Hurry and Impertinence of the Business and Pleasures of the Town, and the innocent Enjoyments and Tranquillity of a Country Life, would be a very idle, as well as needless Performance. The Poets and Philosophers have in all Ages exerted themselves on this Subject ; and all the Graces of Language and Description have been employ'd in adorning, and setting it out to

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the utmost advantage. Besides, that the End most Men propose to themselves, by all the Care and Industry of their Lives, being one day or other to make their Retreat into some quiet, peaceable Abode, it is an Acknowledgment that this State of Life is the most agreeable to undebauched Nature, and yields the purest and most uninterrupted Felicity.

INDEED if we consult the Ease either of the Mind or the Body, we shall find this Scene the properest for the Enjoyment of both. The Variety of beautiful Landscips around us, and gay gilded Prospects rising above them; the Magnificence and Grandure of the Works of Nature, which we are not diverted from attending to by a multitude of trifling Amusements; the sweetness of the Air; the fragrance of Flowers; the verdure of Plants; the cleanness and pleasantness of Food; the agreeableness of Exercise; but above all, an exemption from Care and Anxiety: These Particulars, I say, all concurring, seem the most effectual for promoting both Health and Contemplation, the Enjoyment of the finest sensible, as well as rational Pleasures, and thereby the greatest Ease and Happiness both of Body and Mind.

IF then these Pleasures be so pleasing both to Sense and Imagination, it is certain, that reflecting on them must give the Mind a large Source of Satisfaction and Delight; and consequently that a good Writer must find them a
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Subject most worthy his Regard either for Use or Entertainment. On this account no doubt it was that the famous *British Spectator* thought fit to retire into the Country for a whole Month together, and make it the Scene of several of his *Speculations*. And I believe, there are few that have perus'd those beautiful Papers, who do not find a more delicate Pleasure from reading the little Affairs which happened during that time at *Coverly-Hall*, than in the liveliest Descriptions of the gay Impertinences, and frolicksom Adventures of *London* and *Westminster*. In the one we have a Representation of Things which are natural, and consequently agreeable to our first and genuine Conceptions; while the Entertainment of the other chiefly consists in stripping Life of those innumerable Disguises under which it has been hid, either by the Cunning or Affectation of those who call themselves the polite and fashionable Part of Mankind. This last may indeed be esteemed a more nice and exact Knowledge of the World; but I am sure, the former is the more generous and extensive, and as much to be preferred beyond it, as the Qualifications requisite to the writing of *Paradise Lost*, are to any which can be supposed to have met in the production of the *Tale of a Tub*.

As it is usual about this time of the Year for People of Leisure and Taste to retire from the Business and Fatigue of the Town, to enjoy

joy the Pleasure of good Air, quiet Scenes, and innocent Diversions in the Country, methinks you weekly Writers should transport your selves with the Company, and make those of your Readers who cannot get from the Noise and Bustle of the City, partake in Imagination in the purest and most natural Pleasures of Life. You cannot but be sensible, that the best Authors have indulged themselves most in these easy Gratifications; and I am confident the best Company will soon grow languid and tiresom without them; since no Man can be an agreeable Companion to others, who is incapable of being so to himself.

I KNOW it may be objected, that this Subject is already exhausted, and that nothing new can be said after all those rapturous Strains of Description and Ornament which the Poets of Four Thousand Years have lavished out upon it. *M. St. Evremond* says, That no modern Writer should attempt to describe any of the still Beauties of Nature, which being always the same, cannot be better represented than the Antients have already done; and that Mens Passions and Humours are the only Things which admit of an endless Variety, and consequently the only Subject we can write upon without being *Plagiaries*. But with all due deference to so fine a Writer, this appears to me to be very weak reasoning. For if the Humours and Passions of Men are so infinitely various, their Re-
flections

lections must be so too; and they will imagine Things in an equal Variety of different Lights, and thereby give them an appearance of Novelty as effectually as if the Objects themselves had it in reality. If this were not so, it is scarce possible to conceive but that the Vein of Poetry must have been dried up long since; and *Moses*, or *Homer*, been the last that should have described any of the Beauties of Nature. For it is certain, that their Descriptions are both just and beautiful; and yet we have had just and beautiful Descriptions of the same Things since, which by being set in a new and different Light, have given us all the pleasure of Novelty, without the absurdity of supposing any change or alteration in the Things themselves.

BUT tho it should be allowed that the dumb Scenes of Nature are all work'd off already, and that the Plains and Meadows, the Mountains and Valleys, the Woods, Rivers and Lakes, have drained all Invention, and reduced Language to too much Poverty, to afford any new Embellishments; yet the Characters here admit of no less Variety than among that part of Mankind who live thicker together, and are engaged in a greater Diversity of Pursuits. The Humours of People here break out as differently as they do in the Town, tho not in the same manner. A certain Sobriety and Honesty of Behaviour is the Characteristic of the one, as gay Impertinence and Affectation are of the other. Our Blind-sides only
make

make us absurd, yours become deformed and intolerable. Your Vices are all artfully disguised, and our Virtues clumsily display'd. In a word, we are always what we seem, and you take care never to seem what you are.

THAT this is the true Difference betwixt the Manners of the Country and the City, might be made out, I believe, from a multitude of Instances. A testy old Fellow with us, who treats his Guests with *March-Beer*; and *Hard Words*, is with you a perverse *Valetudinarian*, who imagining every body takes pains to teaze him, finds a pleasure in teazing every body. A splenetick old Lady in Town divides her Time betwixt her Devotion, her Pride, and her Ill-nature; rails at the Vices of the Age in all Companies, and practises none of the Virtues in any. In the Country she commences a Doctress, and takes under her care all the fore Breasts and broken Shins in the Neighbourhood. Ill-breeding with us goes no farther than Clownishness, among you it rises to Insolence and Bullying. Our Fools are only awkward, yours ridiculous; the one carrying much Civility in the midst of their Rudeness, and the other the height of Rudeness under the Mask of Civility. The Beaux of the Country can only be denominated spruce Fellows, and those of the Town fantastical. Their Mistresses too come under the same Description. For the one by desiring to seem no more beautiful than they are, become much more so than they seem; while

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the other by their studied Charms destroy the Beauties which Nature gave them, and, like most other great Conquerors, weaken their Empire thro' an immoderate Desire of extending their Dominion.

As an Instance of the agreeable Images which might be raised from this Part of Life, I send you the following beautiful Character, written above a hundred Years ago by a * Gentleman no less remarkable for his Accomplishments, than his undeserved and unfortunate End, which has cast so great a Blemish on the Reign it happen'd in. I desire it may be printed in the same Words, and Spelling in which I send it to you, that it may lose nothing of that venerable Simplicity and antique Air, which to me appear among its greatest Charms. In doing this you will perhaps engage me to a farther Correspondence, if it be not displeasing to you.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

SILVIUS.

A fayre and happy MILKE MAID,

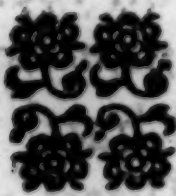
‘ **I** S a Country Wench, that is so farre from
 ‘ making herselfe beautiful by Art, that
 ‘ one Looke of hers is able to put all *Face-*
 ‘ *Physicke* out of countenance. Shee knowes

* Sir Thomas Overbury.

' a fayre Looke is but a dumbe Orator to
 ' commend Vertue, therefore mindes it not.
 ' All her Excellencies stand in her so silently,
 ' as if they had stolne upon her without her
 ' knowledge. The Lining of her Apparell
 ' (which is herselfe) is farre better than Out-
 ' sides of Tissew: for tho shee be not arraid
 ' in the Spoyle of the Silke-worme, shee is
 ' deckt in Innocency, a far better Wearing.
 ' She doth not, with lying long a bed, spoile
 ' both her Complexion and Conditions; Na-
 ' ture hath taught her, *too immoderate Sleepe*
 ' *is rust to the Soul*: She rises therefore with
 ' *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at
 ' Night makes the Lambe her *Corfew*. In
 ' milking a Cow, and straining the Teates
 ' through her Fingets, it seems that so sweet
 ' a Milke-Presse makes the Milke the whiter,
 ' or sweeter; for never came Almond Glove
 ' or Aromatique Oyntment on her Palme to
 ' taint it. The golden Eares of Corn fall and
 ' kisse her Feet when shee reapes them, as if
 ' they wisht to be bound and led Prisoners by
 ' the same Hand that fell'd them. Her Breath
 ' is her owne, which scents all the Yeere long
 ' of *June*, like a new made Hay-cocke. Shee
 ' makes her Hand hard with Labour, and her
 ' Heart soft with Pitty: And when Winter-
 ' Evenings fall early, sitting at her merry
 ' Wheele, shee sings a Defiance to the giddy
 ' Wheele of Fortune. Shee doth all things
 ' with so sweet a Grace, it seems *Ignorance*
 ' will not suffer her to do Ill, being her Minde

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' is to do well. Shee bestowes her Yeeres
 ' Wages at next Faire; and in chusing her
 ' Garments, counts no Bravery i'th' World
 ' like Decency. The Garden and Bee-hive
 ' are all her Physicke and Chyrurgerie, and
 ' she lives the longer for't. Shee dares goe
 ' alone, and unfold Sheep i'th' Night, and
 ' feares no manner of Ill, because she meanes
 ' none: Yet to say truth, shee is never
 ' alone, for shee is still accompanied with
 ' old Songs, honest Thoughts, and Prayers,
 ' but short ones; yet they have their Effi-
 ' cacy, in that they are not pauled with
 ' insuing idle Cogitations. Lastly, her
 ' Dreames are so chaste, that she dares tell
 ' them; only a Fridaies Dreame is all her
 ' Superstition; *that* she conceales for feare
 ' of Anger. Thus lives shee, and all her
 ' Care is shee may die in the Spring-time,
 ' to have store of Flowers stucke upon her
 ' Winding-Sheet.'





N^o 65. Saturday, June 25, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas,
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.* HOR.

S I R,

FALSE Eloquence, and false Refinements of Language, are the usual Effects of Mens being more sollicitous about the Manner, than the Matter of their Compositions. By endeavouring at too many Excellences, they are apt to overload their Writings with Ornament, and lose the Decent and the Beautiful in the Monstrous and the Affected. They take greater care in the *Colouring* than the *Limning* of a Piece; and consequently, provided it be luminous and glaring, are very little concerned about the Proportion, Harmony, or Position of the Figure they draw.

As it is natural for Men who have chosen a wrong Design, to miscalculate the Means for pursuing it, or rather, since there can be no regular Means for carrying on an improper or anomalous Design, it is not surprising, that where the only Intention of writing

ting has been to captivate Mens Ears, and not improve their Understanding; such *Authors* have not had Understanding enough to know what would be most pleasing to a judicious Ear. Words are but the Dress of Thoughts; Aptitude to their Subject, and Simplicity, are their distinguishing Perfections: and they lose their Beauty and Propriety as much by a superfluous and *studied Finery*, as by a sordid and *slovenly Neglect*. A full-bottom'd Wig, or an enormous overgrown Hat and Feather, give just such a ridiculous Air to the human Figure, that *Fustian* and *Bombast* do to a natural Sentiment, which might have been told in easy and intelligible Language. In both Cases our Attention is diverted from the true and natural Beauty to the false and artificial, and the Imagination confounded amidst the variety of incoherent *Objects*. As we should have some little difficulty to know the same Face in a natural Head of Hair, or under a Night-cap, which we had formerly seen set out with such a profusion of Finery; so the same Thought will appear very differently, when expressed in a plain agreeable manner, from what it does under the disguise of supernumerary and unnatural Embellishments. Good *Painters* therefore generally chuse to draw Men with the Beauties which Nature gives them, and will not deform their Pieces with the Drapery of every fantastick Mode which happens to prevail. And much more
should

should the same Conduct be observed in writing, where forced and affected Ornaments are so much more dangerous, as having a tendency not only to debauch the Imagination, but sometimes to mislead the Judgment, and prejudice us against Truth.

BUT tho these Truths are pretty generally acknowledged among all People pretending to Taste or Discernment, yet none have acted more contrary to them than some Authors even in our own Language. We were scarcely recovered from that Darkness, common to us with all the other Nations of *Europe*, into which we had been involv'd by the Ignorance and Superstition of the *Monks*, but we had like to have relapsed again into Barbarity. It is true, the Controversies then agitated in the Learned World, gave room for great Improvements in Knowledge: but then those Controversies consisted so much in the unravelling of abstruse Terms, and dark scholastick Notions, and were managed in such a stiff and spiritless Method, as corrupted Mens Taste in informing their Judgment of the Points in question. Every thing was wrote in *Mood* and *Figure*, and consequently chequered with a senseless uncouth Jargon of technical Words and barbarous Expressions. This continued the prevailing Humour for some time. And tho we gained ground in Knowledge, we seemed rather to

be going backward as to Politeness, or the Art of writing justly and naturally.

SPENSER, Sir *Philip Sydney*, and *Hooker* the celebrated Author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, setting up the Antients for their Models, excelled all their Contemporaries in Justness of Composition, and Propriety of Style. The two former shewed how capable our Language was of the pure and genuine Graces of Poetry, without the assistance of forced Turns of Wit, or pompous and swelling Expressions. And the other, by a plain and unaffected manner of delivering his Thoughts on a Subject of great Learning and Importance, has given a fine Pattern for the free and graceful management of argumentative Subjects, which may carry all the strength of Demonstration, without the empty Parade and Formality of it.

THESE illustrious Examples might have probably introduced a speedy and thorow Reformation, had not the Genius of a Monarch, mighty in the Cobwebs of casuistical Divinity, and the Quibbles of the Schoolmen, given the Minds of his Subjects a different Turn. This was the Age of *Anagrams*, *Puns*, and *Acrosticks*. A Man had nothing to do but make one Word carry two Meanings, and then march between them into Preferment. A young Man who had only given the Promise of a rising Genius, by making some notable
Conun-

Conundrum, was entitled to a Prebendship, as an Encouragement to improve his Parts, and quicken his Industry. This Eloquence became even fashionable in the Pulpit; and every Head of Discourse was thought unfinished which did not terminate in the Point of an Epigram. I have seen an admirable Instance of this in a Sermon of that Age, wherein the Preacher, after a long detail of the Vices and Corruptions of the Times, sums up the whole in the following pathetic Exclamation. ‘*All Houses*, says he, ‘are turned *Ale-houses*; some Mens *Paradise* is a *Pair o’ Dice*; the holy State of *Matrimony* is made *Matter o’ Money*. ‘Was it thus in the Days of *NOAH*? ‘*AH NO!*’ Whether this ingenious Gentleman was ever rewarded with a *Bishoprick*, I do not remember; but if he was not, I am inclin’d to think Preferments at that time were unequally distributed.

OUR Language suffered extremely under these *Gothick* Refinements; what made the Mischief still worse, was the pedantick Humour of larding all sorts of Writing with old Scraps of *Latin*, which, together with the eternal Affectation of making Parallels and Oppositions between every thing, made most of the Works of that time look like so many pieces of Patchwork. The fine Genius of *Shakespear* was not able to preserve itself against the prevailing Corruption. Every body knows that he is full of Puns and Quibbles.

Quibbles. These Blemishes appear sometimes amidst his greatest Excellences ; and there is no other way of accounting for them, but his Compliance with the Humour of the Age. For it is hardly conceivable how a Man of so noble a turn of thinking could miss seeing the Folly and Absurdity of them.

THE next Reign produced a low and groveling manner of writing. The Fast-Sermons at St. *Margaret's Westminster*, spread the Infection of low Nonsense over the whole Nation. Yet they were a pains-taking People who brought in this Way, and imagined there was a great deal of Wit, and Beauty too in it. Odd Compositions of Phrase, and long-spun Allegories, were the delight of their Souls. A choice Metaphor was to them an inexhaustible Source of Pleasure ; and they never failed to hunt it from one End of a Discourse to the other. In short, they laboured with more assiduity to be ridiculous than would have been sufficient to make them intelligible ; and explained every thing after such a manner as rendered it more inexplicable than before. We must have sunk into the lowest degree of Barbarity, had the Power of modelling our Style and Language been vested solely in such Hands. But Heaven was pleased to raise up a *Chillingworth*, a *Milton*, and other great Men, who by their immortal Writings prevented the Corruption from becoming universal, and kept up a Standard of
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of Decency, Propriety, and Elegance, for the benefit of Posterity.

DISGUSTED with those many dark and uncouth Forms of Expression which had been so long in vogue, Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, and some few who copied after him, introduced a new Refinement among us, and were the Authors of a Style, which I know no other Epithet so well suited to as the *Dapper*. It consisted of all the pert Phrases and cant Words peculiar to the lowest and most profligate part of Mankind. This was in order to make every thing as plain as Porridge. Their Allusions were all taken from the low and dishonourable Occupations of Life, and would have passed much more current among Bullies, Sharpers, and Drawers in a Tavern, than with Men of Sense and Letters. To relish their Compositions, one must have been conversant with Scoundrels. If this goodly Scheme of Reformation had gone on, what a decent Figure would the Commonwealth of Letters have made? The Flowers of our Poetry had been gathered from the Dunghil and the Kennel, instead of the painted Meadow, and the clear Fountain; the Discourses of Philosophers founded in the Key of *Billinggate* Declamations; and the Precepts of the Gospel been inculcated in the same Dialect in which People play a Game at *Whisk*.

THESE

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THESE several Ways of writing have alternately had their run among us. At present they seem to be pretty much out of countenance, and rejected by all People of Judgment and Taste. Yet every now and then there starts up some odd Author, who affecting Singularity, imitates the greatest Faults of former Writers, under the Notion of Excellences. And as every Author will have his Set of Admirers, it is of use to animadvert on such false Ornaments of Writing, in order to hinder a bad Taste from stealing upon us by degrees.

A FALSE *Sublime* is the commonest Error a young Writer is apt to fall into, in an Age which has produced so many Instances of the true. We have had a Constellation of great Genius's, whom it may and has proved dangerous to imitate. The raised and the figured Style will not do with any who have not the same exalted Manner of thinking. Great Strength of Judgment, as well as Warmth of Imagination, is required to carry it handsomly thro'. For want of reflecting on this, I have known several intolerable Blunders committed by Authors, who might have passed uncensured, had they been contented to deliver themselves in a naked unadorned manner, and not aimed at Perfections they were unable to reach. There is a fine Paper in the *Spectator* on the Subject of inconsistent

consistent Metaphors, which gives several Instances of what I am now speaking of. And I could refresh the Memory of my Readers with many more, which may be met with in Authors of no inconsiderable note. But as this would be an invidious Performance, and I shortly intend an Essay upon *Pamphlets*, I shall defer any thing of this sort till then, when I shall have a fairer Opportunity for doing it from several ingenious Pieces which have lately appeared in this City; whose Blemishes I may animadvert upon with so much the less Offence, as they have not any one Beauty to entitle them to Compassion.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 66. *Saturday, July 2, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in pulvere sulcos
Ducimus.*——

JUVENAL.

S I R,



THE agreeable Variety to be met with in *Horace*, tho one of his greatest Excellences, is nevertheless a principal Reason that makes him so difficult to be translated. To do him justice, one must have the same Turn of thinking, and be in the same Temper of mind he was himself when he composed any part of his Works; and this is what none can arrive at, who have not a large portion of the same Spirit which animated him. This is all the Apology I shall make for the Defects chargeable on the Translation of two Odes you formerly allowed to be inserted in your Paper. What I now send you, will very much need to be regarded with the same favourable View. They are two of *Horace's* most admired Pieces in the sprightly and gay Manner of writing, yet contain a very good Lesson against immoderate Cares, and an anxious

I

Concern

Concern about Futurity ; and consequently it is no easy matter to make them appear with the same Ease and Gracefulness in *English* they do in the Original. If my Attempt shall only be thought pardonable, it will be sufficient to gratify the highest Ambition I have had in this matter.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

HORACE, Book I. Ode xiii.

THE Mountain of the Delphian God
 You see is wrapt in Sheets of Snow ;
 The Trees, sustaining scarce their Load,
 Their hoary Heads dejected bow ;
 And, glew'd with Ice unto the Shore,
 The active Streams can roll no more.

With rousing Fires the Cold destroy,
 And set about the flowing Bowl ;
 Bleed e'ery Grape to give us Joy,
 To cherish and exalt the Soul.
 Hereafter to the Gods resign ;
 Be theirs the Care, Enjoyment thine.

To them this Earth, their Foot-ball, leave
 To kick and tumble as they please ;
 From them the Storms permission have
 To box about the roaring Seas ;

Yet,

96 HIBERNICUS'S Letters.

*Yet, still subjected to their Will,
If they but nod, are hush and still.*

*To Morrow and its Cares despise;
The present Moment is thine own;
Then snatch it quickly ere it flies,
And score it up as clearly won;
Nor scruple to indulge the Fire
Of youthful Love, and gay Desire.*

*Old Age will quickly pall the Taste,
And blunt the edge of sprightly Joys,
With dozing Sadness fill the breast,
And give no Relish but for Toys.
Youth is alone the Time can prove
Delights of Exercise, or Love.*

*The gentle Talk, the soft Embrace,
In some retir'd and dusky Shade;
The feigning hidden Maid to trace,
By her own treach'rous Sneer betray'd:
Be these thy Care, thy Business still;
Such Pleasures Youth alone can feel.*

*And when with struggling in your Arms,
The leering little roguish Thing
Is rous'd, and flushing all with Charms,
Secure her Hand, and snatch her Ring:
Then all her Frowns are but a Blind;
'Tis Pledge enough she will be kind.*

BOOK III. ODE xxix.

GREAT Off-spring of the Tyrrhene Kings,
 Thy Horace keeps for thee in store,
 What, without thee, no Pleasure brings,
 A Cask of Wine ne'er pierc'd before ;
 With Roses to adorn thy Brow,
 And mix the Lustre it shall show.

Why should you still on Tyber gaze,
 Or Anio rolling down the Steep ?
 Will no Place but Frescati please,
 And elsewhere you no Revels keep ?
 Or can such narrow Bounds confine
 A Soul so free in Joy as thine ?

Then haste, and to be truly great,
 The great Ones nauseous Plenty fly ;
 And from thy stately House retreat,
 Whose haughty Roof invades the Sky :
 And with a virtuous Scorn look down
 On the vain, giddy, noisy Town.

Oft-times the Great have thus retir'd
 To breathe a free and purer Air,
 A Shepherd's cleanly Cell admir'd,
 And sweetly fed on homely Fare :
 Oft thus have smooth'd, and softned been
 The fretted Brow, and bursting Spleen.

Lo now, while Sol's enliv'ning Beams
 Play warmly on the flow'ry Mead,
 The Swain conducts to cooling Streams
 His Flocks, and seeks the Sylvan Shade ;

98 HIBERNICUS'S Letters.

*Silent the Brook its Borders laves,
Nor curls one Breath of Wind the Waves :*

*While you with restless Care attend
The Peace and Settlement of Rome,
Intent what foreign Wars impend,
Or secret Mischiefs brood at home ;
And your own Quiet all forego,
To watch the Motions of the Foe.*

*But know, a wiser Providence
Hath hid in Clouds of endless Night,
Impervious to the strongest Sense,
Things future from weak Mortals Sight;
And laughs to see them vainly try
The Depth of vast Eternity.*

*Snatch at the Joys the present Hour,
The passing Instant now bestows ;
The rest is all beyond our Pow'r,
And like the fickle Tyber flows,
Which now beneath its Banks subsides,
And gently to the Ocean glides.*

*Anon with dreadful Noise and Roar
Impetuous rolls a broken Flood,
Augmented with the mould'ring Shore,
And Ruins of the neighbouring Wood ;
And headlong rushing sweeps away
Flocks, and their Folds into the Sea.*

*He Master is of Life alone,
And happy lives, who thus can say
Each Night, 'To day has been my own,
' And I have clearly liv'd to Day ;*

Be

HIBERNICUS'S Letters. 99

- *Be then to Morrow foul or fair,*
- *'Tis all a Case ; that's not my Care.*
- *What's past has certainly been mine,*
 - *Not Fate itself can make it void ;*
- *Nor Pow'rs, should all the Pow'rs combine,*
 - *Revoke the Goods I have enjoy'd :*
- *Here no Disasters intervene ;*
- *What has been, spite of Jove has been.*

*A perfect Jilt this Fortune is,
And blind, but obstinately blind,
Still playing bo-peep with her Bliss,
To teaze and torture poor Mankind ;
And idly whiffing thro' the Air
Her empty Bubbles here and there.*

*I like her while with me she stays ;
But soon as e'er she takes the Wing,
Let Fools pursue her, if they please,
Her Favours back again I fling ;
Then take to virtuous Poverty,
A Spouse with whom I can live free.*

*I'll never be her passive Slave,
But all her Tyranny controul ;
In conscious Innocence be brave,
And in my Virtue sheath my Soul,
Secure from Taint, or cank'ring Rust,
The Breath of Envy, or of Lust.*

*When Tempests toss the raging Floods,
I make no lamentable Pray'rs,
Nor strike a Bargain with the Gods
For future Vows, and present Tears,*

100 HIBERNICUS'S *Letters.*

*To save my Wealth from adding more
To th' all-devouring Ocean's Store.*

*Amidst the Storms I'll safely ride,
Supported by a steady Mind;
My Bark shall stem the setting Tide,
And bear against each adverse Wind:
My Virtue shall make all serene,
Disperse the Storms, and calm the Main.*



N^o 67. *Saturday, July 9, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

— *Si non*
Intendes animum studiis, & rebus honestis. H O R.

S I R,



It is one of the most difficult things in the World for the generality of People to be idle and innocent at the same time. They have no notion of any Pleasures but such as are quick and violent; and consequently are incapable of enjoying themselves, unless either in the full range of Pleasure, or in the eager pursuit of the Means for procuring it.

THIS Observation serves to make good that seeming Paradox, which some ingenious Gentlemen have frequently asserted, That it
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requires much greater Talents and Abilities to fill up a retired and contemplative Life, than to make a Figure in a Scene of Action and Business. For the Mind in the one Case has nothing to support it but its own natural Strength and good Disposition; and in the other is very frequently carried on, like a Man in a Croud, by the Motions of others, without contributing any great Force or Endeavours of its own.

How many People do we see every day undone, and become a Burden to themselves, and all about them, merely for want of something to do? If the Effects of this were confined to that formal Set of *Humdrums* who saunter from Morning to Night in a *Coffee-House*, and have no other Materials for thinking but what arises from a *Gazette*, or a pair of *Tables*, there would be the less reason to complain; since when Men have no Inclinations to be virtuous, the best thing they can do is to become insignificant. But alas! far the greater part of idle People we meet with, have too much Vivacity to keep within the Bounds of an inoffensive Indolence. They love Action; but either not knowing, or not desiring to employ themselves rightly, grow mischievous out of pure Necessity. In private they are luxurious and uneasy, and in publick, insolent and capricious. Take from them the Opportunities of doing Mischief, and Life becomes insipid and odious to them. Nor is there any Evil they apprehend so great, as

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being

being stopt in the Career of their Extravagances.

IF we enquire into the Cause of this Grievance, we shall find it principally owing to a wrong and preposterous Method of Education. One of the first things instilled into the tender Minds of Infants is a Spirit of Pride, and immoderate Self-love. They are early taught to contemn their Inferiors, and to treat all under them with a perverse Haughtiness and Scorn. Their little Hearts are made to swell and flutter at the Homage and Deference paid them. Young Master is made a Coxcomb, and little Mills a Coquette, before either of them can speak. A fond Mother takes great pains to settle their Affections on *Finery* and *Gewgaws*, and make them imagine that sort of Trumpery among the real Goods and Blessings of Life. And hence it comes to pass, that their Desires centring in pleasing and adorning themselves, the benevolent and kind Affections by degrees wear out of their Breasts, and they become deprived of that great Source of true Pleasure, which arises from participating in the Good of others. Their Imagination too takes a wrong turn; and having been long employed about mean and little Objects, which very soon languish in the Fancy, cannot raise itself to any thing truly great or beautiful: by which means the Mind becomes unquiet and restless, and can satisfy itself no otherwise than by rambling thro' those tumultuous Pleasures, which are
but

but too ready to be met with by People who have no other Business than to seek for them.

THE great Decay both of publick and private Virtue, which has been so much complained of among our Youth of Distinction and Fortune, has, I am confident, been in a great measure owing to this single Cause. Those about them make it more their Business to flatter them with the vain thoughts that they already have all that is necessary to render them happy, than to guide them in the Paths wherein true Happiness is to be found. There is little or no care taken to form their Imagination, or give them a relish for sober and rational Pleasure. Young Gentlemen are made to know, that Learning is not to be their Livelihood; and from thence draw this pretty conclusion, That it is below their Birth and Fortune to trouble themselves with it. Hereby they are rendered incapable of having any generous Views of human Life; and having much spare Time lying on their hands, and many Temptations and Opportunities of misemploying it, they are in a manner forced to break out into a thousand Excesses, merely to divert what hangs so heavy upon them, and turn away their thoughts from themselves and their own Actions: A Subject they must think on, whenever they have leisure to think at all, in regard they are acquainted with no other; and which yet they cannot think on with any

degree of Satisfaction, because they can see nothing amiable or praise-worthy in it. In short, they bury themselves in Vice and Folly, as Moles do in the Earth, only to avoid a Reflection which must always create in them pain and uneasiness.

SINCE then it is so extremely hard to be idle and innocent at once, to be disengaged from the Fatigue and Hurry of Business, and at the same time preserve ourselves from running into violent and immoderate Pleasures; and since it is impossible we can be always on the stretch, and that we necessarily require some Intervals of Relaxation, and Amusement; it is the duty of every Man to look out for some way of filling up the vacant hours of Life with Entertainments, wherein the Mind may participate more than the Body. The Author of Nature has very liberally provided for our Pleasure in this respect; and we need only give attention to the Objects he has surrounded us with, to receive the finest and noblest Gratifications we are capable of. An Imagination thus formed will find its Delights perpetually growing upon it, and reckon those Hours among the joyfullest and pleasantest Seasons of Life, which to others are either accompanied with Satiety and Listlessness, or employed in laying Scenes of Guilt and Folly.

EMPLOYMENTS of this kind will open a much larger Field of Pleasure than any the Senses can afford. For all the Pleasures of
Sense

Sense are short and fugitive; grow fainter with Age, and duller by Repetition; cannot be revived but after some Intervals; and must wait the returns of Appetite, which are not always at any Man's call, and seldomest at theirs who indulge them most. But the Pleasures of Imagination are free from all those Inconveniences; and are both of larger extent, and longer duration. They comprehend not only all that is beautiful and magnificent in Nature, but all that is elegant and curious in Art. Nor are they even confined to Objects which have a real Existence, but can be raised from intellectual Images, and Beings of the Mind's own creation. The Material, and the Moral World, are equally the Scenes of these refined Pleasures; and the Mind receives the like amiable Ideas of Beauty, Order and Harmony, from the Structure and Contrivance of both.

As to Duration, the Advantage these Pleasures have beyond the others is very obvious, upon the smallest reflection. As they do not so immediately depend on the Texture of the Body, and the Constitution of animal Fluids, of consequence they are not subject to such frequent Languors, or so speedy a Decay. The immense Variety too of the Objects which excite them, must necessarily occasion their longer continuance. Accordingly we find, that such Persons as have once got a taste of them, have usually gone on without weariness to their Lives end in the pursuit of them;

them ; and there have been many Instances given wherein they have continued to animate a Philosophical or Poetical Enthusiasm to extreme old Age : whereas, I believe, there can scarce be found one Example of the most lively and vigorous Rake that ever knock'd down Watchmen, or broke Windows, beyond fifty. Generally at that time, if they do not commence Converts to Reason and good Sense, they degenerate either into heavy dull Sots, or queer splenetick old Fellows, who can endure no body, nor no body endure them.

A WELL-TURN'D Imagination being of such importance in Life, it is useful to enquire into the properest Employments for making it so. I believe, the most part of my Readers will outrun me in this Point, and presently fix upon the pursuit of useful or elegant Studies, as the best Method either to form a Taste, or employ our leisure Moments with Satisfaction to ourselves, and without Injury to others. A Man who can retire from the World, to seek entertainment in his Closet, has a thousand Advantages which other People have no Idea of. He is Master of his own Company, and his own Pleasures ; and can command either the one or the other, according to his present Circumstances, or Temper. All Nature is ready for his View, and all Ages of Mankind to appear at his Call. He can transport himself to the most distant Regions, and enjoy the best and politest
Company

Company that ever the World afforded. Things also appear to him in a different light from what they do to the unthinking part of the Species. He sees more of their Beauties, and is every day discovering something new to love, or to admire in them. Inanimate things have Reason and Discourse in his Contemplation of them. A beautiful Landskip, a fine Picture, or a Statue, give him something equivalent to the Pleasure of Conversation. In a word, he acquires a kind of Property in every thing he sees in the material Universe, and an Interest in every thing which has, or possibly can happen in the intellectual; and by that means participates in all the Bounties of Nature, and in all the prosperous Events of Mankind.

HERE, I am sensible, it will be objected, that the Difficulty still recurs, and that a Taste is previously requisite to make Men employ themselves in this kind of Studies, which are said to be the Means for their acquiring a true Taste. This is what indeed I cannot deny. Yet it does not in the least invalidate any thing I have said. For all Men have that Taste originally, and such a Sense of Things as would naturally put them on the Pursuits I have mentioned, were it not in a great measure suppressed by inspiring them early with Principles of Vanity and Selfishness, which render them
inat-

inattentive. to every thing without them, and make them confine all their Enjoyments within themselves ; which being a Violence done to Nature, must of necessity produce very violent and irregular Effects. Let our Affections have but their natural play, and it will not be so hard as is commonly imagined to direct them to those good Purposes for which our kind Creator implanted them.

LET People therefore who have any Influence over others, be at the pains to awaken this Sense in them, and chalk out to them such Methods of employing their time as will furnish Occasions of gratifying it. They who are incapable of severer Studies, may yet have Amusements given them, which, if they do no more, may preserve them from doing of Mischief. The very reading of Romances, however dangerous to People of small Fortunes, may have its use among the Rich and the Idle, both in softning their Minds, and keeping them out of much worse Occupations. At least, I think, it will be granted me, that it were much better the *Beau Monde* were ridiculous in the romantick Notions of Love and Gallantry, which that kind of Learning produces, than in the modern Refinements of Debauchery, which they get without any Learning at all ; that they exerted their Valour much oftner upon visio-

visionary *Giants*, than living and mortal *Chairmen*; that they fell in love with more *Utopian Queens*, and ruined fewer *Hibernian Spinsters*; that they thought oftner of *Necromancers* and *Enchantments*, than *Cards* and *Dice*; and that they employed more time in the fantastick Business of *Castle-Building*, than reducing the *Mansion* and *Hall-Houses* of their Ancestors to the same *etherial Existence*.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 68. *Saturday, July 16, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas. HOR.

SIR,



ACTIONS and Parties in a State, or any other Society, are no doubt very pernicious, both in regard to the publick and the private Peace of all its Members in the ordinary Occurrences of Life; and therefore every wise and good Man will con-

contribute all in his power either to prevent those Distempers from breaking out, or to heal and remove them where they have already appeared.

No greater Misfortune can possibly befall any People, than to be torn and rent in pieces by the Intrigues of designing and self-seeking Men, or distracted with different Views of the fittest Means for promoting the publick Good, and compassing those common Ends which Men propose by uniting together in Society. This Disease in a Body politick, like the Disease of the Spleen in the natural, is indeed frequently the effect of high Health, and a generous Constitution; but then it frustrates those Advantages, and makes them that they neither are felt, nor can be improved. When Men feel no Ease, be their Bodies ever so sound or vigorous in appearance, it is the same thing as if they were really sick; and a State, however happy in the Frame of its Laws and Government, or great and powerful in respect of Territory, Inhabitants, or Riches, will still be in a weak and languishing Condition, while it is blown up with intestine Commotions, and agitated with perpetual Paroxysms and Convulsions within. The strongest Constitution will at last be brought under by this means, and a general decay and lowness of Spirits succeed the unnatural Ferment. All the Parts will become enfeebled, and forget to perform their proper Functions.

Functions. *Imaginary Fears* too will arise, capable of producing equal Mischief with real Maladies. At least they will give continual occasion for *Political Quacks* to be trying Experiments, which, like those in Physick, are often the most dangerous Symptoms of the Disease.

HE must therefore have very little publick Spirit, or even Humanity, who wilfully either kindles or foment such cruel Disorders in his Country; or who from wantonness of Heart, or any views of Interest, can look on them with unconcern. He must be a strange Fellow who can take delight in the Contentions of private Men; but to stretch that Delight to the Confusions of our Country, carries with it the most frightful and shocking Idea that can possibly be imagined. It resembles at least, if it does not exceed, the barbarous Pleasure which *Nero* took in seeing the Capital of his Empire in Flames, and *Imperially Fiddling* over the Conflagration.

BUT however inconsistent with Goodness and Virtue it is to take a pleasure in the Divisions of one's Country, or to be active in the promoting of them, we ought not to extend this so far as some do, who upon such Occasions give themselves Airs of being intirely disinterested, and disclaim all Attachment to any of the contending Parties in a State. Such Declarations are always suspicious, and render the Men who make them

them, if they are Persons of Consideration and Importance, obnoxious on all hands to the Censure of being either lazy and indolent, or else artful and designing. It may therefore be of some use to enquire, how far an honest and wise Man in a time of publick Diffensions ought to embark in them, and take part in the Debates relating to them, so as to discover his Opinions and Inclinations for one Party or Principle more than another.

ALL violent Measures, and Acrimony either of Speech or Behaviour, are already out of the question. The same Reason which makes it criminal to raise, or to cherish *Sedition* in a State, makes these so too, since they are the most effectual Means for widening a Breach, and perpetuating the publick Disorders. Nor, on the other hand, is there any Reason that will justify an absolute Indifference on such Conjunctions, in particular Persons, amidst the Troubles and Confusions of their Country.

IN all Contentions of Parties in a Nation it is evident, that tho both Sides may be blameable in some parts of their Conduct, and guilty of carrying things to unwarrantable Excesses; yet as to the main Points in dispute the Right can be upon one side only, and every Man who thinks at all, will and must determine for himself on which of them it is, and be swayed, either by Inclination or the Views he has of things, to wish well
to

to that Side which he thinks to be in the right. The Question then is, whether it be most agreeable to Honesty and Virtue, for a Man publickly to declare for the Interest he apprehends to have Reason and Justice on its side, and act fairly and openly in the support of it; or to conceal his Sentiments, and carry it fair with both Parties, in order to save his Power and Influence for some lucky Occasion of doing greater Good: for if it be done purely upon Motives of private Interest, no body doubts its being highly dishonest and immoral.

THO many wise and good Men have entertained a different Opinion, I cannot help thinking the latter way of proceeding extremely dangerous at least, if not contrary to Honesty and good Faith. The good Ends proposed by it are commonly remote and uncertain, and the Ill of it, be that more or less, immediate to a Man's self, and probably may affect the whole Society. There is a Pain at first to every virtuous Mind in disguising itself, and appearing to others what it really is not. Actions done in such a Disguise are always accompanied with Uneasiness and Constraint. And the Fear of being discovered in our false Appearances, will be a perpetual Spring of Anxiety and Disquietude. To which if we add the Distrust and Jealousy which must naturally arise in us, that others are playing the same *artful Game* with ourselves, there can scarce

be imagined a more uncomfortable Situation than that of a Man acting under a Covert, and persuading others into the belief of things contrary to his real Thoughts and Sentiments.

BUT if Men have got the mastery of themselves in this Point, and by *hackneying in the Ways of Men*, as *Shakespear* expresses it, have rendred themselves callous, and insensible of the Pain of seeming what they are not; if they are grown dextrous at shifting of Scenes, and changing of Shapes, and can enjoy themselves with Tranquillity in a Course of insincere Management, and artful Compliances: If, I say, they can run these Lengths, they are in great hazard of going farther, and leaving their Virtue altogether behind them. If once People get into the Notion, that the publick Good is to be promoted by any means, and that nothing is unlawful which directly does so, they will be very apt to make Inferences in their own favour, and extend the Maxim to private Interest, which has a much stronger Draught with the generality of Mankind than any other Biass. And if this comes to be the case with Men generally esteemed for their Wisdom and Goodness, the ill Effects it must have on the Bulk of Mankind in rendring them treacherous and crafty in their Dealings, are but too obvious to need being pointed at.

BESIDES,

BESIDES, it is much to be questioned, whether a reserved and oraculous Behaviour, and *Trimming* betwixt Parties in a divided State, be proper Means for gaining those Ends, either publick or private, which Men generally propose by the use of them. For a Man to become eminently useful to the Publick, it is for the most part necessary to be popular; and to carry on a private Interest successfully, there is no less need of great and powerful Friendships; and no Man can arrive at either without much Openness and Candor on the one hand, and great Intimacy and Confidence on the other, or at least the Appearance of them. But if there be no more than Appearance in it, there is great danger of having the false Pretence discovered; and then the politick Gentleman becomes contemptible, and no longer in a capacity either of performing *glorious Enterprizes* for the Publick, or of making a considerable Interest for himself.

A MAN had need have great confidence in his own Abilities, nay be very sure that he is cunniger than all he converses with, before he takes upon him to guide them by his Cunning. For if there are others as cunning as himself, he may be foil'd with his own Weapons. And indeed this is what frequently happens; for none are more apt to be deceived themselves than they who are continually endeavouring to delude others. I have known some People, who

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had play'd all their Tricks so often over, that every body laughed at the repetition of them, and read all their Actions and Professions backward as regularly and with as much ease, as, according to the vulgar Tradition, Witches are said to do their Prayers. All these dark Counsels, and mysterious Ways of conversing with Mankind are only extempore Devices, which, like the *Back-Game* at *Tables*, will serve for a turn, till an Antagonist has learned them, and then they always become either useless or dangerous.

THESE Considerations serve to shew the Folly and ill Effects of a reserv'd, or a double Behaviour in the Interests and Debates of our Country, or Mankind. I will add farther, that both Friends and Enemies expect every Man to deal frankly and openly in such Matters, and look upon him either as a mean-spirited Coward, or a false designing Hypocrite, who does otherwise. And sure there can be no stronger Proof of any thing being our Duty, than that all Mankind concur in thinking it so. If we are engaged in a good Cause, and I fancy no Man willingly espouses what he thinks a bad one, what should make us either ashamed, or afraid of owning our Affection to it? Do we admire the rigid Virtue, and bluff Sincerity of the antient *Romans*, and yet not endeavour to imitate it? Or shall we extol the inflexible Integrity so remarkable in former Ages, and yet make Suppleness and Compliance the only Test

Test of a wise and good Man in our own? This were to bely our Convictions in the grossest and most criminal manner, and to make our whole Lives one continued Contradiction to our natural Sentiments.

IN short, Veracity and Plain-dealing are amiable Qualities; Qualities we always expect in a Friend, and the want of which never fails to render an Enemy more odious. Without breaking in upon them, and using Dissimulation in our whole Conduct, it is impossible for a Man who converses at all in the World, to conceal his Sentiments about any Matter of Importance which happens to be agitated in it. And therefore none should aim at a Qualification which cannot be attained without impairing their Virtue.

WHAT led me into this Train of Reflection, was an Observation I have frequently made on the backwardness of many Friends of our present legal and happy Constitution, to maintain the just and honourable Principles on which it is founded; either thro' a false Modesty of not disturbing Company, or a false Policy of gaining its Enemies by other Methods than Reason and Conviction. As the Principles of Liberty on which we are now happily established, are the most manly and generous in the World, it is in the highest degree unmanly and ungenerous to neglect propagating them, or to decline their Defence when they are attacked; both which

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are but too frequently done. This is Ingratitude to our Ancestors, who left us the inestimable Privileges we enjoy ; and Injustice to Posterity, to whom we ought to transmit them. The Security of our Lives and Properties, the Power of commanding our own Business and Diversions, and the Preservation of the fundamental Right of Mankind freely to examine and debate upon all Matters either in Philosophy or Religion, are the noble and blessed Effects of the Settlement we are under ; and whoever is either afraid or ashamed to appear in their behalf, richly deserves to be deprived of them : and on the other hand, such as dare not open their mouths against Tyranny and Bigotry, Persecution and Priestcraft, no less justly merit to get a Trial of them.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 69.



N^o 69. *Saturday, July 23, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Γυναικὸς ὅθεν χρῆμα' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
Ἐθλῆς ἀμεινον, ὅδε ῥίγιον κακῆς.

SIMONIDES.

*Of all things good or bad in human Life,
Nought is held worse, nought better than a Wife.*

S I R,



A S I am one of your constant Readers, I cannot but wonder that in a Paper intended for the Service of the Publick, you have not taken the least notice of so agreeable, and I may say, so considerable a Part of the World, as that of the Fair Sex: which, like the richest Soil, the more it is subject to Weeds, the better it deserves our most assiduous Culture.

THE Follies of the Fair ones, as Mr. *Addison* observes, are chiefly owing to the little pains taken by us in finding out proper Employments for them. Their Amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than to the

Species. Their Toilet is their great Scene of Business; and the well adjusting of their Hair, is reckoned a very good Morning's work: and if they make an Excursion to a *Mercer's* or a *Toy-shop*, so great a Fatigue renders them unfit for any thing else the Day after.

THE Effect of this trifling Education, of which we ourselves are the Cause, as it proves the Ruin of their Sex, so it proves, if not the Ruin, at least the Plague of ours. It grieves me to think that one half of Humanity should be entirely incapacitated for the Business of the World, which notwithstanding never was and never will be managed without them.

FOR my part I freely own, I am not for a Wife after the Taste of *Francis* Duke of *Britany*; who, upon a Treaty of Marriage between him and the Princess *Isabella*, Daughter to the King of *Scotland*, being told, that she was very homely bred, and without any manner of Learning, made answer, That he liked her the better for it, accounting it Learning sufficient for a Woman to know how to distinguish between her Husband's Shirt and his Doublet. For on the contrary we find, that such of their Sex, as breaking thro' the Prejudices of Education, apply themselves to the improving their Studies, discover a Genius even in the noblest Productions of the Mind, no way inferior to those of Men. I need not travel far for an Instance in the most delightful way, I mean in Poetry; where in spite of all the Disadvantages they lie under, the

the Ladies shine with a certain Superiority of Lively and Expressive, peculiarly natural to them. *Lucan*, of all the antient Poets, is most admired for liveliness of Expression. His Turn upon the Invention of Letters, is a beautiful Example.

*Phænices primi, famæ si creditur, usi
Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.*

WHICH without Paraphrase, for the use of the mere *English* Reader, may be thus literally translated.

*This Art Phenicians (if we credit Fame)
Of painting fetter'd Sounds in antique Figures claim.*

BREBÆUF, the *French* Translator of this Author, observing the Beauty of this Passage, has taken larger Compass.

C'est de luy que nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole & de parler aux yeux;
Et par les traites divers des figures tracees
Donner de la couleur & du corps au pensees.

OUR *English* Translator *Rowe* has followed his Example.

Phenicians first, if antient Fame be true,
The sacred Mystery of Letters knew;
They first by Sound, in various Lines design'd,
Express'd the Meaning of the thinking Mind;
The power of Words by Figures rude convey'd,
And useful Science everlasting made.

AND

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AND lately Mrs. Monk, so well known by her Poetical Name, *Marinda.*

*The noble Art from Cadmus took its Rise
Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes.
He first in wond'rous magick Fetters bound
The airy Voice, and stopt the flying Sound:
The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
Gave Colour and a Body to the Thought.*

WELL may the *English* and *French* Translators yield to a Lady, who has excell'd, we may safely say, even *Lucan* himself.

It is incredible to believe the Force of Education over our very Natures. We know not the Extent of a Female Genius, because we put it not to the Trial.

*Great Julius, on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd had led:
He, that the World subdu'd, had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green.
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of native Worth;
They blow those Sparks, and make them rise
Into such Flames as touch the Skies.*

IF then, according to *Waller's* Rule, when we discover a Country Fellow who excels his Companions in these meaner Exercises, we ought to allow him the same Excellences, supposing he had applied himself to greater Matters; why should we not grant the same Indulgence to the Ladies? Why should

should we not imagine that Fancy capable of the *Pastoral*, which distinguishes itself so elegantly in a Piece of *Cut-Paper*? Or even the *Epique*, that shews itself so variously in a *Needle-Production*?

OUR Treatment of the Fair, if we reflect, is barbarously ungenerous. We take all possible care to breed them up to Folly, and then upbraid them for it. We have hardly a great Poet among the *English* who has not distinguished himself by saying something remarkably bitter against poor Woman. I have made a little Collection of these Invectives: Tho I must pre-observe, that in a Dispute, where Men are both Parties and Judges, it is no wonder if Women have not Justice done them. That, therefore, my fair Readers may be sufficiently armed against this outrageous Proceeding, I leave them the Application of this Fable of *Arrianus*, as I find it translated by Sir Roger *L'Estrange*.

'There was a Controversy started between
' a Lion and a Man, which was the braver and
' stronger of the two. Why look you (says
' the Man after a long dispute) we'll appeal
' to that Statue there; and so he shew'd him
' the Figure of a Man cut in Stone with a
' Lion under his feet. Well, says the Lion,
' if we had been brought up to Sculpture as
' you are, where you have one Lion under
' the Feet of a Man, you should have twenty
' Men under the Paws of a Lion.'

I shall

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I shall begin with the *Invective of Milton* in his *Paradise Lost*.

Out of my sight, thou *Serpent*, that Name best
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
Like his, and Colour *Serpentine*, may show
Thy inward *Fraud*, to warn all *Creatures* from thee.—

Again,

————— Thy All is but a Show,
Rather than solid *Virtue*; all but a Rib,
Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the Part sinister from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as *Supernumerary*,
To my just Number found. Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create this last,
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other Way to generate
Mankind?

The next is of *Waller*.

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
Their Love's insuperable as their Hate:
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
No ill Requital can efface their Love.

If such a tender Poet as *Waller* could be
so severe, what must we expect from the
Rants of *Lee*!

————— By Heav'n 'twas ever thus
Where Women had to do. Therefore behold her

As

*As a Gangreen to the State, and cut her off;
The Bane of Empire! and the Rot of Power!
Yet there I'll stay and fix my Imagination
On all their Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres,
And Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages.
Woman no more, and when my Heart is goring,
Sound but the Name, the powerful Spell shall bind
Beyond Circean or Ægyptian Charms:
'Twill raise the lowest Devils up in Swarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms.
Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
And faster damns than Providence can save.*

Constantine.

IF *Dryden* comes short of *Lee* in his *Spanish Fryer*,

*(Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
That Men should leave thee for that Toy, a Woman!
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man:
Heav'n took him sleeping, when he made her too;
Had Man been waking, he had ne'er consented.)*

THIS of his *All for Love*, makes ample
Reparation.

*Oh! Woman, Woman, Woman! All the Gods
Have not such Pow'r in doing Good to Man,
As you of doing Harm.*

OTWAY and *Rowe* are in a kind of Rivalship of Satire upon this Occasion. If this
Invective of *Rowe* in his *Tamerlane*,

*(Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noise,
Proneness to change ev'n from the Toy that pleas'd them,
So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,*

That

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*That for another's Love they would forgo
An Angel's Form, and mingle with the Devil's.)*

Yield not to that of Otway in his Don Carlos,

*(Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst :
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
But your great Lord the Devil taught you Pride :
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell :)*

Neither does that of Rowe in his Fair Penitent,

*(For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for is Variety.
One Lover to another still succeeds ;
Another, and another after that ;
And the last Fool is welcome as the former ;
Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.——*

*WITH such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy Lord :
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare ;
Nor cou'd believe that such a Heav'nly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched
Race :)*

Yield to this of Otway in his Orphan :

*I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman !
Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty !
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman ?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol ? A Woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the World ? A Woman.
Who was the Cause of a long Ten Year's War,*

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*And laid at last old Troy in Asbes? Woman;
Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
Happy a-while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations leudly she inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.*

MOST of these heavy Accusations you will find revers'd in the following Poem, written in defence of the fair Sex, a considerable time since; tho never before, for what I could find, committed to Print.

*Man was a happy Favourite above,
When Heav'n endow'd him with the Pow'r to love:
His God ne'er thought him in a perfect State,
Till Woman made his Paradise compleat.
'Tis true, her Weakness cost him something dear;
Yet in his Fall more Weakness did appear.
For Eve Excuses numberless abound;
Not one for silly Adam can be found.
She, helpless, yielded to the stronger Pow'r,
The subtilst Serpent Hell had then in store:
He, tho he saw at stake eternal Life,
Was Fool enough to yield unto his Wife.
Nor do his Sons from his Example stray;
The Women promise, but the Men obey.
By them the World has ever since been led,
And cully'd Men content with Name of Head.
Our Wits by our Employments may appear;
Our Days of Labour, and our Nights of Care;
Fatigues of War, and Drudgeries of State,
Wisely endur'd to make our Women great!*

All

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*All that is good in Life, for Life they chuse;
 We glean up all the Bad which they refuse.
 Suppose them in their Taste not over-nice;
 Say, is not want of Taste our common Vice?
 Suppose, in Women you no Faith can find;
 Say, are not Men less faithful than the Wind?
 No wonder that their Frailties go astray,
 If ev'n our Wisdoms lead them from their Way!
 On our own Conduct chiefly hangs our Fate;
 Neglect them, and our Title's in debate.
 Not Heat, but Provocation fires their Blood:
 Good were all Men, all Women wou'd be good
 By Nature virtuous, virtuous as they're fair,
 We make them vicious, vicious when they are.
 Laws unobserv'd by us, shall they observe?
 At worst they serve us, but as them we serve.
 Could Man but once resolve to sin no more,
 Woman wou'd soon lost Innocence restore.
 Woman! most happy Pledge of Heaven's Good-will!
 Woman! most perfect Product of its Skill!
 Woman! that all our pleasant Hours employs!
 Woman! the Centre of all earthly Joys!
 AND yet could I be all she is or can,
 I would not cease to be that Creature Man.
 Man as I am, so Man I still wou'd rest;
 I wou'd be Man, to be by Woman blest.*



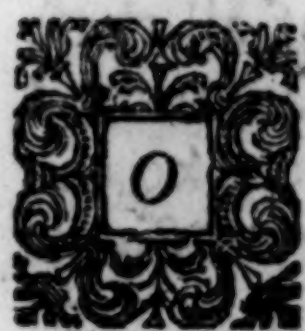


N^o 70. Saturday, July 30, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret. HOR.

S I R,



T H E R S fashion Men, says Montaigne, I represent them. There is certainly no Error more common among Writers on Morality than this which Montaigne takes notice of, and which, notwithstanding all his boasting, he was not altogether free from himself. It is laid down as a Rule, that the best way to judge of other Men is to look into our own Bosoms, and draw from thence the Picture of the whole Species. Hence it comes to pass, that the most part of Discourses on Mankind are either wholly Satire, or Panegyric. The vicious and the openly abandoned imagine the rest of the World as bad as themselves, only that they conceal their Vices with greater Caution, or thro' Fear are more temperate in the gratification of them. Selfish and designing Persons think Interest the sole Motive to Action in all Men, and all Appearances of Generosity and Good-will to be mere Artifice and

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Hypocrisy. And on the other hand, Men of good Intentions, who love Honesty and Integrity, and abhor all under-hand and treacherous Dealings, are apt to believe, that the same good and noble Disposition runs thro' the whole Species, with a very few exceptions to some irregular Minds, which seem to have fallen away from Humanity, and given a wrong Direction to the first and genuine Motions of Nature.

WITHOUT taking upon me to determine wherein lies the Excess of any or of all these different Opinions concerning Mankind, I think I may freely assert, that if we take the World as we find it, it will be pretty difficult to make any one of them so universal, as to solve by it all the Appearances to be met with in the progress of Life. The last of them, as it is certainly the noblest and most amiable Conception of human Nature, so it bids fairest for being the true one, where Men have not been very early debauched either by ill Education, or ill Example. And tho it should really prove a mistaken Notion, yet would there be an advantage to Mankind in believing it; since nothing can have more influence to make Men act honestly and virtuously themselves, than a perfect confidence in the Honesty and Virtue of those they have any dealings with; as, on the contrary, that Man's Virtue will be much suspected, who has entertained strong suspicions either of particular Persons, or of hu-
man

man Nature in general. This hinders not however, but that we may consistently enough lay open any prevailing Humour or Practice in Mankind, which either really or seemingly contradicts the Principles by which Men are usually determined to Action.

ONE of the most notorious Instances hereof, is that old Observation, That the greatest part of Men had rather be reckoned *Knaves* than *Fools*; and are less troubled at having their *Virtue* called in question, than their *Understanding*. And as this is evidently preferring Abilities to that which only can render them valuable, Men are very ready to infer from it the weakness of human Virtue in general. It may therefore be neither a disagreeable nor unprofitable Speculation, to inquire how far the Observation is true, and what Effects such a Temper may produce in the Conduct of Life.

It must be owned, that the Behaviour of a great many Men justifies but too much the ill-natur'd Censure of Mankind's affecting rather a splendid than an honest Reputation, and chusing a Good which terminates in a Man's self, before one which extends its Influence to others. We meet with Persons every day, who are much more ashamed to be found out in an ill-concerted Design, or a Blunder in Conversation, than to be detected in a Series of cunning and indirect, but successful Management: Nay, they will go farther, and after having carried their point,

make their boasts of the several Artifices and Stratagems they made use of for their purpose, not omitting their Dexterity in deceiving, and imposing upon the Weakness of other People, and by that means playing them one against another. All your *Whiffers*, and *low Politicians*, make a great merit of their Skill in this kind of Game. They have not strength of Genius enough to go thro' a Business in the common and direct Road; and so are compelled to strike into By-paths and blind Alleys of their own, disguising all they do under the mask of prudent Conduct and profound Policy; which, by an Error very natural to weak Minds, they imagine to be nothing but working under ground. With such Men therefore it is no wonder that the Reputation of Wisdom and Abilities should bear a greater price than that of Honesty and plain Dealing; since Men are always most jealous about that to which they have the weakest pretensions, and often bestir themselves most vigorously in that part of their Character wherein they are conscious of the greatest Deficiency. At least, I am confident, this will not appear improbable to any one who considers, that Cowards generally make the greatest Bullies; and that no Women put on greater Airs of Distance and Modesty, than those who in private can permit the nearest and most indecent Familiarities.

BUT

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BUT with regard to the Bulk of Mankind, the Observation, that Men had rather be reckoned *Knaves* than *Fools*, must be limited a good deal, before it can be received for true. If by it we mean, that Men had rather be reputed intirely void of all Virtue and Goodness, and wholly bent upon Wickedness and Mischief, than either partially, or even totally deficient in Wisdom and Understanding, I am persuaded, there are few, if any, such Monsters to be found in the human Species. For as all our Happiness depends on our loving, and being beloved by some Persons in the World, which must always suppose some degree of Virtue and Honesty in us, either real or apprehended, it is impossible we should ever give the preference to an Opinion concerning us, which would draw on us a general Disesteem, and Hatred too, before one which could only expose us to Disesteem, but at the same time entitled us to Compassion. But that Men should prefer being looked upon as artful and insincere in some particulars of their Management, rather than remarkably weak and insufficient in the whole, is no doubt very common and very natural. And the Reason hereof is extremely obvious. A natural want of Judgment, and weakness of Understanding, can never be remedied in any length of Time, or by the most diligent Application to the Means of Improvement; whereas a vitious Temper, or an ill Habit, contracted

thro' the prevailing Power of Custom, and Complaisance to the common Ways of the World, may in time be removed by the exercise of right Reason, and a sound Judgment. And certain it is, that the Sense of any incurable Defect, and consequently the imputation of it too, is more painful and grievous than that of such as are otherwise. It is just with the Imperfections of the Mind as with those of the Body; such as are incapable of being ever mended, give the Owner the sharpest Affliction, when taken notice of.

It is however a weakness, and a misfortune, to be in any degree more fond of the Reputation of great Wisdom, and a good Understanding, than of generous Minds and benevolent Affections. It is a sign that we are more ambitious of swaying Men by Authority than Good-will; and would rather gain our Point by dint of Abilities, than be indebted to the Generosity and Kindness of others. When we come to prize intellectual rather than moral Qualities, it is highly probable we shall become more solicitous to exert a great Capacity, or a convenient Pliableness to Occasions, than an overflowing Humanity, or an uncorrupted and tenacious Honesty. We shall look too much inwards, to interest ourselves as heartily as we ought in the Concerns of others; and be in danger of making our Pride and Vanity sit uppermost in every Action of our Lives. For the Con-
ceit

ceit of Wisdom generally has that effect, while the Consciousness of Virtue always inspires Humility and Moderation.

THERE is great danger too of our Innocence, when we desire rather to be thought able than good Men. A Mind of this Cast will be perpetually carrying on Schemes, purely for the sake of setting to show its Perfections, and be restless in every situation of Life. And certainly such a Disposition, if not intirely destructive, must at least be very dangerous to Virtue. Nor is it unlikely, that in such circumstances Men will be too full of their own Views, to tie themselves down to the established Rules of Justice and Equity in their proceedings; and will consult rather the Expediency than Lawfulness of the Means for obtaining their Ends. They will be apt to imagine the direct and honest Road of Management too much beaten and exposed, to be the fittest for their purpose; and so endeavour to find out more secret and secure Ways of arriving at it. The greatest part of our noted Politicians have given remarkable Instances of this; and tarnished many illustrious and great Actions for the Service of their Country, by the base and dishonourable Arts they made use of in doing them. And to this day the famed School of *Loyola* makes it its chiefest Care to instil the same sort of Maxims into the Minds of its Disciples. In short, when Men are got into the Opinion of Wisdom being the most laudable Quality,

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and at the same time think they are fully possessed of it, they look on themselves as little Gods upon Earth, who can govern the World much better than it can be by any Rules which the Author of Nature has given us, and consequently are in the fairest disposition possible to establish Tyranny, either civil or ecclesiastical, whenever they have Power and Opportunity.

I do not say, that these are the necessary Consequences of making such a wrong Estimate in the Value of Abilities and Goodness; but I am sure, they are very common Effects of it, and ought to be frequently reflected on, to hinder us from swelling in our own Conceit, by shewing us, that we are then most in danger of being foolish, when we make the strongest Efforts to display our Wisdom. For certainly there can be no greater Folly in the World than to obliterate our Sense of those fair and comely Ideas of Innocence and Goodness, which Nature has implanted in us, and are the principal Means both of our own Happiness and Usefulness to Mankind; yet this is what hardly can be avoided, when the Faculties of the Understanding become more the Object of our Esteem and Admiration, than the Charms of a native and unaffected Virtue.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 71.



N^o 71. *Saturday, August 6, 1726.*

TO HIBERNICUS.

Quædam tempora eripiuntur nobis, quædam subducuntur, quædam effluunt. Turpissima tamen est jactura, quæ per negligentiam venit; & si volueris attendere, magna vitæ pars elabatur male agentibus, maxima nihil agentibus, tota aliud agentibus. SEN.

S I R,



T has been observed, that tho Men complain of the shortness of Life, they live as if they were never to die. This is but too visible from the many Contrivances and Devices they are daily finding out to relieve themselves from the intolerable Burden of idle Time which lies so heavy upon their hands, and which they can find no other way to get rid of, than by mis-spending it. But tho the Methods of mis-spending it are almost innumerable, yet, in my opinion, there is none more pernicious and universal than the Practice of *Gaming*. And therefore I hope, the due Consideration of the many Inconveniences and ill Effects attending it, will not only supersede the Necessity of an Apology for endeavouring to expose it, but even excuse

cuse the want of suitable Abilities in him who does it, on account of the goodness of his Intention.

BEING sensible, that the Design of your Paper is the Reformation of Abuses, it is a good while since I formed a Resolution to put you in mind of this. The intervention however of other Business hindered me from doing so, till the other Night, seeing two intimate Friends quarrel at *Cards* about a Trifle, set me again upon it. And as I think it would be a piece of acceptable Service to your Country, if by your means any who are addicted to it could be argued out of a Custom so incapable of producing any good Effects, and so generally attended with ill ones, I think you ought not to decline so necessary and important a Duty.

GAMING is said to find a Man a *Bubble*, and make him a *Sharper*. And indeed the Reflection must in the general be allowed to be just. Young Men left in the possession of considerable Fortunes, are first drawn in by *Rooks* and *Sharpers* to play high; and being unexperienced in the World, are never made sensible of their Folly till they are stript of all; and, which is worse than the loss of all, have perhaps acquired such Habits of Idleness and Luxury, as can never be worn off. By this time, it may be, they are become pretty expert *Gamesters*; and being made Masters of the *Science* which undid them, endeavour to lick themselves whole by it,

it, and employ it to the Ruin of others. This is the utmost a thorow-pac'd *Gamester* can propose; and a very sorry Advantage indeed, when rightly considered. For these Persons, well knowing that they must have their run of ill Luck as well as good, take no thought but to squander away in extravagance what they acquired by Idleness, and so are rather the worse than the better for their Gains. Or if any of them should become such dextrous Practitioners as to secure themselves of general Success, and at the same time have Wisdom enough to hoard up their Winnings; yet as the former can never be done without palpable Injustice and Iniquity, the Wages of it will prove but a poor Recompense for the loss of that Integrity and Innocence, the Reflection of which is one of the highest Enjoyments of an intelligent Being.

How pernicious to Civil Society this Practice has been looked upon by wise Men, is very evident from the Laws which have been made against it. That great Lover of Mankind, King *William*, who saved these Nations from the greatest Evils which could fall on a free People, did not however think this below his notice. That same Wisdom and Foresight which laid the Foundation of our present happy Settlement, procured us also an *Act against Excessive Gaming*. This was then thought a very useful and good Law; how comes it then, that it is not put in force, or rather is totally neglected? The
only

only Reason I can find for it is a false Notion, which reckons it dishonourable to take the advantage of the Law, in refusing to pay Debts contracted on this score. But I must ask such Men, what it is they mean by *Honourable*? Both Reason, and the Laws of the Land declare, That nothing which we legally possess ought to be taken from us, without a valuable Consideration. Where then is the Dishonour of refusing to perform a Contract the Law declares to be unjust, unless it be honourable to do a thing both unreasonable and unlawful? Whoever reduces himself or his Family to Poverty by fulfilling an Obligation of this sort, and such things frequently happen, will find very little Satisfaction, or Credit either, in being called *Honourable*, by a Rascal who has been the Cause of his Ruin. I can't therefore but think it the indispensable Duty of any one in such unhappy Circumstances, to take the advantage the Law allows him, provided he follows this evil Practice no longer: for unless he does so, he is self-condemned, and so cannot in Reason or Equity demand the Benefit of the Law. But if he has the Virtue intirely to forsake the Practice, he may boldly persist in refusing to perform a wicked Bargain, without fearing the least Censure from Men of real Worth and Understanding. And if such Men approve the Action, it is of small moment what others think or say about it.

BUT

BUT besides the ill Effects this Custom may, and frequently has upon the Fortunes and Estates of those who have unhappily given themselves up to it, the pernicious influence it has on their Minds, affords yet stronger Reasons against it. I have frequently observ'd People at Play to cheat, lye, swear, and throw themselves into Convulsions of Passion, little different from Madness, who, I believe, at another time would not have been guilty of such Extravagances on any Consideration whatsoever. During the dependence of a Game, how is the Mind kept on the Rack, and how ready to break out into a Flame upon the smallest disappointment? And how many fatal Disputes have arisen upon such occasions, I need not mention; since I fancy, there are few who cannot recollect Instances of People who have imbrued their hands in blood, in the decision of a Controversy of this kind. Certain it is, that both Anger and Avarice become habitual to such as make a constant practice of Gaming; and by this means Benevolence, the foundation of all Virtue, grows every day weaker and weaker, till by degrees the Tone of the Affections is intirely lost, and the Mind rendered insensible of those secret Motions which excite Men to the doing of virtuous and laudable Actions.

ALLOWING however that Gaming should not produce the fatal Consequences I have mention'd, and it must be by a piece of extraordinary

traordinary good luck if it does not ; yet the loss of Time it necessarily occasions, is an unanswerable Argument against it. When Men do not all the Good they can, they are certainly accountable for their Misimprovement. And this is really the Case of all excessive Gamesters ; for they both neglect the Means of Improvement, and lose the Opportunities of doing Good. I have known several, who, tho they scarce knew any thing else, could play at all kind of Games with the greatest ease and dexterity imaginable, and who, I am confident, with the same Application and Expence, might have render'd themselves eminent in some of the most useful and honourable Professions in Life. Surely such Men have very seldom, if ever reflected at all, or been in a disposition for examining themselves on those important Questions recommended to the Consideration of Mankind by a * late celebrated and noble Author : *What am I ? where am I ? what have I to do here ?* They have never inquired what Relation they stand in with regard to the several Beings about them, nor what are the Duties they owe them ; and so have never done any Good, unless it were by accident ; it being impossible it could be by Intention, which is ever the effect of Deliberation and Reflection.

* Lord Shaftesbury.

FOR this reason the Apology of those who play only for Diversion, as they term it, ought not to be admitted. They do not indeed commit such actual Mischief as the Gamesters for Money do; but at the same time they are criminal, in not doing the Good they ought to do. This kind of Gaming is usually the Winter-Evening's Entertainment in a Family, wherein the fair Sex are principally concern'd. I remember, you remark'd in one of your Papers some time ago, that in the days of yore the common Title for unmarried Ladies was *Spinsters*, on account of their usual manner of being employ'd; and you complain, that the *Tea-Table* has usurp'd the place of their former laudable Occupations. But believe me, Sir, *Tea*, and *Scandal*, and *China*, and all the other Appurtenances of that part of Luxury, are nothing so pernicious as a Pack of Cards, if once it is become the favourite Amusement of the Fair. From that time forward, not only the Evening, but the greater part of the Night too must be dedicated to the dear Diversion; and the Fair one's Eyes must never behold the Sun till he be advanc'd to the Meridian; at which time, what with the Fatigue of the Night, and the Sloth of the Morning, the amiable *Slattern* cannot chuse but make a most beautiful Appearance in the Eyes of a Lover, or a Husband.

As

As it is of the highest Importance, that the fairest and most powerful part of Mankind should be rightly directed in their pursuits of Pleasure, I think it incumbent on you to warn them against this manner of bestowing their Time, which has so visible a tendency to impair the Charms both of their Minds and Bodies. For the first, it is evident there can be nothing more unbecoming the Sex, than to be equally fond of *Mattadores* as of Children; to long as much for an *Ace of Spades* as the Company of a Friend; to set up the *Knave of Diamonds* as a Rival to a Man of Sense and Merit, and which is more, that has Flesh and Blood; and to receive *Pam* into their Hand with the same Pleasure that they ought to give their Hand to the Man they love. And what effect Gaming has upon their Looks, is obvious to any one who considers how much these depend on the prevalence of the Passions within, which, in this Case being alternate Triumph and Disappointment, Insult and Rage, must needs exhibit a most frightful complicated Uglinefs, and cast out of the Countenance every thing lovely and attractive. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance was so sensible of this, that after having entertain'd a long Passion for a Female Gamester, he was at length intirely cured of it, upon seeing her lose a Game at *Cribbige*; an Instance I chose to leave with those Ladies, who would be much less apprehensive of the
 Danger

Danger of ruining a Husband, than of the
Fear of never getting one.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

J. R.



N^o 72. Saturday, August 13, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Ingratus est. Non mihi fecit injuriam sed sibi : ego
beneficio meo, cum darem, usus sum. Nec ideo pi-
grius dabo, sed diligentius. Quod in hoc perdididi,
ab aliis recipiam. Sed huic ipsi beneficium dabo
iterum, & tanquam bonus agricola, curâ cultuque
sterilitatem soli vincam.* S E N.

S I R,



W RITERS on Morality are very
frequently guilty of debasing Hu-
man Nature, while they endea-
vour to amend it. They draw a
frightful Picture of Mankind, and
then call upon them to correct the Draught ;
defeating their own Counsel, by declaring it
impossible to be followed. For if indeed the
Mind of Man be so intirely deformed and
corrupted as it is usually represented, all
Attempts to restore and make it better, will
not only be ineffectual, but vain and imper-
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continent. Nor is it conceivable, how a Disposition can be mended, or render'd capable of any thing truly good or generous, wherein no good Principles have ever existed, but the whole Frame has been originally wicked and perverse ; which certainly is the Supposition of those Gentlemen who make Self-Love the Source and Center of all human Actions.

AGREEABLE hereunto it is no wonder to hear the noble Virtue of *Gratitude* talked of in such a manner, as if there were no such thing in Nature. Mr. *Hobbes*, speaking of the manner how we are affected upon receiving of Benefits, makes us the most unworthy and despicable Set of Beings that can possibly be imagined. ' To have received
' from one, *says he*, to whom we think our-
' selves equal, greater Benefits than there is
' hope to requite, disposeth to counterfeit
' Love, but really secret Hate ; and puts a
' Man into the Estate of a desperate Debtor,
' that in declining the sight of his Creditor,
' tacitly wishes him there, where he might
' never see him more.' If this Doctrine be true, I do not see how it is possible to persuade Men in such Circumstances, to be grateful to their Benefactors at all. For as the Position is laid down without any limitations, there can be no such thing as any sense of Gratitude, and consequently all Arguments drawn from the Beauty and Comeliness of that Quality must be ridiculous as well as fruitless. But Providence has indeed
dealt

dealt more bountifully with us ; and the Applauses which every Man inwardly bestows, not only without design, but even in spite of himself, upon a grateful Person or Action, sufficiently prove, that there is nothing wanting within to excite us to Gratitude whenever there is occasion ; and that whenever we discover the contrary Disposition, it must be owing to other Causes, and not to any original Error in the Frame and Constitution of our Nature.

It must be owned however, that the Conduct of the greater part of Men in the common Occurrences of Life, gives but too fair a handle for making such Reflections, so derogatory to the whole Species. Wherever Avarice, Ambition, or Sensuality have taken deep root in the Heart, they usually shoot up to such a prodigious Growth, as leaves no room for the Seeds of Good-Nature and Humanity to spread equally ; and the whole Powers of the Mind being employed in cherishing one favourite Inclination, the others are neglected ; and the Heat of the Imagination being wasted in other Pursuits, they are suffered to die away from the Breast, merely for want of that Culture which is necessary for keeping any Affection alive and active in us. Were it not for admitting foreign Desires into our Souls, and gratifying over-much our natural Inclinations to Pleasure, we should certainly find, that the benevolent Principle prevails too powerfully

in us, not to dispose us to the practice of every Duty, and to the exercise of every Virtue, if we attend to its Impulses, and are not diverted by intense Pursuits after Wealth or Power; which tho we may be at first engaged in from a laudable Intention of employing the Advantages they afford us for the Good of others, yet very often the keenness with which we pursue them makes us mistake them for real Goods, and forget the generous Ends we had in view when we first began the Chase. We should then have no dispute in our Breasts, whether the Dictates of Humanity or Self-Love had the greater Influence over us; whether Justice were to be done to all Men, even at our own expence; whether we ought to sacrifice our own Ease and Advantage for the sake of a Friend, our Country, or Mankind; whether Considerations of Pity and Compassion towards the Sufferings of others, ought to take place of a Regard to our own Quiet and Indolence; and whether it be such a Slavery to lie under Obligations to others, as to render *Gratitude* a thing altogether impossible. And in this last, I believe, it will be always found true, what *Milton* puts into the mouth of the first *ungrateful* Person of whose Being we have any account,

A grateful Mind

*By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what Burden then?*

EVERY

EVERY Instance of *Ingratitude* we hear or read of is shocking and offensive to human Nature ; and the more so, as the ungrateful Person appears to have been under the greater Obligations. But this is acting very inconsistently with our selves, if Mr. *Hobbes's* Principle be true, that all Obligations are a Burden ; and the greater they are, occasion the greater Hatred of the Person to whom we are indebted. For how is it possible we should always see a Deformity in the *Ingratitude* of others, even when we our selves are no ways injured by it, and yet be constantly guilty of it, whenever we become highly obliged ? In Cases of this nature the surest way of arguing is appealing to the common Sense of Mankind ; and if that common Sense constantly joins Ideas of Deformity and Turpitude to any Quality or Action, 'tis the surest Test of its springing from an Irregularity of Affection, and being contrary to the first and genuine Motions of Nature. Now it is certain, that there is not one Quality in the whole Catalogue of human Vices which stirs up our Horror and Indignation more than the Sin of *Ingratitude*. We start at any Instances given of it in others ; and esteem the Imputation of it the greatest Indignity can be put on ourselves.

SOME have been of opinion, that the best way to cure any Disease of the Mind is, either by reading, or otherwise, to recollect

as many Instances as we can of the same Disorder in others. It has been recommended, to sooth our Affliction, that we should have recourse to Instances of Calamities and Sufferings, and to figure to ourselves Human Nature in its greatest Distresses. Whether this be so or no, it is certain, that the Representation of great Crimes and Villanies, set in a proper Light, has usually a good Effect upon Minds which have not, by a long Course of Wickedness, determined themselves against every thing manly and virtuous, and put themselves beyond the possibility of Amendment. On this account one of my Correspondents has been very urgent with me to entertain my Readers with the following Story, to fortify their Hatred of the Crime on which it is raised. I shall give it, as near as I can, in his own words, without pretending to assure my Readers, that none of them have seen it elsewhere.

‘ *Chremes* had acquired immense Riches
 ‘ by Usury. The greatness of his Stores
 ‘ did not however extinguish the desire of
 ‘ increasing them, or abate any thing of the
 ‘ Stinginess of his Temper. For this reason
 ‘ he embraced with abundance of Joy an
 ‘ Invitation made him by a Gentleman, who
 ‘ was so unhappy as to be one of his Custom-
 ‘ ers, to reside with him a Month or two
 ‘ in the Country at free cost. It gave him
 ‘ no small pleasure to reflect, that during his
 ‘ abode

‘ abode there, not only the Stream which
 ‘ filled his Coffers should be kept perpetually
 ‘ flowing, but the Breach occasioned by his
 ‘ necessary Expences for so long time should
 ‘ be damm’d up.

‘ IN the Neighbourhood of the Gentleman
 ‘ who had given him this Invitation, lived
 ‘ the noble and generous *Mitio*. His patri-
 ‘ monial Estate had been ruined in his Youth
 ‘ by a Course of long and faithful Services to
 ‘ his Prince and Country. What he now en-
 ‘ joy’d was by the Bounty of his Prince, who
 ‘ in consideration of his Services and Suffer-
 ‘ ings, had given him Lands of a considerable
 ‘ Value, at a Rent little more than nominal.
 ‘ He held them however only during Plea-
 ‘ sure; but being of a Disposition easily fa-
 ‘ tisfied, he would not be at the trouble of
 ‘ the necessary Sollicitations to render his
 ‘ Tenure more certain and durable. He was
 ‘ now of an Age when he ought to have
 ‘ experienced no more the Revolutions of
 ‘ Fortune; and therefore was anxious about
 ‘ nothing but to possess his Soul in that Peace
 ‘ and Tranquillity which Retirement, assisted
 ‘ by the Reflection of a well-spent Life, does
 ‘ naturally dispose a Man to enjoy.

‘ IN this manner lived *Mitio*, when one
 ‘ day riding about his Grounds, he happened
 ‘ to find the miserable *Chremes*, who as he
 ‘ was upon his Journey to the Gentleman’s
 ‘ House before-mention’d, had been attack’d
 ‘ by a Gang of Robbers, who not only took

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‘ from him what Money he had, but despe-
 ‘ rately wounded him in several places, and
 ‘ left him weltring in his Blood. *Mitio* fee-
 ‘ ing him in that unhappy Condition, was
 ‘ moved with all those tender Sentiments
 ‘ which delicate Minds conceive upon such
 ‘ occasions. He had him carried to his House ;
 ‘ and committing him to the care of skilful
 ‘ Surgeons, would not let him be removed,
 ‘ till he was intirely recovered of his Wounds.

‘ As soon as *Chremes* had recovered so
 ‘ well as to be able to walk a little abroad,
 ‘ he became exceedingly delighted with his
 ‘ Benefactor's Place of Residence, which in-
 ‘ deed was not only extremely indebted to
 ‘ Nature for a most agreeable Situation, but
 ‘ had been improved by its Owner to the
 ‘ highest advantage, and adorn'd with all the
 ‘ Beauties which Art is capable of bestowing.
 ‘ *Chremes* very quickly understood the easy
 ‘ Terms upon which *Mitio* enjoyed his
 ‘ Estate, and also the Precariousness of the
 ‘ Tenure ; and found both so suitable to his
 ‘ Inclinations, that he formed, without much
 ‘ difficulty, the Resolution to make up the
 ‘ Loss he had sustained by the Robbers, in
 ‘ the amplest manner he could devise.

‘ FULL of this Design, he straight went
 ‘ to Court, and found means to insinuate
 ‘ himself into the acquaintance of People in
 ‘ Power, and represented with all the Ad-
 ‘ dress he was master of, that *Mitio* had
 ‘ surprized the Crown into a most unequal
 ‘ Bargain,

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‘ Bargain, and held his Lands at such an
‘ Undervalue, that they ought to be resu-
‘ med as an *Exorbitant Grant*. And to
‘ strengthen the Argument, he spoke of him
‘ as a Man so devoted to his Pleasures, that
‘ he had no Title to live in such Magnifi-
‘ cence and Luxury on the Goods of the
‘ Publick. So that to relieve it from such
‘ a Burden, he was willing to take the Lands
‘ himself, at double the present Rent, and to
‘ pay a large Fine into the Exchequer be-
‘ sides. These Reasons, assisted perhaps by
‘ others more secret and powerful, had their
‘ effect; and he obtained in due form a
‘ Revocation of *Mitio*’s former Grant, and
‘ a new one in his own favour.

‘ *MITIO*, to be sure, was thunder-struck
‘ at the News. However, not to be want-
‘ ing to himself, he makes his Applications
‘ to the Great, representing the Hardness of
‘ his Case. Injustice cannot always prevail.
‘ His Complaints, after long waiting, at
‘ length reach’d the Royal Ear. The Mo-
‘ narch, tho vested with absolute Power,
‘ happens to be a Friend to Virtue. He hears
‘ the whole Cause, and astonished at the
‘ monstrous Ingratitude of *Chremes*, dooms
‘ him to perpetual Banishment, and his
‘ Goods to be confiscated, one half to the
‘ use of the Crown, and the other to the
‘ generous Person who had been so unwor-
‘ thily treated.

‘ THIS

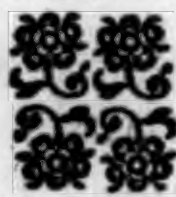
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‘ THIS Sentence, however just, gives
‘ *Mitio* no Sentiments but those of Grief
‘ and Compassion for the Barbarian who
‘ had attempted his Ruin. He begs, and
‘ with difficulty obtains the Sentence of
‘ Banishment to be remitted. Not satisfied
‘ with this, he restores the Wretch that part
‘ of his Estate which fell to his share, with-
‘ out dropping the least expression that was
‘ grating, or could any way pall the Be-
‘ nefit received. Then, full of that Con-
‘ tentment which is the Reward of the
‘ Virtuous, did the generous *Mitio* return
‘ to his former Retirement.’

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 73.



N^o 73. *Saturday, August 20, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.*

H O R.

S I R,



HAVE already taken notice, more than once during the Course of these Papers, that we in this Country, however sensible of the Hardships we endure, do not exert our selves sufficiently, nor take the proper Methods to get free of them. We are so fond of laying the blame of them on others, that we neglect the Remedies which lie in our own power. Our Negligence in this Point appears no where more visible, than in the little care we take for the advancement of *Learning* among us. For however fond we may be of satisfying our own private Curiosity, and improving our Minds, yet those of us who are given to Reading and Study, seem little solicitous to improve *Literature* into a national Advantage, which it certainly

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ly is capable of being made, as well as a private Amusement, or personal Accomplishment.

It would be a very needless thing to go about to prove that the Encouragement of Learning in a State is both useful and politick; or that all wise Nations, and well-constituted Governments have always made a Practice of so doing. The Rewards which in antient Times were so liberally bestowed upon the Inventors and Improvers of any useful Art, are a proof of the last; as the consequent Greatness and Power of those States where Learning has flourished, is a Demonstration of the former.

IF we regard the Influence, which useful, or even curious Knowledge has upon the Minds and Manners of Men, no Society can have a greater Interest in any thing than to encourage and cultivate it. It is this which raises Men above the World, and the common Maxims pursued by People of small Genius, and contracted Minds. From hence we draw generous Principles, and just and honourable Rules of Living; and are more quickly touched with a Sense of Fame and Honour, than we otherwise should be; which is certainly a much more powerful, as well as nobler Motive to Action than any of those by which the Bulk of Mankind are commonly animated. The Exertion of all the great and noble Qualities of Men, either intellectual or moral, has been in a great measure owing to it.

it. The Enthusiasm of Poets, the Speculations and Discoveries of Philosophers, the Institutions of wise and good Lawgivers, and the glorious Actions of publick-spirited Heroes, the destroyers of Tyrants and deliverers of Nations, have been all either inspired by it, or received great Assistance from it. And thus as the Sense of Honour frequently inspires Men with the Love of *Learning*, and excites them to the pursuit of it, *Learning* returns the Benefit, by strengthening in us the sense of Honour, and pointing out to us the Paths wherein true Honour is likeliest to be found; and both together form a Capacity in Men of the most extensive Usefulness either to their Country or Mankind.

FROM this Account of the Advantages of *Learning* to Society, my *Country-men* would have just reason to take it ill of me, if I charged them with the intire neglect of so noble and useful an Accomplishment. I am convinced, that such a Censure would be very untrue; and that on the contrary, there are many noble and excellent Spirits among us, who, next to the Service they immediately owe the Publick by acting for its Interest, make it the chief Business and Pleasure of their Lives to store their Minds with useful Knowledge, and employ their leisure hours with thinking over the beautiful Sentiments, or perusing the illustrious Actions of the Wise and Good among Mankind in all Ages. In all this, I believe, that in proportion to our
 I Numbers,

Numbers, we do not come short of most of our Neighbours. But there are some of the Advantages of *Learning* which are absolutely necessary to the Culture and Propagation of it, about which, it must be owned, we have not been so careful as we ought; at least to improve them so as to give ourselves an equal share in the external Benefits of them with the rest of Mankind. Some of our Neighbours, the *Hollanders* in particular, have made *Learning* not only the Cause, but the Matter of great national Advantages to them, by making it a Branch of the Commerce, as well as of the Improvement of their Subjects. Vast Sums of Money are yearly drawn into their Provinces, not for the purchase of their own Learning only, but by mere manufacturing that of their Neighbours. And it is certain, that we in this Nation might render *Learning* the same way, tho not equally, beneficial to our Country, did we consider it in the Light of an Article in Trade, and a Means of increasing the Riches of a Nation, and not merely as an Improvement for Gentlemen and Scholars, and what has a tendency to promote the publick Good, by enlarging the Understanding, and bettering the Minds of its Members; which last, tho indeed the principal Use of *Learning*, ought not however so intirely to take up our thoughts, as to exclude whatever Advantages we may occasionally receive from it otherwise.

As

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As things have been managed among us, we seem to have been blind to all Considerations of this sort, till very lately. The useful *Art of PRINTING*, which is now become the principal *Handmaid of Learning*, and about which most of the neighbouring Nations have been in a constant Emulation, has been so little encouraged by us, that it is only within these few Years our Ambition in that matter has extended beyond half a Sheet. The *Muses* could scarce get clean Linen among us; and in a literal Sense, wanted *Rags* to cover their Nakedness. The Productions of many a young Poet have been stifled in the Birth, out of a modest Fear lest they should appear in the Equipage of a *Bal-lad*. And most part of them, when they came abroad into the World, have perished in their Infancy, and found a *Winding-Sheet* in their *Swadling-Clouts*.

OUR Negligence about this useful Art is an Evidence both of our want of *Taste*, and of a due regard to the Interest of our Country. Nothing can be a stronger Proof of Barbarity than to be indifferent in a Matter of such great consequence, in giving so quick a Progress to *Literature*, and making *Learning* and good *Sense* a much easier and more universal Attainment than in former Ages. Since the Invention of *Printing*, the Writings and Monuments of every Age are much more safe against the Injuries of Time, than when they were only committed to a few Manuscripts.

The

The Destruction of a single Library in those Days was a Loss to be lamented by the whole World to the end of Time ; whereas such an Accident now would be little more than a Misfortune to the Owner. In short, the *Learning*, the *Wit*, and the *Politeness* both of antient and modern Times are by this means much better secured from perishing than by monumental Tables and Inscriptions ; and Men may promise themselves Immortality on account of their laudable Actions with much greater Certainty, than from *Statues* and *triumphal Arches*.

THE Argument in point of Interest is no less evident, as it is an Art, which consumes a great quantity of our own Manufactures, employs considerable Numbers of necessitous Persons, both in a liberal and mechanic Capacity, and saves among a People vast Sums of Money, which otherwise must be expended abroad in purchasing what no Nation ought to want, and no wise Nation will want. And besides what may be saved this way by reprinting the Writings of Foreigners, the Productions of the Natives become clear Gains to the Publick on the Ballance of Trade, as by the other Method they are only a Loss to it.

I AM glad I can felicitate my Country on the Progress this Art of late years has made among us, by the Skill and Industry of those employed in it. We have fallen into the way of reprinting several valuable Books, which

which we formerly used to pay great Rates for from abroad ; and have given Editions of some of the Classicks, which deserve great Commendation. I have just now in my hands a Pocket Edition of the Author, from whence I have taken the *Motto* of this Paper, done here about five Years ago, which, in my opinion, is preferable to any of the Kind we have had since the Days of *Elzevir*, either as to Beauty or Correctness. But it is not sufficient that we have good Artists, unless we give them suitable Encouragement. For tho it is a long time since that Edition came out, and tho the Impression was not very large, I have reason to believe there yet continue many of them unfold ; which is the greater Shame in a City where there is a celebrated University, besides several publick Schools. And I am well informed, that even our boldest Undertakers will not venture on an Edition of a Book of any Expence, however valuable, without first securing themselves against Loss, by doing it in the way of Subscription.

WE have an Instance of this just now in the Proposals given out for reprinting Mr. *Townsend's* Translation of *De Solis's* History of the Conquest of *Mexico* ; a Book, which, one would think, might turn to Account, without any such Precaution. However, since that is found necessary, I hope the Undertakers will not be disappointed in their own way ; especially since it is a Work so

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very entertaining and useful. For besides one of the most amazing Revolutions that is perhaps to be met with in all History, the Description of a rude and barbarous People, both under a State of Tyranny and Liberty, is of great use to let us see what human Nature is, divested of all those Arts and Policies, which are the Effects of natural and moral Science. Neither is it unprofitable to observe upon the Conduct of the *Spaniards*, who made themselves Masters of that unhappy People, how Men out of a blind enthusiastick Zeal for the Honour of God, and the Propagation of Religion, may be drawn in to commit the most horrible Acts of Injustice and Violence; to become the most execrable Villains, in order to promote Righteousness; and to lay waste God's Creation, under the notion of enlarging his Empire. And at the same time, how must it raise the Indignation of every virtuous and honest Mind, to see an ungodly Corporation of *Priests* sanctifying their insatiable Avarice, and unbridled Lust of Power, with the pure and peaceable Name of Christianity, and perverting God's Commandments, to inspire Men with the Temper of the Devil? All this, together with the surprizing Turns and Incidents of the Story, render it a Work well worth the perusal of every Man who proposes to himself either Pleasure or Profit by his reading.

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 74. Saturday, August 27, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Sed hoc ipsum amantis est, non onerare eum laudibus.
PLIN.

S I R,

 *ANEGTRIC* is the Species of Writing, of all others, wherein fewest have been observed to excel. Some imagine, that this proceeds from a Deficiency of Matter, the Number of those who truly deserve Praise among Men having been in all Ages very inconsiderable; and where Praise is not just, it is impossible it should ever be graceful. Others again ascribe it to a certain Stinginess of Mankind in bestowing upon others what all are so fond of themselves, by which means our Praises seem rather extorted from us, than conferred. Nor are there wanting some, who are positive, that it is the Effect of a prevailing ignorance of true Worth, and the want of a just Standard whereby to judge of the intrinsic Goodness of those Qualities or Actions for which Men are usually praised.

M 2

IT

It would be rather curious than useful to inquire how far any, or every of these Circumstances concurred in making it so great a difficulty to give Praise with decency and propriety. I shall only observe, that none of the three Causes assigned do any great honour to Mankind, or make it much for the Interest of Virtue, that they should be believed to have so great an Influence. For as the Love of Praise is one of the most powerful Incentives to the exercise of Virtue, it must needs slacken our Endeavours in the pursuit of it, if we reflect on all Praise as either falsely, insincerely, or ignorantly given; one or other of which must be the Effect of laying down any of these Observations as a general Principle. It is therefore much the safer way to look out for more particular Reasons of a thing which may be so well accounted for, without fastning upon Maxims derogatory to the Honour of Human Nature, and injurious to Virtue, because the Observations on which they are built have been found true in some Instances. And I am persuaded, that by this Method, we shall find the matter much less owing to any Infirmary or Defect in the Nature of Men, than to vitious Customs and corrupt Notions introduced by Men of greater Power than Virtue, not only without, but against the concurrent Sense of Mankind.

Thus in the early Ages of the World, the Sons of Oppression and Violence, who had an insatiable Lust after Power and Dominion,

nion, made it their business to encourage most those Qualities in Men which were fittest to support it, and implied Ability rather than Virtue. Men of small Thought and Reflection, such as we may suppose the Subjects of the first Tyrants to have been, and such as Men are generally found to this day in all Countries where Slavery is in fashion, observing how Rewards were usually dispensed, began to conceive the highest Esteem for those Qualities and Actions which entitled the Owners to the most liberal Recompences, and to imagine Merit where-ever they saw Favour. Hence it came to pass, that Valour, and even bodily Strength, commenced reputable Qualities, and were reckoned the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Hero. A great part of the History of Mankind is nothing else but a Recital of the Exertion of these two Qualities, and of the terrible Exploits performed by one Villain after another, under the names of Heroes and Conquerors. These People had their Flatterers; and there being nothing else to commend in them, their Victories and barbarous Triumphs became the only Topics of Praise. This continued a long time; and both Poets and Orators are so full of it, that they have given Mankind a Surfeit, and made it and themselves contemptible, by insisting so long, and so often, on Qualities which do not differ enough in the several Possessors of them, to make that Distinction of Character among

them which is the Life and Soul of *Panegyric*. And besides, as those Qualities have done much more hurt than good among Mankind, it is no wonder, that in celebrating of them, Authors have failed of raising the Admiration and Attention of their Readers to the Height they intended, and render'd Praise itself suspicious, which for so many Ages had been prostituted to such unworthy Purposes.

THIS single Instance is more than sufficient to shew, that false Praise may be given in compliance with Custom, contrary to the Dictates of Nature and Reason; and consequently, that Mankind in general ought not to be charged with a Fault which had its rise from a perverted Sense of things, and which instead of being an Argument that Men either cannot, or will not praise justly, is a direct Proof, that we naturally scorn and detest all kind of Praise which is unjust. And those Gentlemen who take a handle from such Instances to accuse Mankind of generally making wrong Judgments, act very inconsistently, not to say impertinently, in appealing to the Judgment of Mankind, to prove themselves in the right.

THE natural Equality of Mankind is the true Reason why Panegyric seems to most Men a dry and lifeless kind of Writing. Intellectual or Moral Qualities are the only things which are truly laudable: and in these the Preheminence of one Man over another is, generally speaking, so very little, that the
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Superiority is not always visible enough, to exalt the Mind of a Reader beyond himself in the Encomiums on the Wisdom or Goodness of another Man. Every one is apt to imagine himself sufficiently wise, and whatever share of Goodness he has he is perfectly assured of; and so upon hearing the Virtue or Understanding of others cried up at an extraordinary rate, is ready to ask within himself, what is there in all this, which I or any Man else is not capable of? Or why should any Man be celebrated for Qualities I am as much master of as he, unless there be Merit in the having of greater Opportunities to exert them? This is a very frequent and natural Reflection in the minds of most Men of ordinary Understanding and common Honesty; they feel within themselves the same Dispositions they hear so highly commended in others, and are consequently surprized to find them looked on as uncommon and extraordinary, which is the Light that Panegyric usually endeavours to set them in. In short, it is the business of Panegyric to make every thing appear admirable; and the most that a wise and virtuous Man can do, is to approve in others what he is conscious of, and well-pleased with in himself.

BUT whatever may be the Cause why Men dislike *Panegyric*, there are many Reasons why far the greater part of *Panegyrics* have proved displeasing. Men are not so apt to take offence at the praising of others, as those

who have done it have been to give it, by the wrong Methods they have fallen upon in setting out the Merits of those whom they endeavoured to commend; to animadvert on a few of which, shall be the business of the remaining part of this Paper.

THE first Error in praising is doing it in an undistinguished manner, and in the lump; as when we celebrate a Man for Qualities which Multitudes possess in common with him, without describing the particular manner in which those Qualities sit upon him. Praise of this sort is perfectly childish, and means nothing, being the Picture not of a Person, but of a Species. It is not enough to call a Man wise, good and virtuous, unless at the same time we give such Marks of his Wisdom, Goodness and Virtue, as to discover the difference betwixt him and all other Men of the same Character. To do this requires a great Genius, improved and heighten'd by much Knowledge of the World, and frequent and accurate Observations on Mankind. And as the great Nicety of the Art lies in hitting those peculiar Graces, and nameless Excellences in a Character, which are apt to escape the Observation of an ordinary Eye, unless a Man be very sure of his own Abilities this way, he had much better be silent, than attempt to praise any Man; since instead of paying him a Compliment, he does him a real Injury.

A SECOND Error in Praise is the Excess of it. There is great danger that we shall not keep to Characters justly, when we endeavour to raise them high; and the greater they are shewn, the Disproportions, where there are any, as there are few or no Characters in Life but what have some, will become the more visible. Besides, by praising a Man much, we put him in the state of a Debtor to his Reputation, and expose him to perpetual Demands on the Credit of it; which may create a kind of uneasiness in him, and make him bear his Qualities with less grace than he did formerly, if it does not sometime or other throw him into the condition of a Bankrupt. For this reason we shall find, that discreet Friends are always extremely cautious in their Commendations of each other, and talk on that Subject with much the same diffidence and modesty as when they speak of themselves. And indeed there is nothing more amiable and graceful in Conversation, than to hear one speak of the Man he is known to love with Temper, and without that Emotion which I have known some People in upon such occasions, who have afterwards lived in a state of perfect Indifference and Estrangement with the Persons they used formerly to praise to a degree of Extravagance and Wantonness.

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THE last, and perhaps the greatest Defect of *Panegyric* is, that it has been too often bestowed upon Persons during their own Life-time, who have lived to contradict by their after-Actions the Encomiums of their Admirers. This is what has given a strong Prejudice against all Praises offered to Men above ground, and who have not the Seal of a Tomb-stone affixed to their Character. While a Man is alive, he is in a possibility of degenerating from Wisdom and Virtue, and others of retracting their good Opinion of him. And this is what has happened so often, that we have great reason to be jealous of its doing so again. As no Man can be reckoned happy or miserable, so neither can he be pronounced virtuous or vitious, till we see what becomes of him in the end. In short, Human Life is a *Drama*; we cannot judge of the Performance, till Death has finished the *Catastrophe*, closed the Scene, and let down the Curtain.

IN my opinion, there is no Praise just or true, which is not the effect of Gratitude for Benefits done either to Mankind, or ourselves. And the more particularly we specify those Benefits, so much the better; the best way of painting Men being to describe their Actions, and leave others to judge of the Qualities from whence they had their rise. On this account, among the many Compliments I receive from my Readers, I am always best pleased with those
which

which import particular Thanks for some Good my Papers either have, or they imagine them to have done them; and prefer them much to any general Encomiums on my Abilities, which can only flatter my Vanity and Conceit. I have much pleasure in the Letter of an eminent Smoaker at the *Anne Coffee-House*, who assures me, that his Tobacco always relishes best, when he lights his Pipe with one of my Papers. Another, who likes *Scotch Snuff*, but finds it a little too strong for him, tells me, he receives great benefit by laying it a Day or two in the *Journal*, by which means it becomes soft, and mild enough for his use. And I am informed, that several Cookmaids shower down their Blessings upon me, for furnishing them with so notable an Instrument for singeing a *Turkey*. But what I am most proud of, is to hear, that great numbers of a late Paper of mine upon *Ingratitude* were on *Monday Night* last made up into Crackers, and played off by the good People of *St. Patrick-street*, in the midst of their Rejoicings on the Arrival of the reverend Dean *Swift* from *England*; by which means they became an Instance of that very Virtue they were written to inculcate, and promoted Gratitude in a double Capacity.

THE mention of this ingenious Gentleman, seems to open a large Field for the prolonging this Paper. But the Subject I
have

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have been upon, forbids me to say what the Occasion naturally suggests; and so I shall leave it to my Countrymen to recollect what Obligations they lie under to him, the Memory of which will be a much better and truer Panegyric than any that Words can bestow; great Resentments of every kind being always best expressed by the Eloquence of Silence.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



N^o 75. *Saturday, September 3, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

—*Signata Volumina.*—

H O R.

S I R,



BISHOP *Sprat*, whose Observations are for the most part very curious and uncommon, has somewhere a Reflection. I have often heard much commended, but in my opinion very unjustly; since if all the World had been of his mind, we should never have seen some of the best and usefullest

usefulest Writings which Antiquity has handed down to us. He gives it as his positive Judgment, ' That if the private Letters of ' Friends be written in the manner they ' ought, they will be fit for no body's perusal but theirs to whom they are directed ; ' and therefore concludes, ' That all such ' Monuments of the friendly and intimate ' Correspondences of great Men with their ' Contemporaries, instead of being published, ought to be carefully suppressed.' For my part, I should much rather imagine, that the principal Reason why we dislike a great many such Letters which have been already published, is because they are not written as they should have been, and were as little fit for the Person's perusal to whom they were sent, as they are now for that of the Publick.

CICERO is allowed by every body to be, if not the greatest, at least one of the greatest Men of Antiquity, who have made a Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning. His Writings on Subjects both of Philosophy and Eloquence have been the Admiration and Delight of all the succeeding Ages ; and to this day are universally esteemed among the most perfect Models, not only of a perspicuous Style, and beautiful Expression, but of just Thinking and exact Reasoning. Yet none of the Writings of this extraordinary Person are more entertaining or instructive than his *Familiar Epistles*. They give us

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a much clearer Insight of the Man and his Sentiments, than we meet with in his premeditated and more elaborate Performances; and we are no less pleased to behold him in the Character of a *Brother*, a *Husband*, or a *Friend*, than in the more illustrious Appearances of a *Magistrate*, an *Orator*, or a *Philosopher*. Far more will be touched with his Affection for his Brother *Q. Cicero*, his Tenderness and Complaisance for *Terentia*, and his inviolable Friendship to *Atticus*, than are capable of examining his Discourses on *Philosophical Subjects*, or of being affected with that Storm of Eloquence which was used to astonish the *Roman* People, and is even said to have made the great *Cæsar* tremble.

NOR are these *Epistles* less valuable on other accounts, as they contain some of the best Memoirs extant of that busy Age, which produced so many and such surprizing Revolutions in the *Roman* Commonwealth; and let us see much farther into the secret Springs and Causes of them, and the Characters both of Persons and Parties, than without them we should possibly do. Even those little Out-breakings of Vanity and Affectation which we meet with in them, have their Pleasure and Use, in discovering the Defects and Infirmities most incident to great Minds, if indeed they deserve that Name, and are not rather the necessary Result of inward Greatness, and exalted Virtue.

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ALL these Circumstances concurring, have render'd this part of that great Man's Writings no less honorary to his Name, among all Lovers of Learning and Humanity, than those which seem to have cost him the greatest Pains and Industry in the Production. This single Instance therefore is sufficient to shew how little foundation there is for the bold Assertion of the reverend Prelate I have been speaking of; and gives just reason to believe, that he either very much forgot himself when he advanced it, or else did not intend it so generally as his Words seem to import. For as it would be the height of presumption to pass censure on *Cicero's* Epistles as not written in the manner they should be; so I fancy, no one would willingly take upon him to declare them unfit for the perusal of others, after having received such a Sanction to their Worth and Usefulness from the united Suffrages of so many succeeding Ages.

WE are also indebted to many other great Men, both antient and modern, for Writings of the same kind, which have been justly admired, and will continue to be so, as long as Mankind have any regard left for *Good Sense* or *Politeness*. Nor can we conceive what there is in the Nature of this Species of Writing, which should prevent its being as entertaining and useful as any other; unless we either imagine, that Friends ought not to converse together about any thing
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which concerns Mankind, or that it is unfit for Mankind to know any thing of the Intimacies and Endearments of Friendship, farther than what Instinct, and every Man's own private Experience may inform him. And at this rate, no Man can cultivate a generous Commerce with his Friends, without impairing his publick Usefulness; nor become publickly useful, without failing in the Regards he owes to his Friends. Both which are Suppositions so dishonourable to Mankind, and prejudicial to Virtue, that we ought to be extremely cautious of advancing any thing which may seem to infer them.

IT is very true, that the World has seen a great many Volumes of the Epistolary kind of Writing, which are justly exceptionable, and have prejudiced Men much against Publications of that sort. Our Neighbours the *French* have glutted the Market with this Ware, and have generally provided it with such poor Stuff, that People of Sense are grown shy of having any thing to say to it. Out of a too great Fondness for their own Composures, they have trifled with the Publick, and vainly imagined, that Mankind would be pleased with the perusal of their *Gallantries*, and insipid Compliments, without any thing to recommend them but a little Delicacy of Turn, and an empty Politeness of Expression. The Humour proved infectious; and in imitation of them, several
Authors

Authors of other Nations thought themselves concerned to publish to the World all the insignificant *Tattle* and gay *Impertinences* that ever passed betwixt them and any of their Friends; and by this means rendered the Practice of publishing *Epistolary* Writings ridiculous and contemptible.

THE truth is, most People have entertained very wrong Notions of this matter, both as to the Subjects to be written upon, and the Manner of doing it. It is pretty generally thought, that private Business, or Compliments, are the only Subjects proper for *Familiar Letters*; and the former of these being of no use but to the Persons immediately concerned, and the latter of none at all, from hence occasion has been taken to regard the Species of Writing itself, as of no other importance, than as an Instrument to carry on the Affairs, or Diversions of Men in common Life.

NEITHER have the Mistakes been less considerable as to the Manner in which familiar Letters ought to be written. As to Letters of Business, it has been laid down as a Principle, that no Care at all is necessary in the Composition of them. For Business, say they, will speak for itself, and save a Man the labour of studying how to express himself. This is something akin to certain complaisant Texts I have heard of, which prevent the pains of the *Parson* in *splitting* them, and with much Civility *fall asunder*.

or *divide* themselves. And this has prevailed so far, that to avoid all superfluous Words and Phrases, a great many People write their Letters without either Sense or Grammar, and in a manner which would be perfectly unintelligible, if the Persons to whom they are sent did not understand something of the Business beforehand. Thus Laziness is call'd in to the assistance of Ignorance, and Ignorance in return contrives a most absurd and ridiculous Excuse for Laziness.

CARE and Exactness of Writing therefore are reserved for Letters of Compliment, wherein the ingenious Penmen are to display their own bright Parts, in setting forth the Praises of their Correspondents. The meaning of this is, that Matters of consequence require little or no pains, but Trifling a great deal. And it may perhaps be true, that to trifle is a Task much more laborious, than to be in earnest; at least one would be apt to think so, who has seen what strained Thoughts, and far-fetch'd Expressions the greater part of our Letters of Compliment are made up of, and what a perpetual endeavour there is to excel, in saying things which lose all their Beauty and Grace, when they are said any otherwise than in a simple and unaffected manner. Some are so besotted with this enormous way of Writing, that they imagine they have never said enough, till they have said every thing, and discovered the utmost extent of their Wit and Learning in
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the compass of a Letter. I remember once at the University two profound Scholars, who were very humble Admirers of each other, and used to carry on a Correspondence in the perfect Sublimity of Fustian. Their Compliments always came in Clusters, or rather cas'd one within another, like a Nest of *Dutch Boxes*. One of them is so remarkable, that I shall never forget it. ' You are
' wrapt about, says the elegant Writer, with
' a Train of Qualifications that are every
' way suitable, and harmoniously adapted
' for finishing that Structure that is endowed
' with a Capacity for performing the Offices
' of a good Comerade.' It is highly probable this worthy Sentence cost the Author of it more Study, than would have served a Man of plain good Sense to have wrote a whole Letter upon the most important Business.

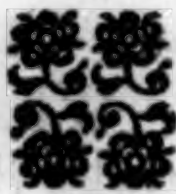
SINCE then, neither private Business, nor mere Compliments, are capable of making Letters at once entertaining and useful, it may be inquired, what are the proper Subjects for that purpose. To this a short Answer is sufficient. Whatever Subjects are capable of being render'd agreeable and useful in Conversation among Friends, may be made the Subjects of Epistolary Conversation; that is, whatever employs the Thoughts of Men of Sense and Reflection. A friendly Commerce of this kind, if conducted with Judgment and Spirit, will never

ver reflect any dishonour on the Men who maintain it, by its Publication, or be unfit to be communicated to more People than those who are particularly concerned in it. But as there is a good deal of Art requisite to the right management of such a Correspondence, and as a great many Persons, otherwise of good Sense, have formed to themselves a very corrupt Taste of this Matter, and entertained wrong Notions about it, it might not perhaps be unuseful to talk more fully concerning it. But this may be the Subject of some future Paper.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 76. Saturday, September 10, 1726.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Risum teneatis Amici.

H O R.

S I R,



HAVE read (with some concern but no surprize) the Account you have given of the Fate of your *weekly Papers*, in that of the 27th of *August* last. And tho some of your Readers may think it strange, that Writings intended to improve and refine the Manners and Taste of Mankind, should be employed to such vile purposes as to *light a Pipe, to lap up Snuff, or to singe Poultry*, their Wonder will soon cease, if they but consider, that the End and Scope of your Performances is the true and only Occasion of their fatal Destiny.

FOR, give me leave to tell you, that you have all along appeared too zealous an assertor of *Reason*, and what is (by mistake) called *Common Sense*. You seem, by your Writings, to converse too much with Lord *Shaftesbury*, the *Spectator*, *Woollaston*, *Hutcherson*, and such other *dull Rationalists*, whose

insipid Works tend continually to run counter to, and shock the most received and agreeable Notions of Pleasure and sensual Enjoyment. Nay, have you not been so rash and indiscreet, as to undertake a Confutation of that formidable Treatise, *The Fable of the Bees*? A Book of such universal Use, and calculated for no less notable an End than that of furnishing all the *pretty Fellows* of the Age with *political* and *philosophical Reasons* for every thing they do. What have you gained by your *Criticism*? The Book, after two Editions, is almost out of print; so that, it is to be hoped, the Publick will soon be edified with a Third one improved and enlarged; which must convince you, that if you could resolve to fall into that admirable Author's way of thinking and writing, you would soon be able to enhance the Price of your Productions by the great number of new Disciples you would get. Believe me, *Sir*, there is nothing like being *with the Majority*. I have often known that Argument to be of great prevalency in Assemblies look'd upon as *Awful*; therefore why it should not be so with you, I cannot tell. If you go on in your old beaten Road, 'tis true, you'll have some few *grave* and *supercilious Moralists* on your side; but if you cast away that impertinent contradicting faculty, *Reason*, and find out Arguments to countenance and support those Actions which proceed from *Custom*, *Education*, and such other Sources which
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some of your Friends foolishly call *Prejudices*, you will have, at least, three fourths of the World your humble Admirers.

BUT perhaps you will think it injurious to Mankind, to treat them after the manner I prescribe, and that such Admonitions as tend to improve them with exalted Notions of *Virtue* and *moral Duties*, are more suitable to Creatures endowed with rational Souls, than all the Excuses we can furnish them with in defence of the Follies and Excesses of unruly Passions and irregular Appetites. If these be your Sentiments, I beg you would consider that you are still with the *Minority*, and consequently your *weekly Labours* can never prosper. But to cure you, if possible, of your Error, I must bring you better acquainted than you seem to be with your Fellow-Mortals, and inform you that I have several invincible Arguments in store to explode the Principle you seem to lay so much stress upon, namely, *That the major part of Mankind are endued with rational Souls.* This, at least, I am sure I can prove, that if the greater Number of Men are so unreasonable as to think they have *such Souls*, they ought, in all conscience, to be ashamed to own it.

BUT as the Exposition of this Doctrine cannot well be contained in the Bounds of one Letter, I shall only lay it open in this, and reserve for a following one what shall be necessary to put it in its full Light. The first thing therefore I shall begin with, will be to give

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you a *Mechanical Essay on the Operations of the Mind*, and endeavour to evidence the Uniformity of Nature, in that particular, in almost the whole Creation.

PLATO having defined *Man* an *Animal with two Feet walking in an erect Posture*; that dirty Fellow *Diogenes* took a Cock, and threw him among the Auditors, crying out, *Here is Plato's Man*. Our Philosopher finding his Definition incompleat, added *without Feathers*; whereupon the *Cynick* took up the Cock, pick'd him, and, throwing him down again, with a scornful smile, repeated, *Here is Plato's Man*. I confess that, notwithstanding the great veneration I have for the DIVINE PLATO (to whom Christianity itself is so deeply indebted) his Definition of Man was defective, and he ought to have added *his Faculty of Speaking*. And I maintain that, with this Addition, the Definition is compleat, and a much better one than that which would make us believe that Man is a *rational Creature*. Nothing but an ill-grounded Pride has given rise to this Idea, which does not become the fourth Part of Mankind; but that of *Plato newly Revised, Enlarged, and Amended*, is applicable to most part of the Human Race.

You will peradventure imagine that I intend to disparage my Neighbours, by thus distinguishing them from *Brutes*, only by their *exterior Figure* and *articulate Sounds*. Therefore I must beg the favour of your Patience

tience till I have proved my *Hypothesis*, which will very much tend to the Honour and Dignity of my Fellow-Creatures ; as, on the other hand, if that of your Brethren, *the modern Moralists*, were true, it must of necessity, as I have already hinted, bring most Men under the greatest shame and confusion.

FIRST then I lay down, as an undeniable Truth, that we have in common with other Animals *a certain Machine* of a curious and exquisite Workmanship, the principal Springs whereof are *Imagination* and *Memory*. If we carefully examine this *Machine*, we shall find it exactly the same in Men and Beasts, every thing being done in both in a manner merely *passive* and *necessary*. To be convinced of this, let us but consider that all outward Objects do, by the exterior Organs of Sensation, send into the Brain *certain Images*, which meeting with the animal Spirits *aptly disposed*, excite in the *Machine* some determined Motion or other. The *Machine* itself is incapable of any Choice, but is always actuated by the strongest Impression, which generally depends on the Disposition it is in at the very Instant it receives it.

To make this more obvious, suppose a Man should take a Stick in one hand and threaten a Dog with it, and in the other a piece of Bread and offer it to him. If the Beast be hungry, he will go to the piece of Bread ; if Fear be predominant, *the Machine*

will

will run away. In like manner, if you place a young Woman between two Men, one of them well limb'd and very handsome, but meanly clad; the other of indifferent Stature and Features, but dressed in Scarlet embroidered with Gold: If she has any Inclination to *Beauty* and *Symmetry*, she will turn to the handsome Fellow; but if she be rather affected with *Show* and *Gaudiness*, the *Machine* will immediately smile at the *fine Coat*. Thus far *Imagination*.

I NOW proceed to *Memory*, which is nothing but the same *Imagination* acting without the assistance of exterior Objects. To explain this, we must consider that the first *Image* which an outward Object imprints on our Brain is very slight; it resembles a thin Vapour which dwindles into nothing, without leaving the least track after it. But if the same Object successively offers itself several times, the *Image* it occasions thereby increases and strengthens itself by degrees, till at last it acquires such a consistency (if I may so call it) as makes it subsist as long as the *Machine* itself. A Stock of *Images* having been thus acquired, they each have their respective little *Cell* or *Lodge*, where they go and hide. Yet we must not suppose that they are continually in their Retirement; they would become useless if they were so. But on the contrary, great Numbers of them are always going to and fro; and if one of them chances to go by the *Cell* or *Lodge* of another

another which has the least real or imaginary conformity with it, out pops the retired *Image*, and immediately joins the wandering one. This never so obviously happens, as when a *new Image* is introduced into the Brain, who as soon as he appears, occasions great Commotions among all the *old Inhabitants*, who either have, or think they have, any resemblance or relation to the *new Comers*.

Now, according to my supposition, there being no *active intelligent Being*, who, by his Presence and Superintendency, governs and directs the Course of those *vagabond Images*, every thing in the Brain resembles the *fortuitous concourse of Atoms*. Two *Images* meet, and unite to each other; these two meeting with a third, it unites to them in the same manner: and this Meeting and Union continuing for some time, at last occasions a most monstrous Aggregation, very like the *Chaos* of the Poet, where

Frigida cum calidis pugnant, humentia siccis.

These united *Images* do sometimes separate from each other with the same facility they had joined, just like the fashionable way of marrying among the Quality; at other times, they maintain themselves in their Union, like poor Folks, without ever getting asunder; especially when this Union is the Effect of *Chance*, but more particularly when one Ani-
mal

mal has thrust a *whole Train of Images linked together* into the Brain of another. In this last Case one *Image* of this sort never appears without its whole Retinue; and if a straggling one, in its progress thro' the Brain, chances to strike any of *this Chain*, all the others will appear, and chime to the last link. These sorts of *Chains* are what we call *Habits*; the *Temper* and *Passions* strengthen them, and they, in grateful return, strengthen the *Temper* and *Passions*.

HAVING thus explained the *Mechanism of the Brain*, the last thing which remains for me to do, is to prove, that there is nothing more in the *Brain* of the greatest part of *Men* than in that of other *Animals*; and that whatever difference there may seem to be, it only consists in some degrees of *Sprightliness* and *Vivacity*, more or less.

MENS Imagination is generally warmer than that of Beasts, who also differ from each other as well with respect to their several *Species*, as to the different *Individuals* of the same kind.

BUT from whence (say you) shall we conclude, that besides *Imagination* and *Memory*, the Men we are talking of are not endowed with a *Principle of Action* which is both *intelligent* and *free*?

GIVE me leave in my turn to ask you, upon what grounds you frame the like Judgment of Beasts?

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YOU

You will certainly answer me, that 'tis upon their Actions. Very well; and as to Men, it is from their *Discourses* and *Actions* I deduce and prove my Opinion of them: and perhaps by this way of judging we do the poor Beasts a great deal of wrong; for we only see what they do, and but guess at the Principle from whence their Actions flow, and who knows if our Conjectures about it be not false?

IF a Dog, or any other Animal, could explain the Motives whereby he is determined to act, we should perhaps discover in them deep Thoughts, solid Reasoning, and a great deal of Prudence. Whereas the Men of whom I have been speaking, do communicate to us their Motives to Action; and we can discover in them nothing else but an *Instinct* operating by the assistance of *Memory* and *Imagination*.

THUS I believe I have pretty well opened my Doctrine concerning the generality of Men; and your Readers may easily examine the Truth of my Theory, by considering, with a little attention, the great Bulk of Mankind. But however, as it may be necessary to clear up this matter a little farther, and to answer what Objections can be made, I am ready to do it; and in my following Letter shall demonstrate from common Experience that the Conduct and Behaviour of most Men proceeds from a *fortuitous Concurrence of Images*, which I call *Caprice*; or
from

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from a Chain of Images link'd together by
Chance, which form Custom or Habit.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.



N^o 77. Saturday, September 17, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

—Decipimur specie.—

H O R.

S I R,



COULD prove and illustrate, what I said in the Conclusion of my last Letter by several Instances, and need not fetch them from that obscure part of Mankind who live and die unheeded. I would not be forced to quote those Wretches, who during sixty Years do nothing else but handle their *Spades* and *Mattocks* for six Days of the Week, and get drunk regularly every *Sunday*. No, I could deduce my Proofs from the Conduct and Behaviour of the more elevated Ranks of Men, and shew, that it generally makes good what I asserted.

No one will deny Education, generally speaking, to influence every Man in the part
he

he is to act in the World. And what is Education, for the most part, but stocking a Child's *Brain* with *Chains* of *Images*? *Horace* somewhere or other introduces a *Carpenter* deliberating with himself whether he should make a *Joint-Stool*, or a *God*, out of an old Block he was going to work upon. And do not most Fathers do the same with their Children? Now pray, what is this but acting from a *fortuitous Concourse* of *Images*? This Passage of the Poet calls to my mind a Story which I think extremely applicable to our present Argument.

A TAYLOR in this City, having been very active in promoting the Election of *Tucker* and *Fownes*, was rewarded for his pains by a zealous *Parson* with the Clerkship of the Parish. He had at that time a Son turn'd of fifteen, and was in great suspense whether to put him out Apprentice to a *Button-maker*, or dedicate him to the Church. But his own Preferment having raised his Ambition, he expected no less than to see his Boy come in Curate in a few years, and so resolved he should be a Parson; ay, marry, should he, and a *High-Church* Parson too. The Boy, who had some beginnings of (what is call'd) *Classic Learning*, having finished his grammatical Studies, and receiv'd his *Manumissory* Indorsement, was sent to the University, and provided with a *High-Church* Tutor. Great care had been taken

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taken beforehand to arm him with the utmost Rage and Fury against *Fanaticism*; and his Tutor employ'd all his art and skill to fasten in his Brain a long *Chain* of Orthodox *High-Church Images*. The Chain was ended in a twelvemonth; but it took up four years more to strengthen and close the Links. And now the Work was so strong and well finished, that nothing was able to break it. This Train of *Images* continually revolv'd in our young *Parson's* Brain; and to preserve them from being jostled out by any *intruding Foreigners*, who might dispossess the *Original Orthodox Inhabitants*, the first Link of the Chain was rivetted by *Pride*, and the two last closed up by those two inseparable Companions, *Laziness*, and *Dread of Heresy*. The *Theological Machine* thus fitted up, ascends the Pulpit, thunders out against *Schism*, draws a Parallel betwixt *Rome* and *Geneva*, and gives the preference to the former, for having preserv'd the *Hierarchy* of the Church, and the *Jure Divinoship* and *uninterrupted Succession* of the *Royal Priesthood*. Next it damns the *Whigs* and *Fanaticks* for a pack of *sad Dogs*, that would eat up *Kings* with a Corn of Salt, and stain the whole *Kalendar* with the Blood of *Royal Martyrs*. The poor old *Taylor* all this time wept for Joy at his *Desk*; one half of the Congregation stared, and the other half most judiciously concluded him to be one of the most

most eminent Preachers of the Age. He now begins to fancy himself so too; for (what will seem very strange) he has never to this hour felt that he hath a rational Soul; and if he did, he would not know to what use to put it.

I NEED not expatiate upon other Characters; for I have too good an Opinion of your Readers, to doubt of their beginning now to be sensible that most Men speak and act but from a *fortuitous Concourse* of Images, or a *Train* of them stored up in the Brain.

THE only Objection I can foresee is, that Men are certainly distinguished by their Wit and Learning from *Beasts*, to whom it is not possible to teach so much as to read and write. But this is nothing at the bottom but a mere Cavil; for if those Animals called *Brutes* are not so happy as to understand our Language, they are even with us, since we are altogether as ignorant of theirs. What then, will you say, have *Beasts* a *Language* as well as we? Most certainly; and it requires but little attention to discover that they have infallible Means of imparting to each other the *Images* that revolve in their Brain. We have, in the *Memoirs* of the *Royal Academy of Sciences* at *Paris*, the curious Description of a Commonwealth of *Ants*, in whose Policy and Government we meet with such Instances of good Order and Wisdom, as ought to shame the

Magistrates of many of our Corporations. But not to deviate from my Purpose, I shall only translate so much of that Discourse as relates to the Case in hand. The curious Naturalist speaks thus.

‘ HAVING a mind to try the Sagacity of
 ‘ those little Animals, I stopt the Holes
 ‘ thro’ which they went for their Provi-
 ‘ sions in a neighbouring Granary, and
 ‘ thereby obliged them to long and tedious
 ‘ Voyages in order to supply their Stores.
 ‘ At last I spread several handfuls of Wheat
 ‘ in a Room which joined their place of
 ‘ abode ; but I still found that the *Ants*
 ‘ continued going over several Gardens and
 ‘ other large tracts of Ground to find out
 ‘ Provisions, and constantly brought them
 ‘ home to the same place : which plainly
 ‘ shewed they had not yet discovered the
 ‘ Supply I had intended for them. At last
 ‘ I caught one of the *Ants*, and threw her
 ‘ on the Wheat I had spread : the Insect
 ‘ having been frightened, and finding herself
 ‘ at liberty, ran away without laying hold
 ‘ of that Opportunity to enrich herself ;
 ‘ but about three or four Minutes after-
 ‘ wards, I was agreeably surprized to see
 ‘ five or six hundred of those little Creatures
 ‘ marching towards the Heap of Wheat, who
 ‘ all took their Loading, and afterwards
 ‘ returned home. Which evidently proves,
 ‘ that the *first Ant* had communicated her
 ‘ Discovery to the others.’

HAVING

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HAVING thus removed the Objection, and shewn from good Authority that Animals, and even such slighted Creatures as Insects, have the Faculty of disclosing their Thoughts to each other; I think I may venture to affirm, that if Beasts could assume our Shape and Organs, they would say and do all those things that Men look on as the *distinguishing Characteristicks* of their *Superiority*.

FOR instance, do but consider *Cupid*, *Cosmelia's* Lap-dog. He eats more Sweet-meats and Comfits than my *Lord-Mayor's* Grand-child, and all from his Mistress's Mouth. Nothing can be perter and livelier than that little Creature. He is continually in action. He leaps on a *Sopha*, from thence on a *China* Table, off of which he throws down half a dozen Cups and Saucers. This fine Expedition over, he rambles three or four times about the Room; then gets on *Cosmelia's* Lap, climbs on her Shoulders, licks her Nose, scratches her Forehead, blouses her Hair, and tears her *Mechlin* Lappet. Now he jumps again on the ground, barks at another Dog just come into the Room; if the big Dog runs away, *Cupid* will certainly bite him in the hinder Leg, but if he only grins, the Lap-dog will immediately take shelter under his Mistress's Petticoats. Now let any candid unprejudic'd Reader tell me, if *Cupid*, having a humane Shape, a laced Coat, a full-bottom'd Wig, and a good deal of *Ha-*

vana Snuff about his Nose and Cheeks, would not make as pretty a Fop as ever flutter'd into a Drawing-Room?

LET us carry this a little farther; and supposing all Animals invested with our outward Form and Appearance, would not an *Ape* very well represent those unhappy Mortals, who, being both ugly and ill-natur'd, divert themselves with the malicious Satisfaction of mimicking the little Follies and blind Sides of others, and with doing all the mischief they can?

IN like manner a *Tyger*, whose carnivorous Appetite is never to be satisfied, who destroys whole Flocks and Herds, and delights in nothing but Blood and Slaughter, would very naturally commence a *Cham* of *Tartary*, or a *Grand Monarque*. A *Fox*, who tickles a poor *Goose* while he is choaking her, would make an *Attorney*, who has the art of slipping his own Neck out of the Halter, and leaving an honest Neighbour's in it. A *Hog* would lose but little of his Nature, and nothing at all of his Stomach, in becoming an Alderman. A *Dormouse* would make a good superannuated *Judge*. A surly *Mastiff* with a torn *Ear*, a discontented *Halfpay-Officer*: An *ill-lick'd Cub* a young *Nobleman* ignorant of every thing but his Quality; and lastly, the sagacious *Spider*, who is held to be the only original Inventor of that most useful Engine

Engine a *Fly-Trap*, and is known to be a most remarkable Improver of *Dirt*, would fill a *Seat* in the *Royal Society* with all becoming Gravity, and suitable Abilities.

I COULD carry this Parallel much farther, but think the Instances I have given sufficient. If Men complain that I deal hardly with them, in not bringing in the Women for a share, I'll recommend to their perusal the CCIXth *Spectator*, where they'll see that *Simonides* hath saved me the trouble many Ages ago, and furnished me with the hint I have now been making use of.

It remains to shew, that my Opinion of the Nature of Man, very far from disparaging my Fellow-Creatures, screens them from the greatest Confusion, and the most mortifying Reflections. For if Men are raised above the brute part of the Creation by a *rational Soul*, which hath been given them by the great and good CREATOR of the Universe, to guide and direct them in their Conduct and Actions, it from thence follows that this *Soul* is the most excellent part of our Being, and that which *really* and *essentially* constitutes *the Man*. But if so, how comes it to pass that this *excellent part of ourselves* becomes so useless? Why do most Men give up themselves, without restraint, to all the Allurements of brutal Pleasure and Sensuality?

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From whence can proceed their Supineness and total Neglect of what *this Soul* tells them is their Duty ; whilst all other Creatures, whom they call *Brutes*, are constantly employed in acting the part they were designed for by their Creator ? How can those who are so unfortunate as to think they have a Soul, and yet make so ill a use of it, look in the face of a Man who lends a constant attention to his Reason ? Is it not far better and more honourable for them to own the want of that inestimable Treasure, than to acknowledge the possession, and yet to trample under their feet what they would be ashamed others should think they are without ?

If you should meet a Man walking at Noon-day with his Eyes shut, and knocking himself against every Post in his way, would it not be far more reasonable to think him blind, than to imagine him possessed of a good pair of Eyes, which should become useless to him by his own Choice and Option ? Or suppose again, you should find in the Street a *poor Beggar* and an *old Miser* both in Rags, would not the Beggar raise greater Compassion than the old Niggard, who having Money, won't afford himself what is necessary to cover his Nakedness ? If you should ask the Beggar why he has no better Clothes on ? he would answer you, it is because he has

no

no Money. Let us act with the same Ingenuity; and if we be called to an account by others for our Follies and Misbehaviour, let us frankly own **THAT WE HAVE NO SOULS**, and there is not a word to be reply'd.

I HAVE now, *Sir*, laid open to you the Faculties of the Mind, and shewn that those of most Men consist but in a *mechanical Operation*, as well as those of other Animals. I have too good an Opinion of your Judgment, to think that you will look upon my Proofs as *trifling* and *nugatory*; I hope, on the contrary, they will appear to you as conclusive as the nature of the Question which I have been treating, will admit. But to remove all Prejudices and Difficulties from the Minds of the Readers, I desire they will compare my Arguments with those made use of by *Mr. Bickerstaff*, to prove that *Dr. Partridge* was dead in 1708. and to judge impartially if mine are not as natural and strong as those of that ingenious Gentleman.

AND now, to conclude, I must leave you to consider whether all your Censures of the Follies of Mankind, and your Incitements to *Virtue* and *Morality*, have been to the purpose or no. No wonder then that your Productions become so suddenly *waste Paper*. But will you have them to be of universal Entertainment, and carefully collected by every body? Send that idle Pedagogue,

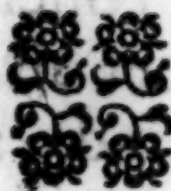
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Reason, a packing, and endeavour to free as many of your Readers as are troubled with it from its perturbations. Employ all your Wit and Skill in furnishing Men with Arguments against its Dictates, and plausible Excuses for what you have hitherto looked upon as *Extravagances*. Thus your Paper will become truly *Catholick*, and gain you a general Esteem and boundless Reputation. If you be at a loss how to begin this *new Method*, I am ready to lend you my assistance, provided your obstinate adherence to *Rationalism* and *Morality*, be no Obstacle to our future Correspondence.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

ISAAC ALOGIST.



N^o 78.



N^o 78. *Saturday, September 24, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

— *Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit.*

LUCAN.

SIR,



LOOKING some few days since into the *Memoirs of Literature* for the Month of *February* last, I met with an Account of a Book printed last year at *Cologne*. It is a Collection of Letters written by a *Swiss* Gentleman concerning the *English* and *French* Nations, with some Observations upon *Travels* in general. By the Account the *Memorialist* gives of it, it appears to be a curious Performance. His Observations upon the *English* Nation in particular are what will naturally excite the attention of an *English* Reader. He seems to have far juster and more favourable Notions of the Inhabitants of the *British Isles*, than the generality of Foreigners have. The old Character of *Fierceness* we however still retain in his opinion. This Word has a very ill Idea in our Language; and therefore might be justly taken amiss, if the Author intended to express

press all that we usually mean by it. But in truth, it signifies no more in the Original than that shyness of contracting new Friendships, and communicating our Thoughts and Opinions to Strangers, for which we are so remarkably distinguished, occasioned by that Diversity of Opinions, which has so frequently given *Bigotry* the Alarm, and consequently made it unsafe for a Man to appear in his own Character.

THIS ingenious Author I have been mentioning assigns another Excuse for what he is pleased to call our *Fierceness*; and in a very uncommon strain of Reflection, says, ‘ that *Fierceness* is necessary in a free Nation for the preservation of Liberty, in the same manner as a Man must be a *Misanthrope*, that would always continue an *honest Man*.’

THE Reflection at first view will appear exceedingly wild and shocking to every good-natur’d Person; nothing being more contradictory to all Notions of Honesty, than a firm and rooted Antipathy to the human Species. The *Misanthrope* therefore of our Author must not draw along with it that whole frightful Train of Ideas which are commonly affixed to it. The Reflection in that case would be very unnatural and monstrous. But the *French* generally understand this Word as it regards the Behaviour, and not the Affections; and call every Man a *Misanthrope*, who from any peculiarity of Temper,

Temper, is careless about the arbitrary Forms of Distinction and Ceremonies of Address which have been established among those who are usually called the fashionable and polite part of Mankind. Men of strong Sense, and exalted Virtue, are very apt to despise these empty Appearances at all times, and in a great many Cases cannot comply with them, without reproaching themselves with breaking thro' those honourable and generous Maxims they have laid down for their Conduct. This is often reckoned by those who do not know them, to proceed from an obstinate Pride, and a thorow Contempt of every body but themselves; whereas indeed it is the Effect of worthy and noble Sentiments, and a rational Scorn of every thing inconsistent with the Dignity of human Nature, and which has a tendency to make Men lose the Substance of Virtue in hunting for the Shadow of it. And this, in short, is that *Misanthropy*, a Name our polite Neighbours give to every thing which has any appearance of Rusticity, which our Author imagines to be inseparable from a tenacious and inflexible Honesty. A Remark pretty near a-kin to that noted Observation of my Lord *Halifax*, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, That a Man of good Sense has always a mixture of Sullenness in his Temper.

I BELIEVE there are scarce any but will think both the one and the other of these Observations very unjust, when they consider an honest, or a wise Man as he is in himself, abstracted from the external Circumstances in which he may be placed. For Honesty is but another Name for the most generous Virtue, and extensive Benevolence; and good Sense will naturally direct the Possessor of it to all those graceful Acts which may render him agreeable to others, and consequently easy to himself. This, however, is on the Supposition, that the World is suitably disposed to receive and cultivate such a Commerce of Kindness and good Offices. But he must have little acquaintance with the World, the common World, who expects to live in it upon such terms, or to be placed in such Circumstances as will not, now and then, give Honesty the *Spleen*, and frequently discolour the Actions of People of the best Sense, by putting their Temper on the *fret*.

TAKING things in this light, it will be found very difficult for a Man to preserve his Honesty uncorrupted, and his Temper unfouled at the same time. If thro' an abundance of good Nature he endeavours to live well with the World, as it is called, and to avoid all occasions of giving offence, he must either be an idle Spectator in it, which surely is not a virtuous Character; or else by continually playing booty with it, sacrifice his Honour

Honour and Integrity for the sake of some Advantages, which indirect Arts, and fraudulent Management are seldom found so effectual to obtain, as the plain beaten Road of Truth and Honesty. There is the same disadvantage in pursuing the Rules of this vitious Policy, that there is in forsaking the Highway on a Journey, and taking short cuts thro' the Fields; you indeed save a Mile's riding, or so, but then you hazard your Neck by the bargain, and tho you should escape that, probably engage yourself in Troubles and Difficulties enough to make you repent of your Resolution.

THIS however is not the case of your merely good-natur'd People, who go into the Corruptions and Follies of Mankind without any design at all, being only carried along with the Torrent, which they have too much Cork in their Constitution to be able to resist. These are the People who usually run away with the most agreeable Characters in Life, and are complimented with Goodness, and Humanity and Gentleness in great abundance, for no other visible Reason, but because they are good for nothing. In short, my Lady's *Lap-dog* and they are pretty much on a level, who because he can frisk, and fawn, and lick, and wag his Tail, is one of the best beloved, and most respected *Brutes* of the Family; while poor *Tray*, that defends the House from *foreign Invaders*, and *domestick Pilferers*, does no body any harm unless

unless he be provoked, and in all respects behaves himself like a very *reasonable Cur*, has the misfortune to be hated by every body, only on account of a little Sullenness in his Appearance, and because he is apt to *growl* now and then at People that take a fancy to trifle with him.

IF we look into Antiquity, we shall find many of the greatest Evils which have befallen Mankind, to have proceeded from Men of a very complaisant Disposition, and sweetness of Nature, nay, ambitious of doing Good, but faulty in desiring to have the sole Power of dispensing it in their own hands. *Alcibiades*, *Sylla*, and the two first *Cæsars*, were all of this Complexion, fond to the last degree of doing good Offices to all Persons, and no less remarkable for an obliging Manner of doing them. Versed in all the Passions of Human Nature, and dextrous in applying to them in the most engaging and effectual manner, they brought over all the short-sighted easy People of the Commonwealth they lived in, into their Measures, and made them Enemies to their Country, under the notion of following Leaders so conspicuous for Benevolence and Humanity. And thus for want of a due regard to Honesty, and a steady adherence to Right and Justice, good Nature became an Instrument of the greatest Calamity a People could suffer.

THERE

THERE is a noble Stroke to this purpose in Mr. *Addison's* Tragedy of *Cato*. *Lucius*, persuading that haughty *Roman* to submit to the Conqueror, as an Inducement tells him how much and how justly *Cæsar* was celebrated for his Clemency and Humanity. To which *Cato*, considering only the bad Purposes to which those Qualities had been applied, and the mischievous Consequences they had produced, makes an Answer which can never be sufficiently admired.

Curse on his Virtues, they've undone his Country.

ON the other hand, where Men are firmly resolved to do nothing but what is just, and consistent with the Rules of strict Honesty, they are under an absolute necessity of laying aside all Regards to the Bulk of Mankind, and of doing many things which will render them obnoxious to the Displeasure and Ill-will of Multitudes of unthinking, but well-meaning People. And to incur Hatred and Reproach on this score, as it is the hardest Trial which human Virtue can undergo, so is it attended with the most sublime Satisfaction which it is capable of enjoying, the Consciousness of having maintained its ground against those Temptations which generally prove an over-match for any but uncommon and godlike Minds.

MEN of this Temper, tho an Honour to the Species, and the only real Benefactors to Mankind, yet are commonly looked upon as

a perverse and obstinate Generation, because they will not flatter the Follies, nor comply with the unreasonable Humours of the giddy Multitude. They set themselves in open defiance to Corruption and Wickedness, and combat the Prejudices, and ill Opinions which have crept into the World, without regard to any present Damage which may attend their so doing; being convinced, that Things are not to be estimated by their present or accidental Usefulness, but by their natural tendency to render Mankind good and happy. And this Method of acting being opposite to the common Maxims and Managements of the World, the Men who use it, as they are both a Reproach and an Obstacle to them who do it not, who in all Ages have been vastly the majority, cannot avoid both being looked upon, and actually becoming in some measure rigid and austere.

THIS, however it may appear for the present an unamiable Character, and create Disgust and Ill-will in those who have some particular Interest thwarted by it, yet gives an unconcerned Spectator the highest and most exalted Idea of Human Nature that is capable of being formed. We read the Instances of this inflexible Integrity, and inexorable Virtue, if I may so speak, in the antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, with an Admiration beyond any thing we feel from the Representation of Actions springing from more common and feeble Affections. Neither

ther the Tenderness of Lovers in Romances, nor the Arts and Finesses of Politicians, however natural the one and useful the other may appear, give us that manly Pleasure in the perusal, which we receive from a view of the Firmness and Intrepidity of those generous and heroick Mortals, in those things wherein they apprehended true Greatness and Dignity to consist. *Seneca* regards a Man of this make, when disappointed in his Designs and struggling with Misfortunes, as a Sight the Gods look down upon with pleasure. And *Horace* has chosen to fetch the principal Embellishment of one of his most sublime Odes from the same Subject.

*The Man who dares, in conscious Virtue bold,
By Truth and Justice obstinately hold,
Disdains the giddy Croud's unjust Decrees,
And undismay'd the Frowns of Tyrants sees:
His fair Designs nor Hopes, nor Fears controul,
Or from his Purpose warp his steady Soul.
Thy Billows, Adria, vainly lash the Shore;
And o'er his Head th' undreaded Thunders roar.
Let Heaven, and its eternal Arches fall,
And into pieces crush this earthly Ball;
Yet he, all Nature in one Ruin hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst a falling World.*

BEFORE I conclude, it is necessary to observe, that this stern and awful Disposition is so far from being a real *Misanthropy*, that it proceeds rather from the most extensive Humanity; tho from a constant Maxim of

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treating with Mankind upon such Terms as they ought, but do not desire to comply with, their Conduct has the appearance of Contempt and Disregard for them. But this is no more than the necessary Result of the most sublime Principle of Virtue, a Desire to imitate GOD himself, who, tho the most benevolent and compassionate of all Beings, yet is often pleased in his tender Severity to disappoint the Wishes and Expectations of his Creatures, and is more than once represented to us in the inspired Writings as *chastening those whom he loveth.*

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 79.



N^o 79. *Saturday, October 1, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*Qui labores, pericula, dubias atque asperas res facile
toleraverant, iis otium, divitiæ, optandæ aliis, oneri
miseriaque fuere.* SALLUST.

S I R,



HERE is a vitious Modesty prevails much in the World, which is apt to lead Men into very dangerous Mistakes. Many Men have their Hearts overflowing with Good-will to Mankind, and would not be seduced by any Consideration to do a thing that would be hurtful to the Publick, who yet, by considering themselves as of very small account in the World, and their Actions of little or no consequence to Society, are every day guilty of what they would abhor, were they sensible of it. They imagine, that none but Men in publick and eminent Stations are capable of having any Influence on the Happiness of the Community, and so make their own private Convenience the only Rule of their Conduct in living; judging, that while the Publick receives no direct immedi-

ate Damage from any thing they do, they are perfectly innocent in leading an indolent unactive Life, and gratifying every Wish which does not impair their Health, or Estates.

I HAVE in a former Letter to you endeavoured to shew the unreasonableness of such an indolent Temper, and how unmanly it is to indulge it. But the Bounds of your Paper would not permit me to treat the Subject so fully as it requires. I therefore intend at this time to consider it in the Consequences which I think unavoidably attend it, to wit, *Luxury*, and *Idleness*; which two things have been in all Ages the Source of the greatest Evils which can possibly befall any Country or People.

BESIDES the Tendency of these Vices to damage the Publick, there is danger in the bare appearance of them sufficient to make any one who truly loves his Country extremely cautious of all approaches towards them. For tho the Example rises from the Great and the Rich, who cannot hurt themselves much either by Leisure or Expence, yet the Imitation generally runs thro' all Ranks of Men, till at last it reaches and corrupts those by whose Industry a Nation ought to subsist. It is obvious to every Man's knowledge, that the meaner sort of People are perpetually treading on the heels of those immediately above them, and aping the Manner of Life in fashion among such as are called

led Persons of Distinction, which every Man is to some or others of those who are below him. So that let a Man be ever so well able to afford either Magnificence or Profusion in his way of living, the Duty he owes the Publick obliges him to live within his Fortune, that he may not give encouragement to general Waste, and become a Means of introducing universal Poverty and Misery. And as every Man has an actual Influence this way, it is the business of all to consider themselves in this View, and not be satisfied with the thought that they have had no actual hand in the publick Disorders, or the false Modesty of believing themselves too inconsiderable to be Leaders in the Ways of the World. When there is danger of a Distemper becoming general, tho no Man can pretend to stop the Contagion, yet if he endeavours to save *One* from it, he does all in his power to prevent the Infection from spreading. And the best way to prevent Corruption of Manners is for every Man to begin at home, and by that means invite his Neighbours to do the like. Men manage in this Affair much as they do in cleaning or repairing the publick Ways; if you fall directly to work, and mend before your own Door, it is odds but you will have the whole Neighbourhood follow you; whereas if you enter into Consultation about it, a Dispute may arise who shall begin first, and so the Business be greatly retarded, if not totally neglected.

It is a mistake to say, That *Luxury* is only criminal when it produces an Expence disproportioned to a Man's Fortune. What I have already mentioned concerning the ill Influence which high Living has on the lower Orders of Men, even when it does not impair the Fortunes of those who use it, sufficiently proves the contrary. For besides that Men may, and frequently do give into a criminal *Luxury*, which instead of diminishing, proves a Means of enlarging their Circumstances, many a worthless Rogue has *eat* himself into Preferment, and others have been no less successful by displaying their great Abilities in *Drinking*. But will any one from thence argue, that indulging the sensual Appetites in those cases is justifiable, and that there is no other Rule for adjusting the Measure of our Expences in living but every Man's private Fortune and Circumstances? Has Nature fixed no Limits to our Desires; and are there no Superfluities that contribute neither to the Necessaries nor Decencies of Life? And is it not becoming every wise and good Man to break himself of all Inclinations to things of this sort, and to hold them in disesteem and contempt? For the smallest degree of Indulgence of them, even tho only in compliance with the Fashions of the World, and the Tyranny of Custom, is of dangerous experiment, in regard of the ill Habits which by that means may be contracted, and the easy transition there is from one degree of Voluptuousness

ousness to another, and greater. Add to this the supernumerary Cares which Men are exposed to, who fall in love with a Life of Ease, Pleasure or Magnificence; which, tho only imaginary Enjoyments, yet prove real Afflictions, when Men are either deprived of them, or under apprehensions of losing them.

THE Perfection of Wisdom has ever been esteemed to consist in the moderating of our Desires, reducing them within the bounds of Nature and Reason, and disengaging our Affections from all Objects foreign to the Happiness of social and intelligent Beings. Now it is evident, that all the Objects of *Luxury*, either in Entertainments, Dress or Equipage, which are what the World commonly calls *Luxury*, (which, without having recourse to a metaphysical Definition, is a word as well understood as *Black* or *White*) are of this sort; and consequently it is our wisdom to banish them as much as we can from our Thoughts, and to be as sparing in the use of them as the Circumstances of the Age and Country we live in will permit. I will add too, that the Strength, and perhaps the very Being of Virtue depends on the same Principle. For it is certain, that nothing prompts Men so much to hate one another, and become cruel and unjust, as the Extravagance of their Desires. And no less certain it is, that *Luxury* and *Avarice* go hand in hand together, it being impossible to support the one without the assistance of the other; which *Compound* of *Avarice* is much

more pernicious than the *Simple* kind; the one very often breaking out into Fraud, Rapine and Oppression, and the other for the most part contenting itself to feed upon Industry and Frugality.

THE Policy of the antient *Greeks* and *Romans* in this matter is well worthy our Regard and Imitation. Those wise and virtuous Nations, in the Times of their greatest Grandure and Prosperity, made it their principal care to inspire the Minds of their People with a Contempt of all false Pleasures, and immoderate Riches. For this purpose, when other Methods fail'd, they made use of the more compulsive ones of *Sumptuary* and *Agrarian* Laws; rightly judging, that the Publick Safety and Tranquillity could never be well maintained, unless the respective Members of the Body Politick were Men of Virtue and Moderation, and greatly denied to every thing which might prove either an Impediment or a Snare to them in their Endeavours to promote the Good of their Country. The greatest and best Men that ever those Commonwealths produced came readily into these Maxims, and had even a kind of Affectation in embracing Labour and Poverty. *Epaminondas* in *Greece*, and *Cincinnatus* in *Rome*, are not the only illustrious Instances of voluntary Indigence among their first Magistrates, and most renowned Captains. Luxury at Tables, and Expence in Apparel, were things looked on as criminal, or at least unbecoming Persons of Worth

Worth and Distinction ; which Principle prevailing among the Great, diffused itself thro' all Ranks and Orders of Men in a general Sobriety and Modesty.

By means of this Contempt of Wealth, and Abstinence from Pleasure in private Persons and Families, the Publick was enabled to appear with the greater Splendor and Dignity. Every Man's private Vanity was turned to augment the Stream of the Publick Magnificence, which displayed itself in great and noble Works, that might last for Ages, warm the Hearts of succeeding Generations with a holy Reverence for their Ancestors, and call up the dear *Idea* of a *Country* in their Minds by sensible Objects. People were content to lie on a homely Bed, and feed on simple Diet, while they could see their Cities adorned with Temples, Statues, and Triumphal Arches, the Monuments of Piety and Virtue ; and their Country rendered both beautiful and commodious by stately Bridges, and convenient Causeways. The bare Ruins of some of these Works to this day strike those who behold them with Wonder and Astonishment ; and how must they have been affected with them, who saw them in their Glory, and imagined they had a Property in them ? An Expence thus employed, as it raised the Minds of the People, and contributed to make them generous and publick-spirited, so the Effects of it being extensive and durable, tended both to promote the good of
the

the Community, and the innocent Pleasure and Amusement of every particular Member. Our Vanity, on the contrary, is all confined to ourselves, and for the most part displays itself in very trifling and perishable Objects: and by that means the Expence laid out in gratifying it, is just so much lost to the Publick, over and above the Injury it receives from the Degeneracy of Mens Minds, and the Corruption of Manners which necessarily attends the giving way to so idle and selfish a Temper.

I NEED not represent how great, how successful and happy those brave People were, while they lived in the manner I have been describing, and kept up their first Strictness of Life, and Moderation of Desires. But I must not omit observing, that as soon as they fell from it, they sunk by degrees from that Pitch of Glory and Happiness they formerly enjoyed. *Luxury* was succeeded by *Avarice*, and that introduced Struggles and Contentions among the Great for the Management of publick Affairs, that they might have the greater Opportunities of enriching themselves. This introduced Bribery and Corruption, and then Fraud and Violence, which at last issued in cruel Seditions, Conspiracies, and Civil Wars; by which being destroyed and consumed, they became an easy Prey to furious and abominable Tyrants, who using them like Beasts, by degrees made them so, and put them for ever
out

out of a capacity so much as to look up to that Height from whence they had fallen.

I AM far from insinuating, that things are in such a dangerous Posture among us at present: but truly I cannot help thinking, that we are in the strait Road to it, if we go on as we have begun. For let us look where we will, is there not a strange Effeminacy and Dissoluteness visible among all sorts of People, but especially the Polite, and the *Beau Monde*? And do we not seem perpetually to vie with one another in the most expensive and extravagant Ways of Living that can be contrived? Can any thing be more shocking to Decency and Sense, than to see our young Fops all daubed over with *Pomatum*, and crush'd up into a pair of *Stays*? Tho this last may, for ought I know, have some Significance in it, and intimate how richly the Owners deserve to be *laced*. It is true, some of them can afford it, and possibly do their Fortunes no harm by such an Expence. But what then? Is not the thing itself absurd and unnatural? Some of our Philosophers too can afford to lay out 20 or 30,000 Pounds in a Collection of *Butterflies*; and many a fantastick Female gratify her Passion for *China Ware* with what might be a sufficient Portion for her, if she were not herself as frail as her *China*. But will that justify such an unreasonable Expence on things neither useful, nor truly ornamental in Life? If we know not what

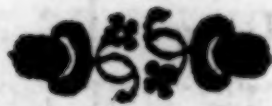
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what to do with our Riches, unless to make Ostentation of them, let us do it in things which have a real Beauty and Durableness, in Building and Planting, the Pleasure of which Multitudes may enjoy as well as the Owner, and not waste them in the momentary Gratifications of Appetite, or the feeble and windy Satisfaction arising from Gaudiness of Dress and Equipage. If we reflect at all, as reasonable People should, on the sad Consequences of this perverted Taste in other Kingdoms and States, and consider that the like Causes must always produce the like Effects, the Duty we owe to our Country will constrain us to guard with our utmost Caution against the least Symptom of so dangerous a Disease.

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

PUBLICOLA.



No. 80.



N^o 80. Saturday, October 8, 1726.

TO HIBERNICUS.

Falso queritur de natura sua genus humanum, quod imbecille, atque ævi brevis, sorte potius quam virtute regatur. Nam contra reputando, neque majus aliud, neque præstabilius invenias; magisque naturæ industriam hominum, quam vim aut tempus deesse.

SALLUST:

S I R,



NOTHING is more usual than to hear People, otherwise of good Sense, and in such Circumstances of Life as appear very comfortable and easy, bemoaning themselves at a rate which would scarcely be decent in Men struggling with the greatest Misfortunes, or groaning under the most grievous Afflictions. Tho in all outward appearance they want nothing which might render them happy, yet in reality they want every thing, by wanting the Disposition necessary to all Happiness, a Mind open to receive those innocent Gratifications which by the Bounty of Providence offer themselves in great plenty, in almost every Scene or Condition in which Men can be placed.

IF

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IF there were not a kind of Cruelty in making ourselves merry even with Mens imaginary Misfortunes, it would be pleasant to observe the Methods of tormenting themselves made use of by People of this Complexion. For in this matter they discover a great deal of Ingenuity, and have the Art of drawing Sorrow and Dejection of Heart out of the greatest Blessings of Life, with as much facility as Wasps extract Poison from Flowers. Being a very *Laconic* Generation of Men, and desirous of finding out the most compendious Ways to be miserable, they deal much in broken Sentences, and short Apothegms, intimating the Vanity of Life, the Lubricity of human Affairs, the Ridiculousness of every thing in the World, and several other important Discoveries of the same nature, all equally useful to prevent any laudable or rational Pursuits, and to make Being itself comfortless and burdensom. And upon these hopeful Foundations are commonly raised all those unaccountable *Reveries*, and extravagant Distresses which make their appearance among Mankind under the appellation of the *Spleen*.

WHATEVER may be the accidental, or more immediate Causes of this fashionable Distemper ; whether uneasy Reflections on Disappointments in Love or Business, an over-delicate Constitution of Body ; an *Ephemeral* Disposition either in the *Head*, or the *Feet*, to prognosticate *foul Weather*, or *Easterly Winds* : Whether, I say, these, or
any

any of these may concur as Signs, or Causes in this matter; yet I am perfectly convinced, that in most People it owes its Original to nothing but downright *Idleness*.

By *Idleness* I do not only mean mere *Sauntering*, or doing of nothing, but doing nothing to the purpose. According to which account, I believe it will be found that there are a great many more idle People in the World than is commonly apprehended; and that a great deal of that which passes now-a-days under the name of *Business*, is nothing at the bottom but a refined Species of *Laziness*.

CERTAIN I am, that Labour and Industry never were in lower estimation than at present. All our polite People manage their Bodies as if they thought them of no other use but to be *shewn*, and kept in *Repair*; and consequently the greatest Fatigues they expose them to are paying of *Visits*, and taking *Physick*. For tho there are some who abound more in the *Animal* Life, yet I would not be so unjust as to reckon them any part of the polite World, however they may agree with it in some Circumstances. But be that as it will, it is very evident, that among all those who either are, or affect to be thought Persons of Fashion and Distinction, every thing of Work and bodily Labour is brought under a general Disrepute, as unbecoming an easy Fortune, and a liberal Education.

ONE obvious ill Consequence hereof with regard to the Persons themselves, is the mischievous

chievous Habits by this means introduced. For Idleness in Persons of a plentiful Fortune must either end in Debauchery and Luxury, or in Listlessness and Inappetency to the Comforts and Enjoyments of Life ; either of which is as full and short a Description of Misery, as a sound Mind in a sound Body is of Happiness. The *Failing of Desire*, which *Solomon* represents as one of the greatest Afflictions of old Age, is very often the Attendant of the *Rich* and the *Idle* ; and this proceeds from their not enuring themselves to a little Toil and Abstinence, by means of which the Returns of Ease and Abundance would come to them with a greater gust and relish. For in the present State of human Nature our greatest Pleasures grow either sour, or insipid on our hands, unless we taste them with moderation and frequent intermissions. Light itself, the first Creature of GOD, and the greatest of all sensual Enjoyments, which is the same to the Eyes that Truth is to the Understanding, would grow grievous to us, if we were not so often relieved from it by the agreeable Vicissitudes of Darkness. And much more will this hold of Pleasures, which are not only of an inferior kind, but founded more upon Art and Custom, than Necessity or Nature.

I KNOW it will be urged, that intellectual Improvements, and the Study of curious and useful Arts, are a proper business for the Great and the Rich, and consequently entitle them to an Exemption from every thing which requires

requires corporeal Labour and Industry. Nor can it be denied, that Gentlemen are obliged beyond others to become accomplished in Things of this sort; an Acquaintance with Letters and Laws being absolutely necessary to render them useful to their Country, in proportion to the Interest they possess in it. But still I insist, that they ought not to engage in Study with the same Severity and Intention that those who live by any of the Learned Professions are obliged to. In this last case there is no ill Example given to the common People, who never reckon a sedentary Life an idle one, when it is the Means of Subsistence. But it touches them to the quick, when they see a Man indolent by way of Enjoyment. They then begin to sigh after the imagined Softness and Ease of that kind of Life, grow tired of their own laborious Business, and fall in love with Learning and Retirement. And how pernicious to the Publick such a Humour would be, should it once come to be universal, I need not mention, nor how ridiculous and contemptible a Figure a Nation composed intirely of *Literati* and *Philosophers* would make among its Neighbours.

It has been held a piece of very useful Policy among great Commanders, both in anti-ent and later Days, to encourage their Men in any laborious or difficult Enterprizes, such as digging of Trenches, raising of Works, and the like, by beginning themselves, and carrying off the first Load of Earth, or laying

the first Stone in their own Persons. Something of this is still retained in our Custom of having the Foundation of any considerable Building laid by some Person of Distinction and Eminence. And if I were disposed to shew my Reading, I might on this occasion mention that Law among the *Mahometans*, by which every Man is obliged to learn and profess some Handicraft Employment; which is so inviolably observed by them, that even the *Ottoman* Emperors are not exempted from it, of which we meet with many Instances in their Histories. Mr. *Locke*, in his excellent *Treatise of Education*, is of opinion, that every Gentleman ought not only to know, but practise something of the Mechanics. And indeed the Reason hereof seems to hold much stronger in Men of plentiful Fortunes, than in such as are otherwise, in order to divert that Languor and Uneasiness which generally sticks to studious and contemplative Minds, and arises from their falling too much into Notions and Schemes of general Happiness or Unhappiness in Life, and by that means growing satiated of the World and every thing in it. Whereas Men who employ themselves in some particular Business, which exercises the Body without much application of Mind, are very rarely troubled with any such Diseases; which, however we may impute them to bad Air, or other external Causes, are in reality owing to our Laziness and Indolence, as is visible in *Holland*,

Holland, where tho idle Strangers who travel thither out of Curiosity, complain of the *Vapours* very often, yet the industrious Inhabitants were never yet *refined* enough to feel any thing of that modish Disorder; at least if we will believe Sir *William Temple*, whose Observations on those Provinces are allowed by every body to be as authentick, as they are curious and entertaining.

I AM the warmer on this Subject, because I have observed the Humour of *polite Idleness* to be spreading very fast into the Territories of Trade and Commerce, and am much afraid lest it should descend to our Forges and Work-shops. Since the conclusion of the late Wars, *Philosophy* and *Poetry* have succeeded in the place of *Politicks*, and made many Characters full as ridiculous as the *Upholsterer* in the *Tatler*. I know a Bevy of *Spinsters* very far gone in the Laws of the *Drama*, and another who are no small Proficients in the *Mathematicks*. I have seen the Lord *Shaftesbury's* Works on a Shopkeeper's Counter, and hear him every day quoted by Persons, whose Business it neither is to understand him, nor have they the proper Means of doing it; and who when they have got a little *smattering* of him, for the most part employ it to very ill purposes. If things go on according to this comfortable Beginning, we may hope in a short time to see our *Weavers* commence *Systematical Divines*, and hear our *Coblers* capping Verses in every Stall.

I KNOW no manner of use our common Tradesmen have for any higher kind of Learning than reading and writing *English*, and casting up Accounts: and where any of them go farther, it proceeds generally from a mixture of *Laziness* and *Ambition*; which diverting them from their own proper Business, very often proves destructive to their Families, and highly prejudicial to Society in general. And as the most effectual Remedy for this would be to render Labour, and mechanic Arts reputable, which can never be done while the better sort of People decline altogether putting a hand to them; I think it would be a high Strain both of Wisdom and Goodness in Men of easy and plentiful Fortunes, to shew their Inferiors now and then a good Example this way, as far as may be consistent with the Duties arising out of their own Station and Circumstances of Life.

As for our *Philosophers* in *Petticoats*, I would fain know, whether the Cares of a Family, conjugal Affection, and maternal Tenderness, will not afford a sufficient Employment for any one Woman; or whether they will readily become more virtuous by exercising of these, or by devoting their whole time to the Study of moral Entities, the Nature of Obligations, and the rest of that Strain, which has so often perplexed Mens Heads with airy Notions of Virtue, but very seldom, if ever, warmed their Hearts with the Love of it. I am confident there are several pretty little Occupa-

Occupations much more becoming their Sex, and less apt to give them the *Vapours*, than either *Philosophy*, *Politics*, or *Poetry*. And therefore I would humbly recommend to them a wise Institution of *Mango Copac*, the Founder of the *Peruvian* Empire, who established it as a fundamental Law, that all People should work who were able; by which means it became fashionable for the Ladies among them, whenever they went to see their Neighbours, to carry their Work along with them, which they followed all the time the Visit lasted, unless when the Visit was paid to some Lady of very great Quality, in which case they laid their own Work aside, and by way of Compliment assisted her. If such a Refinement were introduced among us, I am persuaded it would in great measure prevent that unconscionable Waste of *Tea* and *Scandal* which the World at present so loudly complains of; and not a whit lessen that conquering Power which the Fair Sex so justly boasts as its Prerogative. For if I am not much mistaken, most Men had much rather choose a Wife who understands *Plain-work* than *Philosophy*, prefer a *Shirt* of her making to a *Poem* of her composing, and be much better pleased to see her take up handsomely a *fallen Stitch* in a *Stocking*, than investigate the most abstruse *Theorem* in *Algebra*.

I hope none of your Readers will mistake me so much, as to imagine I am an Enemy to Learning, and would dissuade Men from the

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Study of it. No, I am sensible, that without it no State can be happy or flourishing. But at the same time, I would not have it pursued, to the hindrance of those other Arts which are necessary to the very being of Mankind, as well as the beautifying of Society. It is against the excessive and universal Indolence of Body, which may be introduced under pretence of improving and adorning the Mind, and against that only, that I combat. For since we carry about us Bodies, as well as Souls, and are Creatures formed for Action as well as Thinking; it is certain, we ought not to gratify one part of our Charge at the expence of the other, and may become criminal as much by a *Mental* Luxury, as by an over-indulgence of the *Animal* in us.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

PUBLICOLA.



No. 81.



N^o 81. *Saturday, October 15, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

—*Jam stragis acervis*
Deficiunt campi, video per densa volentem
Agmina ductorem Libyæ, currusque citatos
Arma virum super, atque artus & signa trabentem
 —*Jam rident arva.*— SIL. ITAL.

S I R,



IT is an Observation I have somewhere met with, *That whoever has been much conversant among the old Books, will be a little hard to please among the new.* We *Moderns* are not very fond of giving our assent to any thing which may derogate in the least from our own Worth and Excellency; and therefore I shall be very tender of insinuating, as some uncautious Persons have done, the Preference of the *Antients* to us, that being a Point which might give offence to a much greater number of Writers than Antiquity can boast of. Yet I think, I may venture to affirm, that the *Antients* may now and then prove no inconsiderable Helps to a modern Writer; and that we have had very few eminent modern

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Writers,

Writers, who had not some little acquaintance with the *Antients*.

So far, I believe, will be allow'd me without much difficulty. But should one presume to go a little farther, and assert the *Antients* to have excelled the *Moderns* in the Art and Delicacy of Composition, Propriety of Style, and Beauty of Expression, he must expect to be very severely humbled for his Rashness. Yet unless something of this be true, it is pretty hard to conceive how the Writings which have been handed down to us from Antiquity, have come to be the Wonder and Delight of so many succeeding Ages, and been by the best Judges looked on as the most perfect Models of just and elegant Writing.

OUR Neighbours, the *French*, whom we seem to acknowledge as the politest of the modern Nations, otherwise we act very inconsistently in so servilely imitating some of the worst of their Customs, take all opportunities of shewing their Reverence for the *Antients*, and making the Knowledge of them extensive. For this purpose, as well as to enrich their own Language with useful Books, they have laboured incessantly in translating the Classics, both *Greek* and *Latin*, which have at any time received the Sanction of the Commonwealth of Letters. By this means they have in a manner naturalized the Wit and good Sense of all Antiquity, and made it so much their own, that
even

even those among them who are ignorant of the learned Languages, may yet in some measure become Masters of those excellent Performances which have been composed in them.

BESIDES this obvious Advantage of translating the Antients, there is yet another no less considerable, tho not so frequently regarded. A good Translation is oftentimes the truest Comment upon an Author, and the best Help to the thorow understanding of him. Every one who has the least acquaintance with the Antients, must be sensible what Difficulties attend the Study of them, and how thorny the Passage oftentimes is to their meaning. It is therefore an Office of Humanity, in such as have suitable Abilities, to remove the Difficulties, and render the Avenues more easy to a Field of so much Delight and Instruction. And tho I would be far from depreciating the Labours of those Gentlemen who have applied themselves, in a way of Criticism, to unravel the Doubts, and explain the obscure Passages of the antient Authors ; yet I cannot help thinking a judicious Translation to be much more serviceable for that purpose. The critical Commentator selects only certain Places which have appeared difficult to himself, or to those with whom he has conversed ; and having cleared them, passes by all the rest as plain and easy, which yet may prove as perplexing to others, as those upon which he employed

ployed his greatest Care and Diligence. A Translation, on the other hand, is a perpetual Comment ; which taking in the less as well as the more difficult Passages, leaves nothing untouched that can give the least obstruction or uneasiness to the most raw and unprepared Reader ; and helps him forward, without that languishing drudgery one generally undergoes in the perusal of critical Interpretations.

OUR Language, tho it boasts not of such numerous Translations as the *French*, yet has furnished a great many excellent ones. We read the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and particularly the *Pharsalia*, in our own Language, with little less pleasure than in the Originals. I might mention a great many other worthy Performances of the same nature, which do honour to our Tongue, and probably will last as long as it continues to be spoken. The Mine however is not yet exhausted ; and there still remain many noble Works of Antiquity to be made free of our Language. The Author from whom I have taken the Motto of this Paper, is none of the least considerable of those on whom this Distinction has not been hitherto conferred. His Work, besides the Character of its Author, who was a Person of the highest Quality in *Rome*, and had been thrice honoured with the Dignity of Consul, comes recommended to us by the Dignity and Grandure of its Subject, as well as those Beauties it boasts

as a Poem. It contains an Account of one of the greatest and most remarkable Transactions to be met with in History, the humbling of *Carthage* by the *Roman* Arms in the second *Punic* War. And this is represented with such Pomp and Beauty of Description, and so much Elegance of Style, and Harmony of Numbers, as very few of the most admired among the *Latin* Poets have been able to equal.

I AM glad I can felicitate my Country on the hopes we have of seeing this excellent Performance very speedily translated into *English*, by an ingenious young Gentleman of our own Nation. Proposals for that end, I am inform'd, will be given out in a short time. The Character I have taken upon me will not suffer me to omit recommending to my Readers the Encouragement of a Work, which if it succeeds, may reflect so much Honour on our Country. I chuse to conceal the Name of the Gentleman at present, till he thinks fit to appear in his own Project. However it is but reasonable, that the World should see what they are to hope and expect from him in this matter; for which reason I submit the following little Poem by the same Hand to the Judgment of my Readers, desiring them at the same time not to draw too near a Comparison betwixt a Piece of a careless and familiar Turn, and a Work which will employ his utmost Care and Diligence, and afford him much greater
room

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room for the exercise both of Imagination
and Judgment.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.

To T——M—— of *Staffordshire* Esq; on
two celebrated Pieces of his Painting, viz.
a Battle of *Alexander*, and a Landskip.

Forgive the Muses, proud t' illude your Time,
And press the soft impertinence of Rhyme :
Accept a Praise that scorns the venal part,
Nor prostitutes to yours the Sister Art——
But with much Zeal 'tis fatal to commend ;
How hard to praise, and to preserve the Friend ?

BLEST Youth ! To whom the gen'rous Arts are
Who singly seem unconscious of your own : (known,
To whom renew'd exhausted Ages roll,
While all th' illustrious Dead enlarge your Soul :
To whom fair Italy unlock'd her Store,
And spread the Treasures of the Classic Shore ;
All that fam'd Raphael drew, or Maro taught,
The wond'rous Pencil, and the Poet's Thought ;
The learn'd Inscription, sanctify'd in Rust ;
The breathing Canvas, and Corinthian Bust ;
The venerable Urn, the little Lar,
Preserv'd thro' Time's wild Waste, and Gothic War ;
The valu'd Manuscript, the sainted Bone,
Instructive Medal, and historic Stone ;
Great Appius' Work, thro' Ages unimpair'd ;
And Obelisks to gradual Wonder rear'd ;
Vast Catacombs, conceal'd in Earth, to vie
With Amphitheatres, that mate the Sky ;

Soft

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*Soft Venus' Smile in ductile Marble shown,
And Cæsar's Frown, that awes the World in Stone;
The Monumental Arch, the Parian Dome;
Majestick Ruins of Imperial Rome!*

*HOW shall the Muse your happy Labours hail,
Where Words to raise the fair Idea fail?
Let your own speaking Paint your Praises show,
Your Knowledge in Poetick Colours glow!*

*TOO delicate, you check my friendly Fires,
And awe the Fancy that your Worth inspires.
My Strength unequal to the Task I know;
Cold damps the Thought, languid the Numbers flow.
The fleeting Image cheats my lab'ring Mind,
And feebly shows what boldly was design'd.
As when the first faint Lines your Canvas stain,
And Nature struggles thro' the Piece in vain;
From the rude Strokes imperfectly we trace
The mimick Life, sketch'd o'er the future Face.*

*SEE! Time rolls backward, with his Pinions bound,
And Fate obsequious cleaves the teeming Ground:
The Grave gives up its Dead, reviv'd they stand,
A new Creation from thy forming Hand!
Conflicting Chiefs in artful Fight engage,
And wond'ring Nature feels fictitious Rage:
There 'midst plum'd Warriors, stain'd with honest Blood,
Young Ammon plunges in the Granic Flood!
Here like a Regent Angel in his Star,
The Persian drives his Diamond-glowing Car!
Lo! where aloft the foamy Coursers rear
In act to neigh, and paw the suff'ring Air!
The purpled Waters we behold below,
Amaz'd to find the Stream forget to flow;
Thro' Groups of Men just Attitudes we spy,
And each contracted Figure chains the Eye:*

Vary'd

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*Vary'd Delight the lively Passions yield ;
 Fear, Hope, and Terror fluctuate thro' the Field.
 Here the compacted Phalanx braves the Flood,
 While glitt'ring Spears project a waving Wood.
 The Rush of Victors now the Fight confounds,
 The Battle thunders with Ideal Sounds !
 Here a stern Hero meditates a Foe,
 From the rais'd Arm we wait the coming Blow :
 The writhing Wretch rolls his beseeching Eyes,
 Shrinks from the Jav'lin, almost groans, and dies.
 There snorting Steeds o'er prostrate Riders bound,
 Swords, Helmets, Limbs, Tiara's strow the Ground.—*

*NOW change the Horror of the dreadful Scene,
 Lo, smiling Meads appear in vivid Green !
 Irregularly fair, th' elastic Trees
 Bend to the Eye, and fan the streaming Breeze :
 There your blue Æther emulates the Sky,
 Clouds behind Clouds the seeming Plain bely ;
 An aged Oak here, venerably bare,
 Tugs the strain'd Root, and pond'rous stoops in Air :
 Lo ! there a lonely Goat, in shaggy port,
 Tops the shrub'd Rock—Beneath the Lambkins sport !
 Amidst his horn'd Seraglio stands rever'd,
 In sullen State, the Monarch of the Herd :
 Curl'd is his Front, his Dewlaps shake an awe,
 His Glare of Eye o'er the wide Plain gives law ;
 I ask'd my cheated sight, can Life do more ?
 I look for Motion, and expect his Roar.—
 Adown a ruin'd Ivy-circled Wall,
 See ! a Spring feigns to gurgle in its fall :
 And near behold a Love-sick Swain reclin'd ;
 Behold ! and lo, the Face explains the Mind ;
 Despair makes pale his Cheek, Desires inflame,
 And changeful Looks pursue the flying Dame.
 She trips the Lawn with a malignant pace,
 And all the Woman tinctur'd in her Face ;*

Her

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*Her Face! that shows her Virtue kept thro' spite,
As Love cou'd please—but Filting give delight.
Her length of Hair flows loose in wanton Pride;
Her Breasts now seem to heave, and now subside:
My Eyes drink in each Hemisphere of Snow,
And die upon the lacteal Vale below——*

*BUT mark her Swain!——Passion from Posture
And the Soul's War in blended Colours glows. (grows,*

*WITH lolling Tongue, and quick officious Eye,
His faithful Spaniel pants, consid'ring by.——*



N^o 82. Saturday, October 22, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

——Studio jactabat inani. VIRGIL.

S I R,



FRIEND, with whom I was
some time ago, told me, that as
soon as you had published my
two Letters you intended to
confute them, by turning the
Tables upon me, and undertaking to shew,
that notwithstanding my Name, and Pre-
tence to be of the Irrational Kind, no one
could find out such Arguments to prove that
most Men have no Souls, unless he were
endued with one himself. This is what is
called

called in the Schools *Argumentum ad hominem*, which tho' looked on by some as a very formidable Weapon, yet I could very easily evade its force, and make it fall heavy on my Antagonist. However, as the Rumour proved an Obstacle to the Assistance I had promised you, I am glad to find it altogether false and groundless, and verily believe it has been invented, and industriously propagated by some malicious and evil-disposed Persons of the *Rational Kind*, in order to create a *Misunderstanding* between us, or rather to impose an *Understanding* upon us, to have the pleasure of seeing it engage us in a Quarrel.

I AM too ingenuous not to acknowledge, that the Scheme of Writing I advised you to pursue must be attended with its Difficulties, since you have constantly followed a contrary one; and that if Men would endeavour to get *Souls*, and make use of them, the *old-beaten Road*, as I have called it, would be easier than the *new one*. I do farther confess, with much shame and trouble, that about twenty years ago, when I was raw and unexperienced in the World, I was silly enough to think as you do, and fancied I could more readily shew the Excellency of Virtue, and the *Beauty* of that *Harmony* and *Order* on which all moral Duties are founded, than demonstrate the Happiness of wanting Reason, and acting consequently. But this might proceed from
Pre-

Prejudice, or those *Chains* of *Images* that were fastned in my Brain during my Youth. For I received the greatest part of my Education from *Rationalists*, who did all in their power to corrupt me, by perpetually advising me to *think*, to *reason*, to *reflect*, and so forth. My Vanity afterwards confirmed me in the practice of these ridiculous Precepts; and the desire of treading in other Paths than the Vulgar, so intirely subdued me, that it was with the utmost difficulty I ever shook off its Dominion.

WHEN any Art or Science is intended to be acquired, the first thing generally done is carefully to peruse, and attend to the Authors who have treated of it. Therefore most of the Tracts of our modern *Free-Thinkers* may be consulted by you for Precepts and Instances how to apply them. But among the very many that have of late years been published for the *pious Entertainment* of the World, and the *universal Improvement of Mankind*, I know none more suitable for your purpose than that I mentioned in my first Letter, the incomparable *Fable of the Bees*. I must therefore recommend this extraordinary Book to your better Consideration, and desire you to study his Arguments and Style; for in these two particulars chiefly consists the Artifice and Mystery of that manner of writing I would have you to imitate.

AND first, as to the arguing part, if you can but resolve to make that worthy Author your Model, you will soon find that a little Practice and Exercise will be sufficient to surmount all Obstacles. You need not take the trouble of confuting in due form the Arguments of any Adversary, but let them stand untouched; and only object to the Conclusion, by some pretty turn of Wit, or far-fetch'd Reasons deduced from Principles quite foreign to the Matter in question. For instance, my Lord *Shaftesbury* has said, 'That as Man is made for Society, he is 'born with a kind Affection for the Whole 'of which he is a Part, and a propensity to 'seek the Welfare of it.' In pursuance of this, he calls 'every Action performed with 'a regard to the publick Good, *Virtuous*; 'and all *Selfishness*, wholly excluding such 'Regard, *Vice*.' In respect to our Species he looks upon 'Virtue and Vice as permanent Realities, which must ever be the same 'in all Countries and all Ages;' and adds, 'that a Man of sound Understanding, by 'following the Rules of good Sense, may 'easily find out the *Pulchrum* and *Honestum* in Morality, and govern himself by 'his Reason.' How does the wondrous *Fabulist* answer this! 'The next day after 'I read all this, *says he*, I heard abundance 'of People cry *Fresh Herrings*, which, with 'the Reflections on the vast Shoals of that, 'and other Fish that are caught together, 'made

‘ made me very merry, tho I was alone :
 ‘ but as I was entertaining myself with this
 ‘ Contemplation, came in an idle imperti-
 ‘ nent Fellow, whom I had the misfortune
 ‘ to be known by, and ask’d me how I did,
 ‘ tho I was, and dare say looked as healthy
 ‘ and as well as ever I was or did in my Life.
 ‘ What I answer’d him I forget, but remem-
 ‘ ber I could not get rid of him in a good
 ‘ while, and felt all the Uneasiness my Friend
 ‘ *Horace* complained of from a Persecution
 ‘ of the like nature.’ Here is Arguing and
 Logick for you ! Can any thing be more
 convincing than this *miraculous* way of Ra-
 tiocination ? which, besides its other Beau-
 ties, will give you this evident Advantage
 in disputing, that it is a thousand to one a
 Rationalist will not have a word to reply :
 so that you will infallibly remain Master of
 the Field, and be extolled for your Victory
 by all those that have no Souls.

BEFORE I speak of Style, give me leave
 to expostulate with you for your Animad-
 versions on the Writings of some *French*
 Authors, in one of your late Papers. You
 have taxed those Gentlemen with being *too*
lavish of their insignificant Tattle, gay Im-
pertinences, and insipid Compliments, with-
out any thing else to recommend them but a
little Delicacy of Turn, and an empty
Politeness of Expression. Now the chief
 thing you will want to perfect your Style,
 is just this *Emptiness of Expression.* You

must acquire the Art of saying nothing in an agreeable and ingenious manner, and of employing great and pompous Phrases without any meaning at all. Several Instances of this will occur to you in the Author I have proposed for your Imitation. For what can be more elegant, and at the same time more moving, than his Story of the *barbarous and bloody Murder of the large and gentle Bullock*? What more ingenious and agreeable than his Comparison of *Human Society to a Bowl of Punch*? Or where will you meet a finer Contrast than there is between the Description of his *distressed Bullock*, and the *tender helpless Infant torn to pieces by a ravening Sow, digging with her filthy Snout in the yet living Entrails*? How artfully are these two dreadful Scenes set out, to serve the different Purposes of our Author; the one to excite our abhorrence of the *cruel and inhumane Usage* we give our *Brother Brutes*, and the other to demonstrate the Affection of *Pity* to be a mere *Animal Business*, owing to nothing but the *Weakness and Infirmary* of our Nature? Who can withstand that victorious Eloquence, that can thus set forth in such lively Colours either the *Barbarity and Injustice* of killing Cattle, or the *Folly and Unreasonableness* of being disturbed at the Slaughter of an *Infant*?

IF you can but make yourself Master of this *Nimbleness of Style*, as I may call it, you will soon be ranked among the first Class of
of

of fine Writers. It is impossible to describe all the Advantages attending this admirable Art. You'll be amazed, when I bring you acquainted with one of its happy Effects, which cannot be found elsewhere in the whole System of Nature, and really at first looks like a Contradiction, tho in fact nothing can be more true. By means of this Art you can *fill up a Vacuum by another Vacuum, the Vacuum of a Book or Conversation by the Vacuum of Words.* This, tho a seeming Paradox, is as demonstrable from Experience as any of the Propositions in Natural Philosophy now, under the Consideration of our *Virtuosi* at the *College*; and, in my opinion, undermines all the Principles of Physics, blows up those primitive Truths which the Philosophers fondly boast as the firm Basis of their Arguments, and compels their haughty and presumptuous Reason to go and hide for shame.

SINCE I have borrow'd from Natural Philosophy an Instance of the good Effects of this new way of writing, I shall carry the hint a little farther, and take from the same Science another Method of having Wit enough to be as lavish of it as you please; and this consists in the Art of *rarefying your Thoughts.* You are, I presume, so well skill'd in the modern Physics, as to apprehend at first sight the Significance and great Importance of this Advice; but perhaps it may be necessary for some Readers to explain

it. The *Air* has a certain Property called its *Elasticity*, or *Spring*, by means of which each Particle of it may be bent on itself, and any Quantity of it be confined within a lesser space, according to the degree of Force wherewith it is compressed, which is called a *Condensation of the Air*. When on the other hand, the compressing Force is diminished, the Springs unbend, and the Air expands itself; and taking up greater room, becomes what is called *rarefied*. Every one will now understand, that to *condense Thoughts* is to *squeeze* a great number of them into few words; as on the contrary, to *rarefy* them is to *spread* them so that a small Number shall take up much room, and employ many Words. The first of these Methods is followed by the *Mathematicians*; the other is in great vogue among *Poets*, the *Authors of Novels and Romances*, some *modern Historians*, many *Preachers*, and most of your *French Letter-Writers*: in a word, among all those who set up for a fertile Wit, and lively Imagination. I do not think fit to say any thing to the *Mathematicians* and other *Rationalists*; they are a parcel of prodigal Fellows, who vainly fancy they shall always have Thoughts enough in store, tho it often happens they spend their whole Stock in their first Volume. As for your *Wits* and pretty Writers, they know better things; and by their wise and prudent management of *Repetitions*, their nice Collection of *Synonyms*,

nonyms, their judicious and liberal use of *Epithets*, they so cunningly order matters, that in two Pages you shall sometimes hardly find one Thought. In this consists the wonderful Art of *Rarefaction*, the excellent *Cartesian Materia subtilis*, so necessary to fill up the *Newtonian Vacuum*, and so essentially useful to *Weekly Writers*.

I HAVE now, Sir, not only revealed to you my Theory of the generality of Men, but also disclosed the Method of becoming agreeable and entertaining to them. I am too much a Friend to Mankind, to keep such an important Secret any longer from one, who has such frequent Opportunities of conversing with them, and of improving it to the advantage of the Age. You may pursue as soon as you please this new way, and be assur'd that the Success will exceed your expectation. The Censure of the small number of Rationalists now in the World ought not to deter you ; for, as I have said before, their Complaints will in a little time be lost in the loud Applauses of your Disciples and Admirers, whose Minds are too well dispos'd before-hand ever to suffer you should undergo any Uneasiness or Reproach, for justifying their Notions of things, and those Actions which are the necessary Consequences of them.

ONE of our most celebrated Poets had the misfortune of being sent from the *double Mount* to *Bedlam*, a Journey too natural to occasion any surprize. A Gentleman, who

knew him, and who was examining the different kinds of Folly of those who were detain'd there, was strangely surpriz'd when he saw his Friend. *Dear Mr. Lee*, said he, *what unhappy Fate has brought you into this miserable place? Who can help it?* answer'd the Poet, *the Fools have had the better of me, and confin'd me here.* Poor Nat. Lee was not so mad as People would have made him, if we may judge by his Answer, or else he had very good Intervals in his Folly. But to speak seriously, I would not be understood as if I meant that the Inhabitants of *Bedlam* were wiser than those who send them there; neither do I think their Brain to be always more disorder'd than that of those who pass for reasonable. They are treated as Madmen of an extraordinary kind, only because their Folly suits not Custom and receiv'd Usages; it is too irregular to become a part of the general Folly of Mankind; but withal its Source is exactly the same, it proceeds from *Vanity*, or the bewitching Love of *Chimeras*; and this may be truly look'd upon as the main Foundation of most Mens Happiness. If the greatest number of them were so unfortunate as to be within the reach of Reason, they would soon find that they draw their Happiness from certain *Nothings* ingeniously made use of; the *Nothing* of the one is a little more taking, a little more admir'd than the *Nothing* of the other: and in this consists almost all the difference.

A CONQUEROR swells in his Mind the Idea of his criminal Atchievements and sanguinary Victories ; the delightful Thought he entertains of the Admiration rais'd in others, for the many Havocks and Devastations he has been guilty of, is what constitutes his Happiness. A *Poet* thinks himself a thousand degrees above the poor ignorant Vulgar, because he tortures his Brain to write in Verse what others would easily say in Prose. Now pray is not their Imagination as much disorder'd as that of a Man who fancies his Beauty and Charms make him the Idol of the Fair Sex ; or of that other who is become the *same Substance* with his *Clothes*, his *Equipage*, his *Wine*, or his *Cook* ? These kinds of Folly, and many more I could name, have a great affinity with each other ; and who will deny but they constitute the Happiness of a great number of Men ?

THINGS being so, have not you a large Field to range in ? We must look upon Men as wise because they are mad, and that their Madness is the fertile Source of their most lively Pleasures. No one can vie with them for Happiness, unless perhaps it be a Man who is become perfectly reasonable. As for those who are reasonable but by halves, I take them to be the most unfortunate Creatures in this World ; they are continually tossed from Folly to Reason, and from Reason to Folly ; they can neither enjoy the calm and serene Satisfaction of the one, nor the

the enchanting Visions and amusing Pageants of the other; these two implacable Enemies are continually at war, and the Hearts of the wretched Mortals I am mentioning are the Scenes of their dismal and tormenting Conflicts. Must we conclude from this, that Men ought to cultivate their Reason, and carry it to the highest degree of Perfection they can possibly attain? I am far from giving any such Advice: this Method would be too troublesom, it would be justly look'd upon by most People as a hard Labour, very inconsistent with their natural Sloth and Indolence. Let them rather strive to eradicate what small remains of Reason they find themselves incumber'd with, and follow the Dictates of Folly, which will lead them to that sort of Happiness they are fondest of, and by the way best suited to their Dispositions and Inclinations.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.

P. S. IF your Readers should judge that the *Vacuum* of this Letter is fill'd up by a *Vacuum* of Words, or that it abounds with *rarefy'd Thoughts*, I shall esteem it a peculiar Excellence of my Performance; the greatest Perfection of an Author being to make his Rules and Precepts become Instances of the Art he intends to teach.

N^o 83.



Nº 83. Saturday, October 29, 1726.

TO HIBERNICUS.

*Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: sævis inter se convenit urfis.
Ast homini ferrum lethale incude nefanda
Produxisse parum est.*—— JUVENAL.

S I R,



AST Sunday, being the Anniversary of the happy Deliverance of this Nation from one of the most cruel and barbarous Conspiracies we read of in History, I had the good fortune to hear a very excellent Sermon on the Occasion in my own Parish-Church. The Preacher, instead of amusing himself, and enraging his Audience with Reproaches on the Living for Offences committed a great many Years before they were born, which is but too much the Practice of your young *Smarts* in *Divinity*, set himself with an honest and generous Zeal to draw the only proper Inference from the Subject, and to combat those pernicious Principles which have inspired Men with Hatred and Animosity on account of religious Differences. This he did in a Manner truly affecting,

ting, as well as convincing. For my own part, I was particularly touched with what he said. The persecuting Principle indeed I always detested, having been bred up in the most profound Veneration for that Church whose distinguishing Characteristick is *Charity*; but upon this Occasion I felt something I had never before experienced, and was impressed with such a lively Sense of the fatal Consequences of a narrow and bigotted Spirit in Religion, as I hope I shall be the better for to the latest period of my Life. The Memory of the cruel *Execution* of the *Day*, the Devastations of *Holy Wars* and *Holy Leagues*, and the Horrors of an *Inquisition*, all rose up in my Imagination at once, and conspired to fortify my Disdain of any Maxims which had the least tendency to countenance such unrighteous and un sanctified Practices.

It would puzzle a Man of good Nature, and common Sense, who was not acquainted with our World, and the History of Mankind, to find out a Reason why Men should be exasperated against one another for thinking differently concerning the Means of eternal Happiness. He would be at a loss to understand the Propriety of breaking a Man's Head for having a wrong Turn in it; he would never be able to conceive the Usefulness of a *Rack* for *stretching* the *Conscience*; nor perhaps see any Connection between *Penalties* and *Pains*, and the *Work* of *Conversion*. How then would he be surprized to see

see these Methods not only pursued by a base and ignorant Rabble, but endeavoured to be justified by Men of great *Gravity* and *Eru- dition*? Should he be shewn a *New Testa- ment*, and be told, that it was a System of the *Christian* Law, what must he think of instructing erroneous Consciences by Com- pulsion and Violence in a Religion, every where represented as *pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of Mer- cy and good Fruits*, and recommending *Bro- therly Love* and *Charity* as the highest and most excellent Virtues? And would it not probably excite his Mirth, as well as Indig- nation, to know, that there were number- less Volumes of Interpretations of this Law, shewing not only the Expediency, but even the Necessity of *moderate Penalties*, and *wholesom Severities* in Matters of Religion; that these worthy Performances appeared in all shapes and sizes, down from the magnifi- cent *Folio* to a Form proper for compacting with the History of an *Old Woman* drown- ed upon *RATCLIFF Highway*; and that there were to be found Admirers and Disciples of such Writers among a People, who had the immortal Labours of a *Chilling- worth* and a *Tillotson* in their own Lan- guage.

SOME of our Forefathers have been very unhappy in this respect. Time was when *Bonfires* for the Extirpation of *Heresy* were not only thought lawful and expedient, but the

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the Bodies of the *Hereticks* themselves judged the only proper and *Orthodox Fuel*. This continued for some time, till the Horror such Barbarity had raised in the Minds of a generous and tender-hearted People introduced a new Establishment, reformed both from the Cruelty and Absurdities of the former. Self-preservation, however, made it necessary to keep those under, whose Principles and Practices both were subversive of the Rights of the Crown, and Liberties of the People. To lay Men under Restraints on this account, cannot in any propriety be reckoned Persecution on the score of Religion; being, on the contrary, absolutely necessary to prevent Persecution. Yet even this was attended with very ill Consequences on Mens Minds, in making them look with unconcern on Severities exercised on others for Tenets not chargeable with such dangerous Effects. Differences in Opinion in Matters both of Doctrine and Worship, arose very early among the Followers of the Reformation, and were contested with great warmth and bitterness of Spirit. From Words the Dispute came to be managed by *Authority* and *Penal Laws*, which, between the rigorous Execution of them, on the one part, and the keen Opposition to them on the other, at length threw the Nation into the greatest Confusion and Disorder. These Disputes now came to be blended with the civil Concerns; and what were the Effects of that, I presume I need not

not remind any of your Readers, nor how each Party insulted and oppressed the other, in the several Turns of their Prosperity.

IN this State did Matters continue, till the Sense of common Danger cooled their particular Animosities, and brought them under a necessity to unite. The late happy Revolution gave the finishing Stroke to the persecuting Spirit among us; and, it is to be hoped, has laid it for ever by that powerful Spell, the *Act of Toleration*. Whoever considers the Peace and good Agreement which by this means we enjoy, and compares it with the Rage and Fury of former Times, must look upon it as one of the greatest Blessings consequent to that glorious Event, and no small Inhancement of the Value of that *Legacy* left us by our renowned Deliverer King *William*. Yet there are not still wanting some among us, who keep up their old Rancour in most Points, and embrace the Principles of Liberty and Toleration in part only, confining their Charity within the Limits of a few Denominations besides their own, and judging all Opinions in Religion which to them appear novel and uncouth to come under the Statute *de Hæretico comburendo*, or at least to be determinable by *Club-Law*, or the *Whipping-Post*. Of this we have a remarkable Instance just now in this City, which, without derogating from the Labours of *Hibernicus*, I cannot help thinking much more worthy the Cognizance of one who sets up
for

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for an Instructor of Mankind, than most of the Subjects he has hitherto thought fit to consider.

THE Case is shortly this. One *Ward*, who it seems has taken it in his head to be the Author of a new Sect of Religion, has for that purpose opened his House in a very publick Place of the Town; and having registered it according to Law, imagined he might harangue to as many as should think proper to come and hear him. What are his distinguishing Tenets I do not know; but if he holds any contrary to Religion and good Manners, or destructive to the Rights of Society, it were easy to convict him, and punish him as his Crimes deserve, in regard he has always complied with the Terms of the Law, by preaching with open doors, and giving admittance to all that desire it. In all other respects, I am informed, he behaves himself inoffensively, and is a useful Member of Society in the Way of Trade and Business. Yet this Man, thus sheltered under the Laws of his Country, and having done nothing to forfeit the Protection of them, a scoundrel Mob have for five or six Sundays running thought fit to rabble and abuse in a manner not to be suffered in any well-ordered Community. I am not of opinion, that your Paper ought to animadvert on the Exploits of those rascally Reformers, who have no other way of expressing their Zeal for the House of God than by demolishing those of
their

their Neighbours ; both because they are incapable of a Correction of that nature, and because the Law has appointed others much better adapted to their feeling, and more effectual to produce a strong and lasting Impression. But there is a great Vulgar as well as a little ; and some People, who would not be themselves concerned in any such Proceedings, can yet look upon them with indifference, if not approbation. It might not therefore be amiss, for the sake of such Persons, to expose those weak and ungenerous Principles which have in all Ages, as well as now, served for a Colour to that brutal Fury, which, on account of its intense Heat, and marvelous Readiness to consume every thing that comes near it, has been so often mistaken for *Zeal*. Particularly it ought to be inculcated on those who enjoy the Benefit either of a *Toleration*, or a *Connivance* from the Government, how indecent, as well as unjust, it is in them to murmur at the Liberty of their Neighbours, or to countenance any Principles or Practices, which, if the Laws of the Land, and the Lenity of their Superiors did not hinder, might be turned against themselves. I remember, the *Quakers*, in their Address to the late King *James* on his Accession, treated him with a very honest, tho respectful piece of Freedom of this Sort. ' We
 ' have been informed, say they, that thou
 ' art not of the Religion established by the
 ' Laws of the Country any more than we :
 Vol. II. S ' It

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‘ It is therefore our Hope, that thou wilt not
 ‘ in Justice deprive any of thy Subjects of
 ‘ that Liberty of Conscience which thou
 ‘ takest to thy self.’ This, which was once
 thought a good Lesson from Subjects to their
 Sovereign, I hope, cannot be esteemed un-
 mannerly from one Fellow-Citizen to ano-
 ther.

I AM not for engaging you on such a co-
 pious Subject as the Point of *Toleration*. It
 has already been established with all the Evi-
 dence of Demonstration by several great and
 excellent Men, to whose Labours you or I
 can add nothing. One thing however is pro-
 per to be considered by us, that it is now be-
 come a Part of the Constitution of our Coun-
 try, and consequently criminal to act against
 it. Many of our best and most learned Di-
 vines have had the Virtue publickly to main-
 tain it from that Place where Men are heard
 with the greatest Reverence. One of them,
 who is an Ornament to his Profession, has as-
 serted it in its largest extent ; and for so do-
 ing received the Thanks of that part of our
Legislature, which is not only the most
 numerous, but always presumed to be the best
 acquainted with the true State and Interest of
 their Country. So that whether we regard
 Authority, or the Good of the Commonwealth
 of which we are Members, we must think it
 our duty to discourage every thing which
 looks like entrenching on the Rights of Con-
 science, and private Judgment, or laying Men
 under

under Hardships on account of their speculative Opinions. They who justify Compulsion and Force in Matters of Religion, sap the Foundations not of the *Reformation* only, but of *Christianity* itself; since they thereby declare the Lawfulness of all the barbarous Methods made use of to hinder the Propagation of either.

As for the poor Man, whose unjust Treatment gave occasion to trouble you with this Letter, I am no farther concerned about him, than as I think his Case an ill Precedent, which, if not taken notice of, may prove extremely hurtful to quiet and innocent Men hereafter. Should the Spirit of Wrath and Persecution once get head again among us, who knows where it will stop, or what Mischiefs it may produce? Give it once its Play against a few contemptible Visionaries and Enthusiasts, and it will soon gather Strength and Courage to fly at new Game, and grow still more voracious as you give it greater Feeding. Our Forefathers saw this to their cost, and could never get rid of its Cravings till they had chained it up for ever; pursuant to the Advice of a great Man, and eminent *Christian Philosopher*, with whose Words I shall conclude this Letter, and recommend to the perusal of your Readers the excellent Performance from whence I have taken them, Mr. *Locke's Letters on Toleration*, where they will find almost every thing which can be said on either side of that important Debate.

‘ NARROWNESS of Spirit on all sides
 ‘ has undoubtedly been the principal Occasion
 ‘ of our Miseries and Confusions. But what-
 ‘ ever have been the Occasions, it is now
 ‘ high time to seek for a thorow Cure. We
 ‘ have need of more generous Remedies than
 ‘ what have yet been made use of in our Di-
 ‘ stemper. It is neither *Declarations of In-*
 ‘ *dulgence*, nor *Acts of Comprehension*, such
 ‘ as have been yet practised or projected
 ‘ among us, that can do the Work. The
 ‘ first will but palliate, the second increase our
 ‘ Evil.

‘ ABSOLUTE Liberty, just and true Liber-
 ‘ ty, equal and impartial Liberty, is the
 ‘ thing we stand in need of. Now tho this
 ‘ has been much talked of, I doubt it has not
 ‘ been much understood; I am sure not at all
 ‘ practised, either by our Governors towards
 ‘ the People in general, or by any *Dissen-*
 ‘ *ting* Parties of the People toward *one ano-*
 ‘ *ther.*’

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

W. D.



N^o 84. Saturday, November 5, 1726.

To HIBERNICUS.

— *Felices errore suo.* — JUVENAL.

S I R,



KNOW of no Country which ought to abound more with *Rationalists* than ours, if the many Persons whose Writings are intended to make Men become so had succeeded. The most powerful Motives that can influence Readers in behalf of Reason and Virtue, have been displayed in our days with great strength of Reason as well as politeness of Expression. The ingenious Authors of the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, have taken much pains to furnish Men with Souls; but, if we may judge by Experience, their Endeavours have not been so effectual as there was reason to hope for. This makes me think that it is almost impossible to *give a Soul* to one who has none. The Things of this World will always go on in their ordinary course. Men won't suffer themselves to be disturbed in the possession

of their Manners, no more than in that of their Estates; they are not so mad as to change their beloved Customs and Usages, to please the Fancy of an Author, whose end, they think, is less to correct and make them better, than to get their Esteem and their Money.

I HAVE heard some People say that the *Spectator* has done more good, in reforming the Manners of his Age, than all the Sermons preached in his Time. I will not take upon me to determine how far Sermons have proved efficacious; but however short they may have fallen of their intended Success, I do not see what great Reformation the *Spectator* can boast of. I allow that his Discourses may have so far influenced some Ladies and Gentlemen as to have made the first hide a little more of their *Breasts*; and render'd the others more reserv'd in admiring the *rich Clocks of their Stockings*, and *Fringes of their Gloves*; but these are only Trifles: some of the smallest Outlets of Vanity may indeed have been stopped up, yet this same Vanity is ever too careful of its own Interest, to have lost any advantage thereby, and has certainly found means of indemnifying itself very amply some other way. But has inordinate Self-love been lessened? Have Men been persuaded they would be happier by keeping their Luxury within narrower bounds? Have Noblemen been convinced that their Honours and Titles,

ties, when unattended with Virtue and Merit, very far from gaining them any regard, serve only to make them become more contemptible, by rendring their Vices more conspicuous? Whoever will undertake to make Men believe these things and act consequently, attempts a thing so difficult, that he may beforehand almost despair of success.

My Reflections on human Vanity have, in some measure, been occasion'd by the ill effect it has like to have had upon me. I am inform'd I have undergone the greatest Censures abroad for maintaining that most Men have no Souls; and been branded with the Titles of *Libertine*, *Heretick*, *Atheist*, and other odious Appellations. A grave old Friend of mine took me aside t'other day in a Coffee-house, and told me very seriously, *That I had carry'd matters too far, that my Doctrine concerning human Souls was certainly unscriptural, and that I would do well to keep out of the way, lest the Ecclesiastical Court should lay hands upon me; for, added he, the Clergy are exasperated against you on account of your Story of the Taylor's Son.* I must own I think my self but ill rewarded for the pains I have taken in behalf of those Gentlemen, and the others I mentioned in my Letter. I intended nothing but their good, in endeavouring to rid them of their Souls, as of a needless Burden. My good Nature hinders me from expressing any resentment, tho in truth their Ingratitude

deserves a severe Censure. I shall also overlook this Instance of their Vanity, well knowing it to be too necessary an Ingredient in the human Constitution to be surprized or out of humour at it.

I HAVE often wondered why the moral Philosophers should find so much fault with the Vanity of Men. I think that in so doing they intirely forget their darling Principle. None of them will deny the truth of this Axiom, *That the Source of all human Actions is the desire of being happy*. This undeniable Truth is the foundation of all Morality, and all our endeavours to become virtuous are grounded upon no other Principle. Now there are two different ways of attaining Happiness, as I have already hinted, *Reason* and *Imagination*. The first of these ways is known but by that small number of Persons in whom no body disputes the Prerogative of a *Soul*; and of consequence the other must become necessary to those who have only the *mechanical Faculties*.

THOSE who have Courage enough to attempt the first Road find it, in its beginning, very rugged and troublesome; every thing about them looks gloomy, and their Imagination seldom fails of putting out *false Lights*, to make them go astray. But at every step forwards the Road becomes less craggy, and another Light appears which gradually dispels all the false ones. The Dawn is at last succeeded by a bright and splendid Day, and the

the Road, which is now become very smooth and easy, leads the Travellers thro' the most delightful Countries, to what the *Rationalists* call *Virtue*, the foundation of all true Happiness. These Gentlemen add, that a Man, who has performed this Journey, enjoys Pleasures and Satisfaction intirely his own, and that he stands in no need of Vanity to become pleased with himself. Whatever is virtuous he thinks useful, and every honest and worthy Action rewards him the very instant he does it. His Soul is so inspired with all that is great, beautiful and noble in Virtue, that he cannot act without displaying some of those amiable Characters. He feels in himself the same Contentment which his charitable Assistance occasions in others ; if a poor Man asks him *Alms*, his Heart will be filled with as much joy in giving, as the indigent in receiving them. In short, he will use all the Advantages he hath from Nature or Art for the good and welfare of his Fellow-Creatures, for whose benefit he knows he was made. Independent either of Applause or Calumny, he can enjoy the good and honourable Reputation he hath so justly gained ; but he can likewise rest content without it, and his Reason puts him above the Idea which others may have of him : for satisfied with the consciousness of his own worth, he never intended his Actions should any ways recur upon himself ; his Integrity bears in itself its Reward, and as it depends

pende not on Events, it never knows Disappointment.

THINGS are very different with those who have never endeavoured to acquire the Faculty of Reasoning. For, I repeat it again, I think it far better to say that most Men are wholly deprived of Reason, than to make it consist in a monstrous kind of Being, that is continually tormenting them on account of their Faults, without any power to mend them : so that instead of being their *Physician*, their Reason is in fact their *Executioner*. These Men would in vain look within themselves for a Happiness intirely their own ; their only shift then is to borrow a *transitory* one from exterior Objects. The better their Imagination succeeds in pursuits of this kind, and in laying up a good stock of *Vanity*, the more the Interest by which they are governed seems to resemble Reason.

It is plain, from what I have been saying, that my distinction of Men ought carefully to be kept in view in perusing my Letters. As for the small number who have Souls and employ them well, there is no need to give them counsel ; but for those who have none, or which is the same thing, don't use them, they ought to have a little more Gratitude than they have shewn to a *Name-sake* and *Kinsman* of theirs, who has endeavour'd to make them *know themselves*, as the wise Man directs, and pointed to them that kind of Happiness which is best suited
to

to their Faculties. However, if my Compliance with these Gentlemens Fancies can make my advice more acceptable, I will, for this one time, suppose them possess'd of Souls, and shew them, that in order to be happy, they must nevertheless act as if they were without them.

THE Soul is never well at home ; when she is employ'd in tending the *Machine* to which she was at first united, she is always uneasy, fretful and dissatisfy'd with herself, as well as with that disorderly *Machine* committed to her Charge and Tuition. What I therefore advise would be to send her a travelling, as a great many Folks do ; and it is certainly the best way of having rest within ourselves.

THOSE who are young and lively send their Reason a travelling in the *Country of Pleasures* ; and when she intends to return to her Habitation, she is either shut out of doors, or sent to assist the Imagination in building *Castles in the Air*. Those whose Reason delights in Baubles and Trifles, dispatch it towards *Italy* or *Greece*, in quest of *old Iron*, *old Brass*, *old Chamber-pots*, and *old Shoes*. Those again who have a Reason endow'd with more Strength and Activity, and fit for *lofty Enterprizes*, make it soar above the *Stars*, to measure their Magnitudes and Distances, and find out the true Cause of the Regularity of their Motions. Their Reason is so *eminently* placed there, that 'tis

a great pity those *Superior Wits* ever think fit to call it back again from thence, to allay some little domestick Troubles, and rectify what may be amiss within such despicable *Machines* as their own. In short, I would desire Men to consider, that they have all, as I have said, an invincible Propensity to become happy ; and no one will deny but they are never happier than when they divert themselves ; so if they were constantly taken up with some Diversion or other, they would always be happy. Now pray what is Diversion ? The bare Etymology of the Word shews, that it is to free ourselves from the *Fragments* of our Reason, and surrender ourselves without restraint to the possession of all foreign Impressions. Here I expect to meet the Rationalists again in my way ; they will be telling us that Men are not always happy when they *laugh*, when they *sing*, or when they *dance* : They will be repeating their old Story of the other kind of Pleasures, whose source is Virtue alone, and which they call *Tranquillity of Mind*, *Serenity of Soul*, and other fine Names. But my Distinction is laid aside. What they say is true as to the small Number who seek after Happiness in the way of Reason ; but as for those who only follow Imagination, I am pretty sure these Expressions will raise no Idea in their Minds, and consequently they will look upon them as an unintelligible *Cant*, or a *moral Jargon*, void of all manner of meaning.

A s

As the *Rationalists* will ever be thwarting us in prosecution of our Undertaking, the best Service I could do your Readers would be to undermine some of their Principles. This is not so difficult as some may imagine, if a right use be made of the Method of arguing I disclosed in my former Letter. The great End, I may say the chief Principle, of these Gentlemen, is that which I have often mentioned, namely, That *Virtue is founded upon eternal and unalterable Reason, and that it hath been and ever will be the same in all Ages and Countries.* I will endeavour to shew the Fallacy of this Opinion, and so blow up their darling Axiom, by only telling a Story; and tho it may not perhaps convince your stubborn Moralists, it will, I hope, satisfy that part of the World for whom my Letters are chiefly intended.

WHEN *Xerxes*, that mighty *Persian* Monarch, brought over into *Greece* his formidable Army, which by its Numbers seem'd sufficient to conquer the whole World, and consisted of many different Nations; he sometimes reflected within himself on the odd and surprizing Variety of their Manners and Customs, and resolved one day to ridicule what some of those People looked upon as sacred and indispensable Duties. He sent for some *Greeks* and *Scythians*, and questioned them severally on their way of performing their *Funeral Rites.* The *Greeks* answered, That in their Country nothing seemed more decent than to burn their deceased Friends and Parents,

rents, to gather their Ashes, and preserve them carefully in *Urns*. The *Scythians* said, They found no Tomb more honourable for the Remains of their deceased Relations than their own Stomachs, and that therefore they eat them out of a pious and religious Principle. Hereupon the King of *Persia* ordered those two Nations to exchange their Customs; that the *Greeks* should eat the Bodies of their Dead, and the *Scythians* burn them according to the Usage of *Greece*. The first shrunk with Horror at the odious Command; the *Scythians* were no less scandalized; both resolved to adhere to their old Customs, and were willing to die rather than comply with these barbarous Orders.

It will perhaps be objected, that this Instance relates to a bare Ceremony, and has nothing at all to do with Virtue. But is not this a mere Cavil? For what is Virtue, in the Notions of most Men, but a Ceremony? Every one will allow that Religion is the sublimest part of Virtue: now Religion, if we may believe Experience, is but a System of *Grimaces*, of outward *Forms* and *Ceremonies*, that vary according to the difference of Climates; for I know of no Country in the World where the practical part of Religion doth consist *in the Honesty and Courage of stedfastly following the Dictates of Conscience, and the Decisions of Reason.*

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.



Nº 85. *Saturday, November 12, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—— H O R.

S I R,



N the Close of my last Letter I endeavoured to explode the Opinion of the *Moralists* concerning the Nature of Virtue. It follows from what I said, that in order to govern ourselves with Prudence and Modesty, we must always make the Opinions of our Age and Country the Standard of our own, and prefer them to those of former Ages and other Societies. We must look upon the reigning Taste as infallible, but at the same time firmly believe, that whenever it gives way to another, the new one will have a kind of *Hereditary Right* to the same degree of Infallibility. Custom must have just the same Power and Influence over Men and their Actions, that his *Holiness* of Rome hath in the Church. One *Pope* makes a *Bull*; he is infallible. A succeeding *Pope* makes another *Bull*, directly contrary to the former. This *Pope* is infallible too, and his Decisions must be received with the same implicit

cit Submission as those of his Predecessor. And if in this any Man should apprehend the least Contradiction, he would deserve to be burnt as an obstinate and incorrigible *Heric*.

THE Christian Inhabitants of *Europe* are firmly persuaded, that they are the most civilized and polite part of Mankind; and that none of the People of the other three *Continents* can outdo, or even equal them in Strength of Genius, Nobleness of Sentiments, or Decency of Manners and Customs: And they are in the right to think so. For tho it may be objected, that this Opinion is founded more on Self-Love than Reason, yet I will shew, from several Instances, the Weakness of this Objection, and demonstrate that we really transcend all those Nations, whom we so justly term *Savage* and *Barbarous* on account of their Ignorance of our *Arts* and *Refinements*.

By the Law of *Mahomet* the *Turks* are prohibited the use of Wine; but finding that human Nature stands in need of some Incentive to Mirth, they have used themselves to *Opium* in its stead. This Drug inspires them with Joy for some hours, and renders them active and lively; but a little after throws them into *Lethargick* slumbers. The continual Use of it wastes their Spirits, destroys their Constitution, and hastens their Death. What a barbarous Custom is this! and how much more rational the Method of Debauchery

ry in use among us Christians? Wine is a generous Gift of Nature, which we are not so mad as to reject, but shew the Value we put on the delicious Liquor by the great Quantities we swallow. It is true, it deprives us of Reason, and sometimes of all Power of acting; but it is for that only we use it. Pleasure is the chief thing we seek; and Reason is certainly an Incumbrance to such as propose to themselves nothing but Diversion. Moreover, as the excessive Use of Wine occasions many Diseases, attended with the acutest and most tormenting Pains, our persevering so gallantly as we do in our *Compotations*, is a Proof, that we have more Fortitude and Constancy than to deprive ourselves of present Pleasures, to prevent future Pains. When these arrive, we endure them with Courage and Magnanimity, and in the Intervals of our Agonies provoke them anew, by the same Means which at first occasioned them. Thus we acquire the sublime Glory of *hard Drinkers*, and triumph over those *superficial* Fellows, that cannot drink as *deep*, and *toss* off as many *Bumpers* as we. Wine kills as sure as *Opium*; but then they who fall *Martyrs* to it have the satisfaction of having lived without Thought or Reflection, and of leaving behind them an *immortal* Name among all *honest Fellows* and good *Companions*.

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THE *Siamefe* have an odd way of waging War with their Neighbours. These pitiful Soldiers use nothing but Bows and Arrows, and employ these Weapons less to hurt their Enemies, than frighten them. They shoot their Arrows on the Ground, and avoid as much as possible to shed human Blood. Is not this perfect Childrens Play, and would it not be almost as good to live in Peace as to fight in this manner? We *Christians*, far from being such mean-spirited Wretches, are *true Men*, and can easily free our Hearts from the ridiculous weakness of sparing our Fellow-Creatures. The smallest Offence, or even the Desire of invading a Neighbour's Dominions, stifles in the Hearts of *Most Christian Princes* that effeminate Pity which would stop the Progress of their Achievements and military Exploits. They ravage whole Provinces, and destroy whole Nations of innocent Men, that they may impress others with the most profound Respect and Admiration of the noble Authors of those glorious Calamities. What can raise a greater Idea in the Minds of most Men, than the Description of a Country embroidered with twenty or thirty thousand dead Carcasses, that have fallen a Sacrifice to the Reputation and Glory of a Hero? The Art of destroying Men hath been brought to great perfection among us; and we will for ever preserve a grateful Remembrance of those exalted Wits and signal Benefactors to Mankind, who first invented
Gun-

Gun-powder and *Fire-arms*, which have proved so useful to the *European* Nations, and perform such notable Execution in all their Contests with each other.

MOST of the Inhabitants of those vast Tracts of Ground which are called the Greater and Lesser *Tartary*, are above all things averse to Labour and Pains-taking. They are so far from cultivating the Arts and Sciences, that they will not be at the trouble of manuring their Lands. They think the Flesh and Milk of their Flocks sufficient for their Maintenance; and delighted with their Sloth and Indolence, style themselves *Masters of the World*, allowing us to be only the *Slaves* of it. Who can bear with such brutish Stupidity as to eat, drink, and dress, merely out of Necessity, and to think one rich enough when he hath the Necessaries of Life? Our Superiority over these *Savages* is very manifest; they live but only to live, and are content with what Nature gives them, without the assistance of Art. As for us, we abhor that shameful Laziness and Inactivity so injurious to the Excellence and Dignity of our Nature. We have Genius to contrive artificial Wants, and Industry to make a thousand things necessary which these *Barbarians* can be without. This obliges us to study the Art of becoming rich; and having succeeded in this, which is the very top of earthly Happiness,

pinels, we can never be baulk'd in any of our Desires or Expectations.

HERE I must beg leave to break off the Comparilon of our Manners with those of other Nations, in order to consider a little the high Sense we entertain of the Advantages arising from Wealth. Our Language, above all others, shews excellently well the noble Idea we have of Money, and with great Truth and Justice confounds the *Worth* of a Man with that of his Fortune. Philargyrus is an *arrant Knave*; he is even ready to sell his Country, and commit the vilest and most profligate Actions; and yet because he has an Estate of that Value, Philargyrus is worth five thousand a Year. Crito is the worthiest of Men; his Zeal for the good of his Country hath always been remarkably conspicuous; no one goes beyond him in all good and virtuous Actions; the Accomplishments of his Mind equal the good Dispositions of his Heart: But then he has no Money, and consequently Crito, the good and honest Crito, is not worth a Groat. How this way of speaking was first introduced into our Language I cannot tell; but I think it very just, as the world goes, and would not by any means that we should part with it. For, to use the Words of an ingenious Author, 'Wealth is every thing; 'it affords Convenience, covers Defects, and 'commands Observance. It gives Interest 'and Power; and Credit and Satisfaction 'always

' always attend it. He that's rich has Art
 ' and Nature at his service, can entertain his
 ' Fancy, and regale his Senses. Good eat-
 ' ing and drinking are but part of his Advan-
 ' tages ; he is wonderfully address'd and com-
 ' plimented every where. A *Manour* draws
 ' *Suit* and *Service* after it ; and a rich Man,
 ' like the Sun in *Persia*, is worshipped at his
 ' first rising. One would think that his
 ' Pocket mends his Head, that his Sense
 ' holds proportion with his *Acres*, and that
 ' he purchases a new Understanding with
 ' every new Estate. On the other hand,
 ' Poverty has but a very ordinary Com-
 ' plexion, and a very slender Interest in the
 ' World. 'Tis generally disregarded and
 ' brow-beaten ; and no good Qualities can
 ' make it shine. People are apt to fancy,
 ' where there's no Money there is no Merit.
 ' If the *Muses* are in Rags, they are in dan-
 ' ger of the *Statute*, and of being taken up
 ' for *Vagabonds* and *sturdy Beggars*. A dis-
 ' furnished Condition never promises great
 ' matter of Talent ; for who would look for
 ' a Jewel upon a Dunghil ? In short, a Man's
 ' Credit always suffers with his Circumstan-
 ' ces ; a thread-bare Coat is a presumption of
 ' Insignificancy, and when the Pocket's low
 ' the Brains are thought so too.' Things be-
 ' ing so, I think Men ought to endeavour,
 ' above all things, to grow rich, and that the
 ' *Moralists* and *Poets* should forbear their Re-
 ' flections and Satire on the immoderate Love

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of Wealth. Let no body be troubled in their necessary pursuits of Gold and Silver; nor think much of it, if, besides the common Industry requisite to acquire a Fortune, a Man should use some little criminal Artifices, and a small Dose of *Knavery*. But then, say you, perhaps, *he'll damn himself*. — Why, indeed, that may be. If he does, 'tis the worse for himself. He will however have had the satisfaction of leaving to his Children not only a good Estate, and the Conveniences and Comforts of Life, but a great deal of Merit, and all manner of valuable Qualifications.

BUT to return from this Digression; do we not excel the *Tartars* in Taste and Delicacy? The chief End we propose in Dress is *Luxury*. It is not Modesty or Convenience we consult in our Clothing, but only the beautifying our Bodies. But where we triumph most, is in the Nicety and Profusion of our Tables. One of those wild *Asiatics* would be ashamed of his Ignorance, if by chance he came into our Kitchens, and some hours after saw us at Table. He would be at a loss to know all the *Flesh, Fish, and Fowl*, he had seen a little before, and take our *Cooks* for a parcel of *Conjurers*, who by some *magick* Art, can change the Name, Shape, and Taste of every thing. He would be amazed to see forty or fifty Dishes of this kind, without knowing what to call for. Perhaps he would still continue stubborn and foolish

foolish enough to prefer his own way of living. If so, we could but pity him, and class him with those dull Mortals who value Reason and common Sense more than the most profound Erudition.

THE *Chinefe*, who fancy themselves the wisest People in the World, have a very whimsical, not to say ridiculous Notion of *Nobility*. He who is ennobled among them is only so during his own Life, without regard to his Posterity. Titles are only to be obtained by *Virtue* and *Merit*, and extinguish'd with the immediate Purchaser. When a *Mandarin* dies, his Son must convince the Publick by severe Trial and strict Examination, that he inherits his Father's Worth, before he can succeed to his Honours. Among us *Virtue* is much more gloriously rewarded. As soon as our Princes grant a Patent to one of their Subjects, his Blood becomes purer and more excellent than before; and being transmitted to his Posterity, makes it specifically different from that of other Men. Kings indeed cannot fix *Virtue* in the Families they intend to honour; but they can settle in them the Rewards due to *Virtue*, and compel the Vulgar to pay the same Homage to the Vices of the Descendants which was due to the Ancestors Merits. Moreover, the older Nobility grows, it becomes the more excellent; like *Cheshire Cheese*, which is most admired when *rotten*, and *running away*. It seems as if a certain Number of

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Ages were required to perfect and mature it. Time, which generally impairs the Value of other Things, enhances that of *Nobility*. Our Taste in this seems like that we have for *Medals*, which the more they are defaced and eaten with *Rust*, are in the greater esteem for their Antiquity. Or, to use a finer Comparison, great Families among us may be said to resemble great Rivers, which are but small Streams where they rise, but then their Waters are clear and limpid; the farther they run from their Source they swell the higher, and, by wearing away their Borders grow the muddier; much what like happens among those *Nobility* that stand very remote from their *Origin*.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

ISAAC ALOGIST.





Nº 86. *Saturday, November 19, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

Præterquam quod ipsi faciunt, nihil recte putant.
T E R.

S I R,



LETTER I received t'other day from the same old Gentleman I have already mentioned to you, with my Observations upon it, shall be the Subject of our present Entertainment. But before I give you my Friend's Letter, I think it proper to say something of his Character. This Gentleman was born at *Bristol* several Years before the *Restoration*, and bred a Merchant : having carried on a fair and considerable Trade in that City during some Years, he came over and settled here a little after the *Revolution*, where his Affairs have continued to prosper even beyond his expectation. Ever since the King's Accession to the Throne he has given over Business, and now lives on the Income of a plentiful Fortune which he has raised by his own Industry. He is very fond of old Fashions and Customs, and follows the new ones just as much as is necessary not to appear

pear ridiculous. His good Sense has never been tainted by Study, nor his Piety by Superstition or Enthusiasm. He is reckoned covetous because he is very rich, and does not think it an Honour or a Merit to appear such. His Discourses are very open and free; and as his Sincerity is unaffected, some People are apt to mistake it for downright Bluntness. His regular and sober way of living has made his old Age so hail and strong, that he constantly goes on foot, without standing in need of a Coach or a Chair. His Clothes are very plain, but he takes care that many should be so well clad as not to dread the sharpness of Winter. He will scold at his Maid, and threaten to turn her off, if she chances to break his *Pipe*, or to throw away a *Match* before both Ends of it be burnt; and yet he won't scruple to give a Cash-Note of ten or fifteen Pounds at every Charity-Sermon that is preach'd in this Town. Here is the Letter the good old Gentleman has sent me.

‘ *S I R,*

‘ I Have read with great pleasure your Apology for *Vanity*, and your Parallel of our Manners with those of other Nations. As I begin to apprehend the End and Scope of your Writings much better than I did when your two first Letters came abroad, I heartily beg your pardon for the Censures

‘ I

' I passed upon them. What I now plainly
' see, is, that your Satire is the more useful,
' as it is conceal'd under a seeming compli-
' ance with the Vices of the Age. The
' greatest Number of Men cannot defend their
' Cause so well as you do ; but then they
' would be Fools in good earnest, if they did
' not perceive the Weakness and Ridicule of
' your Arguments, notwithstanding the fine
' Varnish you put on them.

' I CANNOT but blame those reverend
' Clergymen, who have been out of humour
' at the Story of the *Taylor's Son*. It con-
' tains no Reflections upon the whole body
' of those venerable Gentlemen, for whom, I
' dare say, you have a great regard. It ex-
' poses nothing but what is easily corrigible,
' and makes a sufficient discrimination be-
' tween those who are, and those who are
' not the proper Objects of its Satire. I can
' therefore see no harm in what you have
' done. You intended to cure some prejudi-
' ced Divines of that furious Party-Spirit
' which blinds them ; and to shew how far
' Calmness and a Christian Moderation is
' more becoming their sacred Character than
' a fiery Zeal, which proceeds not from
' Thought or Reflection. So that upon the
' whole, if the Order in general do you
' justice, they will rather think you praise-
' worthy than obnoxious to Censure.

' It

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‘ It is natural for Men to become prolix
 ‘ when they treat of Subjects they like ; this
 ‘ has been my Case at present : my fondness
 ‘ for the Clergy has been like to make me
 ‘ forget a Request I have to you, which is,
 ‘ that you would animadvert on the exor-
 ‘ bitant growth of *Luxury*, and all the Ex-
 ‘ cesses which are its Consequences. Your
 ‘ Friends *Hibernicus* and *Publicola* have al-
 ‘ ready taken this Matter in hand, and ex-
 ‘ erted a becoming Spirit in discountenancing
 ‘ this *Vice* ; but the Enormity is come to
 ‘ such a height, as will well bear to have the
 ‘ Censures upon it frequently repeated. It is
 ‘ not confined to the Nobility and Rich only,
 ‘ but, as a contagious Distemper, has spread
 ‘ itself among all degrees of Men. What
 ‘ would our Ancestors say if they could re-
 ‘ turn to the World, and see in a private
 ‘ Family a *Chariot* for the Master and a *Coach*
 ‘ for the Lady of the House ? How great
 ‘ would be their Indignation in considering
 ‘ all our costly Furniture, and our Side-
 ‘ boards loaded with such a quantity of
 ‘ Plate, that the Value of it would afford
 ‘ a good Portion to a Daughter ? I do not
 ‘ mention the great number of Dishes and
 ‘ variety of Wines used at Entertainments,
 ‘ because you have touched upon this al-
 ‘ ready ; but is it not high time to give
 ‘ over these Extravagances ? And have not
 ‘ we just reason to fear that if we do not,
 ‘ our Trade will soon decay, and conse-
 ‘ quently

'quently our Country fall into the greatest
'Misery and Confusion?'

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

SAMPSON THRIFTY.

I AM obliged to my Friend for becoming my Apologist. What he says of the Clergy is very true; I never intended to speak of the *Order* in general, than which I know none that ought to have better Souls. But as the Distinction is pretty plain in my Letter, I need say no more in my Vindication.

IT remains now for me to consider the last Paragraph of Mr. *Thrifty's* Letter; and I must own I cannot but think it in great measure suggested by the Prejudices of old Age. These good Gentlemen are apt to think amiss of every thing except what they do themselves, agreeable to what *Terence* says in my *Motto*. I join with him, that if our Ancestors return'd into this World, they would be somewhat at a loss to know themselves in their Descendants, and surprized at the difference between the present Condition of Things and what they were at the time they left it. But after all, this would but betray their Weakness and Simplicity; little difference being now made between *Surprize* or *Admiration*, and downright *Ignorance*.

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I TAKE it there is a certain fixed Dose of what is called *Virtue* and *Vice* interwoven in the Manners of all Mankind. This Dose (to use a way of speaking I have already employed) *condenses* itself in one Country in the same proportion it is rarefied in another, without ever losing any thing of its settled quantity. It is just like the *System* of Matter, which, tho unalterable in its Nature and Mass, is continually circulating in the World, in an infinite number of vary'd Forms and Quantities, and which recovers, by the sparingness used in framing a *Spanish* Shape, as much of itself as had been prodigally lavish'd away in making up a *Dutchman's* Buttocks. Now it generally happens that the greater Dose of *Virtue*, and the smaller of *Vice*, falls to the share of those *States* which are yet but in their Beginnings, or in an unsettled Condition : the reason of this is plain ; every one allows that *Virtue* is useful and to be sought for, when it makes a Man find his private Interest in the publick one of the Society to which he belongs ; and in a weak or beginning *State*, this connection between the *private* and *publick Interest* is so obvious, that it cannot escape the most superficial Observation.

WHEN *Rome* was yet in her *Infancy*, and surrounded with many warlike People who conspired its Ruin, each Citizen felt that the loss of a Battle would expose him and his Family to the merciless cruelty of
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the Conquerors ; this inspired him with an incredible Ardor and Courage. Seeing he must stand or fall with his Country, he took care by a frugal way of living to enrich the publick Treasure with all he could spare. He trained up his Children in the same Principles of Self-denial for his Country's sake ; and by manly Exercises so strengthened their Bodies, as to render them capable of serving the Republick in the hardiest and most laborious Expeditions. *Honour* came in too for a share, and excited those Citizens to an emulation of each other in doing their Duty ; from whence arose those *generous Extravagances* which frequently saved that growing State, and which some People do still read with great admiration.

BUT when a Country has been supported for some time by the Courage and Virtue of its first Inhabitants ; when the Power and Wealth of it are considerably increas'd by their Frugality and Industry, it is but reasonable that in its turn it should support the riotous Excesses of the People. The greater and richer the *State* grows, the more the Tie of the *private and publick Interest* is eclipsed ; so that it often happens that a Man finds his *private Happiness* in ruining and destroying the *publick one*. If a Subject of a great and flourishing Kingdom gives himself up to all the Exorbitances of Ostentation, Luxury and Debauch ; and by the influence
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of his Example, excites whole Multitudes to fall into the same Courses ; the present Race of his Countrymen will but divert themselves the better, and at the worse, none but their Grand-children are in danger of paying for these Follies. It cannot be expected that Men should carry their Love of their Country so far as Posterity ; but if so, the way of living Mr. *Thrifty* condemns will the best answer that End, in the way the *Rationalists* like most, I mean that it will oblige our Descendants to have recourse to Virtue as the only means of rectifying the bad Effects of our Disorders. The *private Interest* shall again become united with the *general one*, and our Posterity will think them inseparable ; so that by their Courage, Wisdom and Temperance, things will wholly be set right, till they produce another Race, who, by their Imitation of our way of living, will again compel their Offspring to follow the Steps of Virtue. Now it is plain from these Arguments (which are confirm'd by the Histories of all Ages and Countries) that the Succession of *Virtue* and *Vice* is exactly the same with that of *fair* and *foul Weather*, and that they equally depend on necessary Causes.

I HOPE what I have been saying will convince my good old Friend of the unreasonableness of his Complaints, and that you and the World will judge, I have improv'd

HIBERNICUS's Letters. 289

prov'd the *Logick* of the *Fable of the Bees*,
to very good purpose.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

ISAAC ALOGIST.



N^o 87. *Saturday, November 26, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Vincit amor patriæ.—— VIRGIL.

SIR,



PUBLICK Spirit and the Love
of a Country proceed from a Dis-
position so very amiable, that
we easily forgive a thousand lit-
tle Prejudices and Extravagances
which flow from them; and can laugh at
an honest Zeal, exerting itself in a humo-
rous and whimsical manner, without being
in the least offended. Nay, it often hap-
pens, that the Spirit of *Liberty*, and a ge-
nerous Concern for the Publick, receives
great Assistance from popular Prejudices, and
vulgar Errors. And indeed the Bulk of Man-
kind are animated to brave and virtuous Ac-
tions, by Considerations which would per-
haps appear trifling and absurd to Men of
Vol. II. U just

just Reflection and Discernment, and who examined things with care and exactness.

MANY an honest *Englishman* loves his Country, and would spend his Blood in its defence, for Reasons, which are either not true, or supposing them to be so, not important enough to justify such an extraordinary degree of Affection. *London Bridge*, and *St. Paul's Cathedral* being the finest Buildings in the World, has been often improved into an Argument against the Enemies of *England*. The Excellency and Plenty of our *Beef* and *Mutton* have helped to make a great many Admirers of the *British* Constitution. Nor have there been wanting Instances of bold *Britons*, who have encounter'd, and actually overcome superior Numbers of Enemies, by being strongly impressed with the Notion, that their Country naturally produces better and braver Men, than are to be found among any other People in the Universe.

THESE are certainly Prejudices, and to wise Men will appear pretty extravagant too ; but they are of an honest kind, and capable of producing very beneficial and noble Effects. And for that reason, good Policy, as well as good Nature, should incline us to overlook the Strokes of Whim and Ridicule which appear in the Characters where they prevail. They are Errors of that sort, concerning which *Horace* in one of his most instructive Satires, wishes, ' we had the Virtue to reckon them honourable and praise-worthy.'

'worthy.' A little Indulgence is always due to the Blemishes of a virtuous Character ; because there are few, perhaps, who have reached uncommon Strains of Virtue, without something peculiar attending it ; some darling Absurdity, or favourite Enthusiasm, which never fails to rise uppermost, upon any Agitation ; the *Proof* of great Minds, like that of *strong Spirits*, being often found in their bearing the *Bubble*.

I HAVE been led into these Reflections, by the perusal of a Treatise of *Botany* lately published here, under the Title of *Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum*, wherein the learned Author has a very curious Remark on the Article of *Potatoes*. He takes notice of a Debate which has been among the *Virtuosi*, whether we in this Country were originally supplied with that nourishing Vegetable by the *Spaniards*, or from the *British* Plantations ; and out of his great Zeal for the *Protestant* Religion, and the Liberties of his Country, strenuously maintains the latter Opinion, and demonstrates them to be no less than *Parricides*, who adhere to the former. However whimsical this Notion may appear to some, I cannot help thinking it proceeded from a very commendable Principle in the Author, and should be glad to see it propagated among our common People, that they might associate the Idea of Liberty and Property with that of *Potatoes*, and have as good a Stomach for the Defence of the one,

as they usually have for the Consumption of the other.

IN earnest, such little Prepossessions in favour of our Country appear to me not only innocent, but highly convenient, as they may be the Means of strengthening a virtuous Affection, and inspiring Men with gallant Resolutions. This is the natural Effect they have upon ignorant and untutored Minds, who are to be roused up in the Cause of their Country, and its Constitution, by Motives quite different from those which influence Men of larger and clearer Views. People of gross Apprehensions must be wrought upon by Methods adapted to their Capacity. Agreeable to this Principle, it has been the practice of all wise States and Governors, to entertain their People with Shews and Spectacles, which might warm their Imagination, and heighten the Ideas of a Community, and a Publick, with those of external Dignity and Splendor. The Solemnities made use of in the Administrations of Justice, and the pompous Appearance of Magistrates, and publick Ministers, upon those or other extraordinary Occasions, appear all to have been calculated with this View ; it being certain, that Men of Sense can take no pleasure in such Formalities on any other account, than to attract the Esteem and Reverence of the Multitude, and inspire them with a Veneration for the publick Orders and Institutions. Solemn Feasts, and set Days of rejoicing, on proper Occa-

Occasions, have also been frequently employed to the same purpose, and have seldom failed being attended with very wholesom Effects.

THAT I am not singular in my Observations, tho it is no direct Proof of their justness, yet entitles me at least to a great deal of Indulgence, if I am in an Error. For which reason, as well as for the sake of communicating my Sentiments to my Readers in a much more agreeable Dress than I am able to give it them, I shall borrow a Passage from Mr. *Philips*, in one of his *Free-Thinkers*, on this very Subject.

‘ THERE are publick Spectacles, (says
‘ that ingenious Gentleman) that are not of
‘ so refined a Nature, nor much attended to
‘ by Persons of distinction; which, never-
‘ theless, may be very proper, and have no
‘ small Influence upon the People for their
‘ good. Such, in particular, is the Lord
‘ *Mayor*’s Shew, in the City: Such are the
‘ solemn Processions of Corporations; or of
‘ any Trading Companies, or Artificers, on
‘ stated Days. These Pageantries serve to
‘ inspire the Youth with a Love for their Pri-
‘ vileges, and their several Vocations; to
‘ quicken their Industry; and to make them
‘ ambitious of arriving at the Honours and
‘ Dignities, which fall within their respective
‘ Scenes of Life.

‘ IT likewise becomes the Prudence of a
‘ Magistrate, to institute publick Spectacles,

' of an inferior kind, to be exhibited (at
 ' proper times) to the Populace ; Amuse-
 ' ments suitable to their Capacity. The Art,
 ' in this Point, is to divert them with such
 ' Shews, as may let in, at their Eyes, some
 ' very popular and material Instruction ; and
 ' dispose them to become true *Protestants*,
 ' and good Subjects, while they rejoice. Of
 ' this kind, is the antient and laudable Cu-
 ' stom of *burning the Pope*, on the 5th of
 ' *November*, and in Commemoration of
 ' *Queen Elizabeth*. I am sorry to see this
 ' Ceremony is not performed, of late years,
 ' with the usual Pomp and Triumph ; since,
 ' under proper Regulations, it always has
 ' been, and always will prove, a stronger
 ' Antidote against *Popery*, to the Multitude,
 ' than all the Writings of our Reformers.'

A NATIVE of *Ireland*, who loves his
 Country, and its Liberties, cannot help
 joining in this Gentleman's Complaint, when
 he observes, that the *Fourth of November*,
 which used to be celebrated with so much
 Joy by the Protestants of this Kingdom, in
 memory of our glorious Deliverer King
WILLIAM, has not lately been ho-
 noured with the same Solemnity and Accla-
 mations as formerly. It is true, we are not
 yet so ungrateful as altogether to neglect
 it ; but yet the discontinuance of the Honou-
 rable Society at the *Tholsell*, as it has the ap-
 pearance of our growing wearied with it,
 may in time produce an absolute indifference ;
 and

and wear away, by degrees, the Memory of a *Hero*, and an *Event*, which ought to be sacred to latest Posterity. Had he done the same thing for such remote Nations as *China*, or *Indostan*, which he did for the *British* Isles, his godlike Virtues would have entitled him to our Esteem and Admiration: much more then should they do so, when we ourselves enjoy the Benefits of them; and when the Fact is yet so recent, that many among us can look back on the day of our Distress, as well as of our Deliverance.

THE happy Influence this Society had on the publick Affairs, in a late time of danger, is an invincible Argument for the Revival and Continuance of it. The Spirit of Liberty never breathed more nobly in any Nation, than it did at that time in ours. Like *Inspiration*, it proved catching; and diffusing itself from the City to the Country, from thence was returned with new Warmth in the *Representative* Body of the Nation, where it broke out into Resolutions, that would have become a Senate of antient *Greeks* or *Romans*, accompanied with all those Circumstances which render the Actions of such *Great Assemblies* illustrious and awful. If then, a Ceremony of this sort can be so useful in difficult and critical Conjunctions, there can be no reason for laying it aside before we are intirely rid of all Apprehensions from the same quarter, which, I am afraid, is not yet our Case. The Enemies

of our Constitution have neither quitted their Antipathy, nor their Attempts against it. We see daily endeavours used to poison the Principles of the People, both as to Religion and Government. *Parker's* History of his Times, and *Fiddes's* Life of Cardinal *Wolsey*, are Instances of this; which seem calculated with no other design, than to raise Prejudices against the Principles of *Liberty*, and the *Reformation*, under the notion of sacrilegious Encroachments on the Rights of the Crown, and the Church; which, according to them, ought to divide the Spoils, and dispose of the Estates and Consciences of Mankind at their pleasure. It is therefore the duty of those who are Friends to their Country, and the Laws of it, to use all innocent and legal Methods to animate the Zeal of the common People against all Maxims which tend to Slavery and Superstition, to disseminate which amongst them we see so great Industry and Affectation. For which good Purpose I know no Course less exceptionable than the annual Commemoration of our former Deliverances, nor which gives so great probability of Success.

I AM sensible, that what I have said on this Occasion will give a handle for taxing me with breaking a Rule I have laid down for my Conduct in these Papers, not to meddle with *Party-Matters*. To which I shall give a very short Answer; That I cannot

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cannot understand how expressing an honest and sincere Attachment to the Laws of my Country can be called siding with a Party. A Reflection of this sort, to say the best of it we can, is very indecent. My Friend, Mr. *Alogist*, and I, have undergone a good deal of Censure already on this score; as if we had deserted our first Design, and resolved to turn *Political Lecturers*. I am confident, neither of us ever had this in our thoughts. But at the same time, I believe, it is his Opinion, as well as mine, that expressing our Zeal for the GOOD OLD CAUSE of *Liberty*, and the *British Constitution*, can be no ways inconsistent with an honest Intention of making our Labours chiefly subservient to the Interests of *Reason* and *Virtue*; which is all I shall say in vindication either of him, or my self.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

HIBERNICUS.



No 88.



N^o 88. *Saturday, December 3, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint. VIRGIL.

S I R,



SEND you the two following
Translations from *Horace*, with-
out any farther Preface or Apo-
logy, than pleading the Liberty
you have so often already given
me of the same kind.

I am your very humble Servant,

MUSOPHILUS.

HORACE, Book I. Ode iv.

THE *Snows are fled ; along the Plain*
The Grass its flow'ry Mantle spreads ;
The Trees a comely Load sustain,
And wave in Air their flowing Heads.

The Earth its gayest Robes puts on ;
The muddy Rivulets refine :
And silver'd with th' incumbent Sun,
The limpid Currents gayly shine.

The

*The Graces feel th' indulgent Change,
And dance before the tuneful Swain;
Along the Valleys naked range,
And beautify the painted Plain.*

*My Lord, the swift revolving Year,
The fleeting Seasons let us know,
There is no true Perfection here,
No lasting Happiness below.*

*The Winter Storms, when Spring returns,
To Zephyr's softer Whispers yield;
Spring's gaudy Dress the Summer burns,
And loads with ripening Corn the Field.*

*With Apples crown'd, and yellow Sheaves,
Fair Ceres then begins her Reign:
But soon the Earth all naked leaves,
And doleful Winter comes again.*

*Yet Time those daily Wastes repairs;
The Stars again restore the Spring,
Produce new Seasons, and new Years,
And move in an eternal Ring.*

*But more unhappy we become
Mere Shadows, and to Atoms fly,
Whene'er the Fates pronounce our Doom,
And cruel Pluto bids us die.*

*Who knows if Heav'n another Day
Will add to those already past,
Or snatch us instantly away,
And make the present Gasp our last?*

The

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*The Goods of Life then freely use,
And gratify a liberal Mind;
Thy greedy Heir shall ne'er abuse
A Wealth you cannot leave behind.*

*Once you have left your native Earth
To wander on the Stygian Shore;
The Honours of a noble Birth
Will plead in thy behalf no more.*

*No more thy awful Doom once read,
Will then thy Eloquence prevail;
Nor Piety itself evade
A Sentence nothing can repeal.*

*Her chastest Votary to save,
The chastest Goddess strives in vain,
Hid in the Dungeon of the Grave,
And bound with an eternal Chain.*

*Nor less in vain the gloomy Shades
Did Theseus greatly bold, explore,
And supplicate the fatal Maids,
His dear Pirithous to restore.*

EPOD II.

BLEST is the Man, who free from worldly Cares,
And Cash at Use, no change of Fortune fears;
But, like the antient uncorrupted Race,
Content with rural Joys, and home-felt Peace,
Some fruitful patrimonial Acres ploughs,
Which largely bless his Labours and his Vows.

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*No Trumpet's warlike Din disturbs his sleep,
 Nor boisterous Storms, when harrowing up the Deep.
 He goes not into Courts; or if he goes,
 He fees no Lawyer, for he has no Foes;
 And free from all Dependence on the Great,
 Disdains to cringe, or hang about their Gate.
 Sweet are his Labours: he or prunes his Vines,
 And round tall Elms their tender Branches twines;
 Or lops the fruitless vagrant Boughs away,
 Engrafting new Ones, as the old decay;
 Or from the Hills his bleating Flocks surveys,
 As sauntering thro' sequester'd Vales they graze:
 Ambrosial Sweets he plunders from the Bees,
 And from the sickly Lambs the wealthy Fleece.
 Then when rich Autumn rears above the Ground
 His comely Head with golden Apples crown'd,
 How joyful shakes he down the mellow Pears,
 The sweet Reward and Product of his Cares;
 And rosy Grapes, whose living Colours vie
 With Cæsar's Mantle, and the Tyrian Dye!
 Nor want their lib'ral Off'rings from each Tree
 For thee, Priapus, and Sylvanus, thee.
 Wearied, he shelters in the silent Shade,
 Which antient Oaks have venerable made;
 Or on the matted Grass———Oh, gently tread!
 Earth's flow'ry Lap, he lies supinely spread.
 There whilst some ling'ring Stream rolls slow along,
 And Linnets chime their soft complaining Song,
 And beating Time, the bubbling Fountain flows,
 His Soul dissolves, and sinks in soft Repose.*

*NOR are his Pleasures banish'd, when the Year
 Retreating, bids the Winter Storms appear;
 When cloth'd in white the haggard Hills are seen,
 Naked the Trees, and desolate the Green.
 For then attended with a hollowing Train
 Of well-breath'd Hounds, he scours the frozen Plain,*

Drives

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*Drives mighty Boars into the fatal Snare,
 And makes a Captive of the winding Hare ;
 Lays fraudulent Baits the greedy Thrush to gain,
 And boasts among his Spoils the stalking Crane.
 Blest with such Pleasures, who would stoop to wear
 The Chains of Love, or languish for the Fair !
 But if he have a loving faithful Spouse,
 To share the Toil of Children and the House,
 Great are his Joys, his Happiness compleat,
 If Happiness for Mortals be in Fate.
 Such was the Sabine, such the Apulian Dame,
 Of Sun-burnt Beauty, but untarnish'd Fame :
 Nor yet unlovely in those Charms that prov'd
 How much they Virtue, and their Husbands lov'd.
 She, when fatigu'd her Goodman home retires,
 Meets him with wholesom Fare, and rousing Fires ;
 Shuts up the well-fed Cattle in their Stall,
 And brimming fetches in the Milking Pail ;
 Brings sparkling Claret in an ample Cup,
 And so a home-spun Supper dresses up.
 Let the Luxurious, lolling at their Ease,
 Call Plaise and Turbit from the distant Seas,
 And slobber Oysters in salacious Brine ;
 These simple Cates, and only these, be mine.
 Nor Partridge, nor the costly Bird that flies,
 Mark'd for Destruction, in Numidian Skies,
 In my Account so sweet a Banquet yield
 As the mean Products of a Sabine Field ;
 Olives, and Sorrel, cheap, but wholesom Food
 And Sage, that gently purifies the Blood ;
 A Fatling kill'd upon a Festal Day,
 Or Kid just rescu'd from the Breasts of Prey.
 Amidst these Feasts how pleas'd should I behold
 My wanton Flocks come leaping to their Fold :
 My weary'd Oxen marching from the Plough,
 And breathing as beneath the Yoke they bow !
 How pleas'd at Night observe the rustick Crew
 Around my Hearth their clumsy Mirth pursue !*

Where

HIBERNICUS'S *Letters.* 303

*Where all Things then to give me Joy conspire ;
Loud laugh the Clowns, and gayly burns the Fire.*

THUS Alpheus said, and seiz'd with some strange
Calls in his Cash, and thinks to buy a Farm. (Charm,
But ere the fleeting Moon was in her Wane,
The Wretch had put it out to Use again.

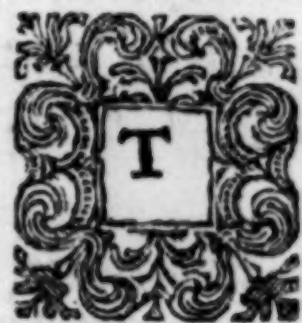


N^o 89. *Saturday, December 10, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo. VIR.

S I R,



THINGS unusual always create some degree of Surprize, less or more, in proportion to the size of Mens Understanding, and their Knowledge of Mankind. Custom very often gets the better of our Judgment, and by familiarizing us to Objects, imposes on us a great many Usages as highly rational, and even necessary, which in fact are far otherwise; and on the contrary, prejudices us against uncommon Appearances as absurd and unnatural, however decent and comely they may be found upon a fair Examination.

A

A FREQUENT Repetition of the same Practice gives us a great facility in the pursuit of it, and renders every contrary Action not only abhorrent, but sometimes impossible in the Performance. Hence proceeds that almost inviolable Attachment we may observe in the People of every Nation to their own peculiar Manners and Customs, and their Antipathy and Contempt for those of their Neighbours. From their early Infancy they have been enured to the former; they have associated to them Ideas of Dignity, Beauty, and Convenience, and sometimes of Sanctity and Religion. But perceiving no such Resemblances in the latter, and considering them only in their difference from what is practised among themselves, they startle at the first view, and can hardly conceive a thought about them, which is not full of the Deformed, the Monstrous, and the Unnatural.

SOMETIMES this Disposition, Humour, or whatever we please to call it, exerts itself in a laudable manner, and helps to confirm Men in the pursuits of Honour and Virtue; to inspire them with the Love of Liberty; and to make them Admirers of Legal Institutions and Administrations, in opposition to unlimited Power, and fluctuating Will and Pleasure. At other times it appears very differently, and is no small support to the Cause of Barbarity and Slavery. It can reconcile Men to Vice and to Misery; make them
 imagine

imagine a Happiness in Want and Wooden Shoes ; and give them an Aversion to every thing manly, generous, and liberal.

IN things indifferent, which have no influence either on the Good or Hurt of Society, it is certainly Mens Wisdom, and may be sometimes their Virtue, to comply with it ; to prevent the Odium of Singularity on the one hand, and the Confusions which may be occasioned by an endeavour to abolish antient Usages on the other. And the Use which wise Men ought to make of vulgar Prejudices of this sort, is to make them subservient to useful and valuable Purposes. This is what, I believe, may be done by a great many things which will not bear the Test of strict Reason and good Sense. Nature has in many cases given us no fixed Standard, whereby to adjust our external Demeanour, but left us to be guided in those things according to the Genius and Circumstances of the respective Communities into which Men happen to be incorporated.

BUT with respect to such Customs as either may, or actually have an ill tendency, by debauching Mens Minds, confounding the Understanding, or corrupting the Affections ; it is the duty of every one, as far as his Influence extends, to stem the Torrent, and oppose the prevailing Humour by all fair and justifiable Methods. And in this case, it may be both reasonable and useful, to attack the Power of Custom itself, and shew the absurdity

dity of giving into any Usages on that score alone, by instancing, in other Nations, how it has given a Sanction to things which we look upon with Horror and Indignation.

WHEN Men are got this length, to compare the Manners and Customs of other People with their own, there will arise this Advantage from it, that they will be less prepossess'd in favour of themselves than formerly, and abate of that Haughtiness, and inhospitable Contempt of Strangers for which some Nations are so remarkable. They will learn to have a Reverence for Mankind; to forbear making their own favourite Notions and Opinions a standard for all others; and to lay down such Maxims and Rules for their own Conduct, as may prevent the just Censure, or Ridicule of any part of the Human Species, from turning on themselves.

THE Inhabitants of *Europe*, who boast themselves the politest and most civilized part of Mankind, are, upon all occasions, exceedingly facetious on the Manners and Customs of the poor *Barbarians*, who possess the other three great Continents. Yet these latter seem, for the most part, to follow Nature much more closely than we do. The many Volumes of *Voyages* and *Adventures*, of *Itineraries* and *Pilgrimages*, which have been published among us, to display their Rudeness and Barbarity, give us indeed a fair Occasion to pity them for their want of many Advantages which we enjoy, by the means
of

of Letters and Commerce ; but afford us very little ground of triumphing over them, either as to the natural Superiority of our Understanding, or the Purity of our Virtue. Their Piety, however mistaken they are, as to the Object or Expression of it, is generally fervent and unaffected; and their Commerce with Mankind fair and honest, without any Art or Disguise, except what they have acquired from some Refinements the polite *Europeans* have imparted to them.

As for other Matters, I do not find that we greatly excel them, unless in this one Point, that we have a great many Inventions for supplying Wants of our own making, concerning which these *Savages* have not the least notion. Their Habits indeed, their Forms of Salutation, their Methods of Gallantry and Courtship, and their Pastimes and Recreations, appear extremely uncouth and ridiculous to us. But they are more than even with us ; for ours appear much more so to them. The Question then is, Whether we or they have reason to laugh? Indeed neither. For while such Customs are so regulated, as to do no body hurt, and to answer the several innocent Ends of those who use them, there is nothing in any of them either unreasonable or ridiculous; and to despise and condemn Men on account of them, is the effect only of Prejudice and Ignorance.

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THE Case alters much, where any Custom either answers no End at all in Life, or an ill one. There the Ridicule is both just and useful. But then it ought not to be confined to one Side only. If we laugh at our Neighbours, we must allow them to laugh at us; and examine whether they may not have as much Reason on their side, as we on ours. The Sentiments of other Nations concerning us may be serviceable, in setting us on comparing our Manners with Nature and Reason, and discovering our own Errors and Blindfides. Our Partiality to ourselves will nor sometimes suffer us to search into this Matter, till others have given us the hint, by making the Observation before us. Most Men are slow at finding out their own Faults, which they would keep concealed, if possible, even from themselves. It gives us pain to behold our own Deformities; and the fear lest we should find any such in our Portraiture, in spite of our Vanity, often damps the Desire of having it drawn. It were therefore to be wished, that as our Language abounds with a multitude of Books containing Accounts of the Manners and Customs of most Countries in the World, besides several others which are not to be found in it; so those foreign Nations to whom we have done this Honour, would return us the Compliment, and after having sojourned among us, afford us an Opportunity of knowing their Opinion of some of our favourite Customs and Amusements, which

which are esteemed of the most polite and agreeable kind; that by comparing them with the natural Notions of People of less Knowledge and Experience, we might form a Judgment of the Reasonable, or the Ridiculous, in the several parts of our Conduct.

SOME *European* Authors have done the *British* Islands this Honour already. But the Genius of most of the neighbouring Nations is so near akin to our own, and our Customs so nearly resemble each other, that we can receive little Instruction from them, except in matters of lesser consequence. I should be more curious to read the Remarks made upon us by some of those People whom we term barbarous. A Friend of mine informs me, he has some Memoirs of this sort, written by a *Siamese*, who resided some time in *England*. If I could prevail on him to publish the whole, I am persuaded, it would be a useful and entertaining Present to the World. In the mean time, he has given me leave to communicate the following Passage to the Publick, which seems to have a very satirical meaning in it, tho such as I leave the Reader himself to unriddle.

‘ THE Inhabitants of these two little
 ‘ Islands (meaning *Great Britain* and *Ire-*
 ‘ *land*) pretend to adore only one supreme
 ‘ God, and to be intirely freed from all
 ‘ kinds of Superstition. But I cannot be-
 ‘ lieve the Professions of these Infidels. For
 ‘ besides the living Deities, to whom they
 ‘ daily offer their Vows, they have a multi-
 X 3 tude

‘ tude of others, whom they are every mo-
 ‘ ment invoking; *Demons* with strange abo-
 ‘ minable Names, that were never heard of
 ‘ on this side the Great Water.

‘ THEY are ever and anon addressing
 ‘ themselves to one or other of these Gods,
 ‘ and upon the very smallest Occasions; which
 ‘ is a Proof of their Superstition. There are
 ‘ so many of them, that it is almost impossi-
 ‘ ble to reckon them up. However, there
 ‘ seem to be several Orders of them. Some
 ‘ of the lower Ranks of them, such as *Lard*,
 ‘ *Egad*, *Ifackins*, and *Odsbodikins*, are cal-
 ‘ led upon very familiarly, and without much
 ‘ Ceremony, or any extraordinary appearance
 ‘ of Devotion. These seem to be looked up-
 ‘ on as a good-natured kind of Beings, in regard
 ‘ the Women of the Country, and other ef-
 ‘ feminate Persons, very like Women, are
 ‘ their most frequent Worshippers. Their Chil-
 ‘ dren are very early taught to adore them;
 ‘ and you will hear them stammering their
 ‘ Prayers to them, as soon as they are able
 ‘ to speak.

‘ BUT there are other Beings, whom they
 ‘ regard more awfully, and pay Homage to
 ‘ with much greater Solemnity. Of this
 ‘ number is *Dammee*, a powerful *Demon*,
 ‘ had in great veneration by all who go to
 ‘ the Wars; as is also *Blood and Wounds*,
 ‘ who is yet reckoned more powerful, and
 ‘ addressed to with the most profound Adora-
 ‘ tion. I have been often at a loss to under-
 ‘ stand

' stand what is their Opinion concerning this
 ' Divinity, in regard I have frequently heard
 ' them split his Name in their Service, and
 ' call him sometimes only *Blood*, and some-
 ' times *Wounds* ; so that I have often imagin-
 ' ed they worshipped sometimes the one half
 ' of him, and sometimes the other, to ex-
 ' press the greater Devotion. But at last I
 ' concluded that these were two distinct Divi-
 ' nities, a *Male* and a *Female*, who being
 ' married together, they sometimes invoke
 ' them separately, and sometimes in conjunc-
 ' tion.

' I have seen a *Mandarin* chastising his *Slave*
 ' almost to Death, and craving assistance all
 ' the while from *Blood and Wounds*, with
 ' much fervency and trepidation. The Dri-
 ' vers of certain Leathern Machines, wherein
 ' the Rich and Lazy are drawn by Horses,
 ' are likewise most religious Adorers of this
 ' Divinity. I also observed, that the Com-
 ' mander of the Vessel, in which I was transpor-
 ' ted over the great Water, never applied him-
 ' self to any other Power ; but was very con-
 ' stant in his Invocations to this, especially
 ' during the Season of high Winds.

' BESIDES these invisible Deities, there
 ' are several inanimate Idols, to which they
 ' sacrifice ; as I have lately had occasion
 ' to observe in one of their religious Assem-
 ' blies, at which I was present out of cu-
 ' riosity.

‘ THERE was in the Place a large round
 ‘ Altar, covered with Green, and adorned
 ‘ with many lighted Tapers; around which a
 ‘ great Number were seated in the same man-
 ‘ ner as we are at our domestick Sacrifices.

‘ JUST as I entered, one of these, who in
 ‘ all appearance was the Priest, threw upon
 ‘ the Altar the loose Leaves of a small Book,
 ‘ which he held in his hand. Upon these
 ‘ Leaves were represented several Figures very
 ‘ ill painted; but which were probably the
 ‘ Images of the Deities they were at that time
 ‘ worshipping: For in the order as they were
 ‘ distributed, every one of the Assembly laid
 ‘ down before his Image an *Oblation*, ac-
 ‘ cording to the Greatness of his Devotion:
 ‘ And, which I particularly remarked, these
 ‘ Offerings were considerably greater than
 ‘ those they usually make in their publick
 ‘ Temples.

‘ THIS Solemnity over, the Priest laid his
 ‘ Hand trembling on the Remainder of the
 ‘ Book, and seemed for some time immova-
 ‘ ble, being wrapt up in the Contemplation
 ‘ of his God. The rest, likewise in suspense,
 ‘ waited attentively on his Motion. At last,
 ‘ upon every Leaf he turned, the different
 ‘ Worshippers appeared differently agitated by
 ‘ the respective *Demons* by whom they were
 ‘ *possessed*. One seems to lift up his Hands to
 ‘ Heaven with Praise and Thankfulness. Ano-
 ‘ ther looks at his Image, and after gnashing
 ‘ his Teeth, curses it. A third bites his
 ‘ Fingers,

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‘ Fingers, stamps, and writhing his Face
‘ and Body a thousand different ways, casts
‘ every thing human out of his Countenance,
‘ and seems no longer a Man. At length
‘ the Priest himself, upon turning a Leaf, is
‘ seized with Fury, and full of the *Demon*,
‘ tears the Book, and scatters it ; overturns
‘ the Altar, and blasphemes at the Sacrifice.
‘ Nothing is heard but Groans and Complaints,
‘ Cries and Exclamations, intermixed with
‘ broken Sighs, and half-formed muttering
‘ Requests made to their Gods *Dammee*, and
‘ *Blood and Wounds*.

‘ At sight of these things, my Heart failed
‘ within me ; and I could not but conclude
‘ the Supreme *GOD*, whom they pretend
‘ to adore, to be a jealous Being, who to pu-
‘ nish them for sacrificing to others, sends
‘ among them these *evil Spirits*, to vex and
‘ torment them, in this terrible manner.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.





Nº 90. *Saturday, December 17, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Nec meus hic sermo est.—

H O R.

S I R,



HAVING shewn in my last how useful it may be to any People to know the Sentiments of their Neighbours concerning their Manners and Customs; I shall not need to apologize for making up this Day's Entertainment with the following Reflections of an ingenious Foreigner on the Temper and Character of the People of *England*. I will not take upon me to justify all his Reflections, or answer for the truth of every Observation. Yet I am convinced, that what he says highly deserves our Consideration, on a much better account than barely to gratify our Curiosity, in knowing what other People think or say concerning us.

‘ It seems to me the general Character of
 ‘ the *English*, that they have either great
 ‘ *Virtues*, or great *Vices*, and very often a
 ‘ mixture of both. For notwithstanding they
 ‘ have abundance of *good Sense*, there is some-
 ‘ thing

' thing of Caprice that always goes along
 ' with it. They have generally great Souls ;
 ' and their Inequalities let them as often above
 ' other Nations, as they make them fall short
 ' of them. The most part of them have I-
 ' magination ; but the Fire of it resembles
 ' that of their Coals, in having greater Warmth
 ' than Brightness. They speak but little, and
 ' almost every thing they say is *Sentiment*.
 ' They make Reflections upon things, and
 ' understand the real Worth of them the bet-
 ' ter, that they consider them with their own
 ' Eyes, and have the Courage to judge for
 ' themselves. Content with their Condition,
 ' if it be but tolerable, they seldom make any
 ' great struggles to render it better. Very
 ' few *Englishmen* go abroad to seek their
 ' Fortunes ; but for the Honour of those few
 ' who do so, we may say, that there is hard-
 ' ly one of them who does not succeed.
 ' They enjoy what they have, and live a-
 ' greeable to their Inclinations, in which there
 ' is nothing blameable, but that those Incl-
 ' nations are sometimes not over elegant. In
 ' other things they are reasonable enough in
 ' their Expence, endeavouring less to appear
 ' happy, than to be so in reality. And by
 ' this means, in most things we may observe,
 ' that they make their Happiness depend on
 ' themselves. They give themselves very
 ' little trouble for what others think concern-
 ' ing them ; and take as little notice of what
 ' they do. They act boldly against any
 ' Customs,

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‘ Customs, however well established, when-
 ‘ ever they happen to disagree either with
 ‘ their Opinions or Inclinations. They ge-
 ‘ nerally regard Address and Behaviour very
 ‘ little; but they cultivate their Reason, and
 ‘ dare to make use of it in the Business of Life,
 ‘ as well as in other things. It is not unusual
 ‘ among them to retire from Employments,
 ‘ and prefer a private obscure Life to Honour
 ‘ and Grandeur. As they enjoy Life better
 ‘ than is done elsewhere, so we may say, that
 ‘ they are more easily satisfied with it, and
 ‘ quit it with less reluctance. This is the true
 ‘ Picture of an *Englishman*, an *Englishman*
 ‘ of Merit, and not engaged in any violent
 ‘ Pursuits; a Character made up of a happy
 ‘ Composition of *Indolence* and *good Sense*.

‘ THERE are however certain Occasions
 ‘ wherein it appears that *Indolence* is his go-
 ‘ vernal Passion. He hates Difficulties and
 ‘ Trouble, and is unhappy when he finds
 ‘ himself engaged in them. Long Pursuits
 ‘ dishearten him, and he is presently put up-
 ‘ on cutting any thing which he finds difficult
 ‘ to untie. In whatever does not belong to
 ‘ him he is credulous; and rather than be at
 ‘ the trouble of inquiring into the truth, gives
 ‘ easy credit to whatever is told him. And
 ‘ hence it is, I apprehend, that there are so
 ‘ many Stories told in this Country of *Spirits*
 ‘ and *Apparitions*. I shall perhaps hereafter
 ‘ have occasion to give you several other
 ‘ Proofs of their *Indolence*, as well as of their
 ‘ *good*

‘ *good Sense.* Whenever they forsake this
 ‘ last, they forsake it altogether, and become
 ‘ the most unreasonable of Men ; violent in
 ‘ their Desires, impatient under Misfortunes,
 ‘ incapable of remedying them, and so tran-
 ‘ sported in their Anger, as to strike them-
 ‘ selves in the Face with their Fists, which
 ‘ they also frequently do upon very small oc-
 ‘ casions of Grief : for upon the greater ones
 ‘ they come sometimes to more violent Re-
 ‘ solutions. In one word, the *English* ap-
 ‘ pear to me always in extremes, and run the
 ‘ greatest lengths of *Vice*, or reach the highest
 ‘ pitch of *Virtue*.

‘ As to Religion, one may venture to say,
 ‘ that every *Englishman* is resolved to have
 ‘ one without Faults, at least what he ima-
 ‘ gines to be so, or to have none at all ; and
 ‘ that this Country, contrary to all others, is
 ‘ without *Hypocrites*. But however that be,
 ‘ the number of determin’d Libertines is much
 ‘ greater here than elsewhere ; which however
 ‘ ought not to reflect any dishonour on the
 ‘ Nation, since those only are *Libertines* here
 ‘ who would be *Hypocrites* elsewhere : and it
 ‘ is easy to determine, which of those sorts of
 ‘ People are the worst. There are also in this
 ‘ Country abundance of *Fanatics*, or People
 ‘ so called ; which is another strong Proof,
 ‘ that the *English* are very ready to fall into
 ‘ Parties, and are zealous in their attachment
 ‘ to them. Among these there are several,
 ‘ who have formed the most extravagant
 ‘ Schemes

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' Schemes of Religion. On the other hand,
' I believe, there are in *England* abundance
' of People of solid and rational Piety ; as
' appears by the number of good Books of
' Devotion among them, which are without
' doubt the Productions of religious and vir-
' tuous Men. The simple and wholesom
' Morality they contain, shews them to have
' been written by Men of Learning ; besides
' that there are some of these Books which
' are universally applauded, whose Author
' has nevertheless thought fit to keep himself
' unknown ; a Proof of his being raised far
' above those Views which the Learned pro-
' pose to themselves by their Works.

' THE *English* bear Greatness tolerably
' well, and appear very little puff'd up with
' it. I believe you will scarce ever hear it
' said among them, *A Man of my Quality,*
' *A Person of my Rank.* They also carry
' themselves very modestly in their Prospe-
' rity, which they make little ostentation of
' in their Expences. No *Englishman* ever
' tired me with speaking about his Coach or
' his Equipage. They keep indeed always a
' good Table ; and that is one of the first
' things they establish. After the Table comes
' the *Mistress*, whom they entertain at an
' extraordinary Expence. And tho all this
' were not a sufficient Argument, that Ava-
' rice is not the *Vice* of the *English*, but that
' they go more readily into the other Ex-
' treme, yet we may see it very evidently
' in

' in the prodigious Number of Physicians,
 ' Lawyers, and Astrologers, who are in great
 ' Reputation among them, and turn their
 ' Affairs to very good account. Add to this
 ' the Folly of their Fashions, and the Sump-
 ' tuousness of their Monuments, and Funeral
 ' Solemnities, by which means great Sums of
 ' Money are consumed. Among other things,
 ' I have observed at their Funerals, a Set of
 ' Mourners, or People called by that name,
 ' who seem to fill their place much better than
 ' those whom the Antients employed for that
 ' purpose. For as the *English* have some-
 ' times very little real Sorrow under their
 ' Mourning, which yet the Ceremony de-
 ' mands, it seems but reasonable that they
 ' should be indulged a counterfeit Sorrow. I
 ' only mean, that they are a little insensible,
 ' unless when transported by some extraordi-
 ' nary Passion : in which case they are often
 ' found to run into the other Extreme.

' It is usually said to be a part of their
 ' Character, that they are exceeding change-
 ' able ; and the Reason pretended for this is
 ' the Variableness of the Air and Climate in
 ' which they live. For my part, I am per-
 ' suaded, the only Reason why they appear
 ' more changeable than others, is because
 ' they will not bear the least constraint, and
 ' are always proud to seem what they really
 ' are ; an Effect of their Indolence and Cou-
 ' rage. As for what may be alledged with
 ' respect to the changeableness of their Con-
 ' duct

' duct towards their Princes, it may perhaps
 ' be well enough accounted for by their ha-
 ' ving had Princes, who not liking the Li-
 ' mits set to their Power, endeavoured to
 ' alter the Constitution, and so obliged their
 ' Subjects to alter their Behaviour to them :
 ' A Proceeding, which very often ought to
 ' be ascribed to their good Sense.

' THERE is one strong proof, that the
 ' *English* are not so easily changed, as is com-
 ' monly imagined ; which is, that Advice
 ' never has any influence upon them, after
 ' they have once taken their Resolution, which
 ' they do very suddenly, and no less sudden-
 ' ly put it in execution. This is evident in the
 ' numbers of People who destroy themselves,
 ' and the many unequal Marriages made a-
 ' mong them. This briskness of Resolution
 ' is so much the Character of this People, that
 ' it is no rare thing among them for young
 ' Women to make a Vow to marry the first
 ' Man they meet with in the Streets, which
 ' they afterwards actually perform. In all
 ' this however, there appears a mixture of
 ' that *Fierceneſs*, which is indeed at the
 ' bottom of their antient Character. For the
 ' rest, they seem to retain something of eve-
 ' ry one of the different Nations by whom
 ' they have been conquered. They drink,
 ' like the *Saxons* ; they love Hunting, like
 ' the *Danes* ; the *Normans* have left among
 ' them their Chicanery and Knights of the
 ' Post ; they derive from the *Romans* their
 ' Fondness

' Fondness for cruel Spectacles, and their Con-
 ' tempt of Death ; unless these two last are
 ' rather to be ascribed to their natural Temper.
 ' They abound also in Characters which seem
 ' very inconsistent ; they are charitable, and
 ' they are cruel ; tho they are lazy in their
 ' Actions, yet it is their usual Custom to walk
 ' fast : They are apt to despise Strangers too
 ' much, and yet as ready at other times
 ' blindly to admire them. One would be
 ' ready to imagine them all either Libertines,
 ' or Devotees ; and yet they will fall toge-
 ' ther by the ears, on account of the most
 ' trifling Ceremony in Worship, such as nei-
 ' ther religious Men, nor Libertines, com-
 ' monly think worthy their consideration.
 ' Besides these, there are several other Con-
 ' trarieties to be found among them, yet such
 ' as ought not to give us any manner of sur-
 ' prize ; in regard they are no more than
 ' Infirmities frequently incident to Human
 ' Nature.'

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 91. Saturday, December 24, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

*Animum excellentem, moderatum, omnia tanquam
minora transeuntem, quidquid timemus optamusque
ridentem, cælestis potentia agitatur. Non potest res
tanta sine adminiculo numinis stare.* S E N.

S I R,



FINITE Beings, be their Facul-
ties ever so great, yet find this
natural Imperfection in them, that
they cannot exert them all at once,
but must exercise them gradually,
according as Objects present to them, which
is always in Train and Succession. The In-
tellectual Scene is perpetually shifting, in an
endless Variety of short and fugitive Repre-
sentations. The Power of *Thinking* is not
exerted in one continued Act, but requires
the frequent Impulse of Objects to keep it in
exercise. Nor is this Exercise an intire uni-
form thing, but a Series of very many, and
very different Actions, in the course of which
there is a constant Fluctuation from one
Thought to another ; by which means our
Ideas are so confused and defective, that we
are obliged to have recourse to Abstractions,
and

and certain imaginary *Species*, which exist only in our Minds, to assist us in all our Reasonings and Inquiries. We find indeed, at present, a great convenience in these artificial Forms of thinking ; but that we stand in need of them at all, is a plain Argument of the Imperfection of our Knowledge, and the Weakness of our Faculties.

THIS Observation extends to every thing else in the human Mind, as well as the Understanding ; and is indeed the natural Consequence of the Imperfection to which that Faculty is subject. Our Happiness is regulated by the same Laws ; and all our Enjoyments come to us single, and in succession. It is equally impossible for us to feel a variety of Pleasures at once, as it is for the Understanding to perceive a multitude of Objects at the same instant. Nay, in many cases the Understanding seems to have the advantage of the Affections in this point ; in regard the Objects of Joy, Love or Admiration, do not lie so thick together as those of Knowledge and Reflection. The Objects of thinking rise upon us every moment ; but it is only at some times that we meet with Objects capable of producing in us joyful, pleasant, or delightful Sensations.

IN order therefore to remedy these Defects, our merciful Creator has endowed the Mind of Man with certain Powers, which can revive the Ideas of past Pleasures, and give us a foretaste of future Enjoyments ; by which

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means we are enabled to croud our Comforts together, and relieve ourselves from the pressure of a great many Misfortunes, which might otherwise bear too heavy upon us. The *Memory* of past Enjoyments is oftentimes no small relief to a melancholy Heart; and I believe, there are few who have not experienced that *Hope* is the most efficacious of all other Remedies against the Calamities and Distresses we meet with in Life.

OUR actual Enjoyments are so few and fleeting, that were we deprived of this Power of anticipating our Felicity, and possessing ourselves of imaginary Goods, it is highly probable we should find Life an insupportable Burden; since with all these Advantages, it is so already to multitudes of Men, who, in the eye of the World, appear possessed of every thing which can render it easy and comfortable.

FROM this Account of *Human Nature*, in its present Situation, we may observe, how necessary it is to our Happiness, to look forward into *Futurity*, in order to make us satisfied for any length of Time. No one Enjoyment in Life, nor any single Action, however great and virtuous, can yield a perpetual Entertainment to Minds, whose Satisfactions are all successive, and consequently intermitting. There must be a Continuation of the same Enjoyments, and a Repetition of the same pleasing Actions, to render our Felicity full and complete. And where these
are

are wanting, as they often are with most Men, and indeed with all Men one time or other, there is nothing which can make us easy, but the *Hopes* of repeating such Enjoyments, and engaging hereafter in the same Pursuits with success. Our virtuous Inclinations, like all others with which we are endowed, are liable to Disappointments, and consequently alike capable of giving us Pain, upon our finding them defeated.

WHAT is there then, that shall support Men under the Calamities of Life, and make them persist in a Course of neglected, or unsuccessful Virtue? No one virtuous Action, we see, is its own sufficient Reward, because our Minds require to have the Entertainment continually renewed. Many of our Virtues, notwithstanding the pleasure of Self-approbation which they afford us, yet frequently occasion great pain and uneasiness. And as things commonly go in the World, we have but little rational expectation, that our future Enterprizes, let them be ever so good and virtuous, shall be always successful. So that, in effect, tho' Virtue be indeed the direct and natural Road to Happiness, yet it frequently fails actually being so, and, for that reason, stands in need of some superior Power to aid and strengthen us in the constant Practice of it.

MANY of the Heathen Philosophers were so sensible of this, that they found themselves obliged to make their virtuous Men have

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recourse to the *Supreme Being*, for assistance in all Cases of Difficulty or Misfortune. They saw Virtue exposed to so many Disasters and Calamities, that they judged nothing less than an Almighty Succour necessary for its relief. They knew well enough, that Virtue was in its own nature amiable, and adapted to promote the Good of the *Human Species*; or, in other words, that the Good of Mankind consisted in a Course of virtuous Action and Enjoyment: yet from a Consideration of the numerous Accidents and Misfortunes to which good Men are liable in this Life, they found it necessary to resolve our ultimate Felicity into a Dependence upon G O D, who being the Author and Fountain of all Good, is alone capable of supporting us in every thing that is so; of feeding our Minds with solid and well-grounded Hopes; and of satisfying every Desire which can possibly enter into the Heart of Man.

THIS was certainly a very noble and useful Principle, tending both to the Happiness and the Perfection of Mankind. For sure nothing can be more conducive to refine and exalt our Nature, than to set always before us the most perfect Model of all Goodness and Beauty. One of the greatest Men of Antiquity is said to have regulated all his Actions on the supposition of having *Cato* always present with him, as a Spy, and a Monitor; and boasted, that by that means he had preserved his Virtue against many
 Tempta-

Temptations. How much more then must he be proof against any ill Suggestions, who lives in the conscious Sense of having him for an Inspector of all his Thoughts and Actions, who is the Author of all the Wisdom and Goodness in the Universe? And how nobly must that Mind be employed, which is fixed in the Contemplation of infinite Perfection, and endeavours to approve itself to its Creator?

THE admirable Author of the *Theory of the Earth* has a Reflection on this Subject, which it is almost impossible to read without pleasure. ‘ For my part, *says he*, I cannot
‘ be persuaded, that any Man of atheistical
‘ Inclinations can have a great and generous
‘ Soul. For there is nothing great in the
‘ World, if you take God out of it. There-
‘ fore such a Person can have no great
‘ Thought, can have no great Aims, or Ex-
‘ pectations, or Designs: for all must lie
‘ within the compals of this Life, and of
‘ this dull Body. Neither can he have any
‘ great Instincts or noble Passions: For if he
‘ had, they would naturally excite in him
‘ greater Ideas, inspire him with higher No-
‘ tions, and open the Scenes of the Intellec-
‘ tual World. Lastly, he cannot have any
‘ great Sense of Order, Wisdom, Goodness,
‘ Providence, or any of the Divine Perfec-
‘ tions. And these are the greatest things
‘ that can enter into the Thoughts of Man,
‘ and that do most enlarge and ennoble his
‘ Mind.

‘ Mind. And therefore I say again, that he
 ‘ who is naturally inclined to *Atheism*, being
 ‘ also naturally destitute of all these, must
 ‘ have a little and narrow Soul.’

ACCORDING to this Account, it is easy to see, that the greatest and best part of our Happiness must be derived from the same Source ; that bearing always a proportion to the Enlargement of our Minds. None can deny, but that Creatures directed by Reason, have more and greater Enjoyments, than such as are only guided by Instinct ; and therefore whatever opens and enlarges the intellectual Scene, must certainly produce an Addition to our Happiness. Nor will it, I imagine, be denied, that the Knowledge of the Author of Nature, which is only to be acquired by contemplating him, is such an Opening and Enlargement of our Minds ; and consequently that that Contemplation must not only be worthy and becoming in us, but be the pleasantest and most agreeable Method of employing our Faculties.

BESIDES, since in a manner we live upon *Hope* ; and since our most virtuous Dispositions need that Support and Nourishment ; where can we so reasonably look for Happiness, as from Him from whom we can hope for all Things ; because he has all good things in his power, and has shewn, thro’ the whole Oeconomy of Nature, how ready and liberal he is to distribute them ? And as it is natural for Men to imitate those whom they love,
 and

and to love those from whom they derive their Happiness; we may conclude, that we shall then be enabled to act in the noblest and most virtuous manner, when we are animated with the highest degree of the Love of GOD, and make it the principal Motive of our Actions.

Thus far Men not only may, but actually have discovered, by the mere Force of their natural Reason and Reflection. But GOD has been yet more bountiful to us. He has given us a positive Revelation of his Will, and acquainted us, that he is both sensible of the Good we do, and takes delight in it, such a Delight, that he intends to continue their Existence, and make them the Objects of his Favour to Eternity, who persevere in the doing of it. A Declaration, that makes us happy both here and hereafter, and is the best and surest Fortrefs to all human Virtue: because it enlarges the Circle both of our Actions and Enjoyments; sets us above Misfortune; gives us a just and rational Contempt of the World; and strengthens us against all those Accidents in Life, which might possibly render the Paths of Goodness wearisome or painful.

THESE Reflections are so suitable to the solemn Season, upon which we are now entering, that it would be almost inexcusable to make any Apology for them; since, I am confident, there can be nothing more acceptable to my Readers, than any Attempt, how-

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ever weakly executed, to stir up their Love and Gratitude to that Divine Person, who has made the Exercise of *Goodness* and *Virtue* their highest and truest Interest, by *bringing Life and Immortality to Light.*

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.



N^o 92. *Saturday, December 31, 1726.*

To HIBERNICUS.

An tu existimas reprehendendum, qui supervacua usu sibi comparat, & pretiosarum rerum pompam in domo explicat? Non putas eum, qui occupatus est in supervacua literarum suppellectile? SENECA.

SIR,



HAVING already declared myself so much a Man of the World, and a lover of the Conversation of the Living rather than of the Dead, you will not be surprized, when I tell you that I am a great frequenter of *Coffee-Houses*, and other Places of publick Resort, where I please myself with hearing the Occurrences of the busy World, and the different Opinions of all sorts of People on whatever passes either there, or in the more quiet and
lazy

lazy Dominions of Letters and Contemplation. By this means I have had many opportunities of knowing the Sentiments of the Town on your Writings : and I can assure you, have been as often entertained with them, when torn to pieces by the *Criticks*, as ever I was with reading them intire in the *Journals*.

OUT of my tender regard to that natural Fondness, which, I know, all Parents have for their own Offspring, I shall decline the ungrateful Occupation of being your *Intelligencer* in this matter ; and the rather, because I doubt not but there are abundance of People ready enough to take that Office on themselves, and save me the labour. And tho I hope, you have, in a great measure, subdued that Sensibility in yourself, yet it becomes a good-natured Man to be very cautious of any thing which tends to revive it, or rekindle those Flames, whose Embers are not yet perhaps quite extinguished :

Suppositos cineri doloso.

THE Case however is different, when you are charged with being the Author of those Letters I have written to you, and are censured on account of several criminal things therein said to be contained. Justice obliges me to clear you of such an Imputation ; and therefore I hope you will not take it amiss, that, the more effectually to do so, I stand up
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this day in my own defence, willing to remove from you, and take upon myself the shame of all the ill things you have been arraigned of on my account, if in what I have written any thing can be found inconsistent with, or prejudicial to the Interest of this Church and Nation.

NUMBERLESS are the Complaints and Outcries raised against the subject Matter of my two last Letters. If I had either preached up some damnable *Heresy*, or preached down the wearing of *Hoop-Petticoats*, my Principles could not have been reckoned more pernicious and dangerous. It has been said, That none could have written those Letters but one who was an Enemy to all Order, and for subverting all Distinctions of Honour and Dignity among Men, by taking away the principal Prerogative of the Great and the Rich, the Power of commanding others to work, and of sitting idle themselves. For certainly since bodily Labour and Locomotion are things which Mechanics, and other mean People must undergo; and since there are enough of them to do all the drudgery of Life, why should they who are blessed with Ease and Affluence, do any thing at all, but what no body else can do for them? And since all that Men labour for is to procure the Necessaries of Life to themselves and Families, what reason is there that People, who are above such Necessity, should labour at all about any thing which they can purchase

chafe from others, or be at any other pains than to indulge those elegant Wishes and Desires, which their exalted Circumstances of Life afford them so many opportunities of gratifying? No; the proper business of these happy Mortals is to languish in a Garden, or a Gallery of Pictures; to while away their gentle hours in talking most affectionate Nonsense to their tender Spouses; to dangle about from place to place in search of Happiness, without ever tasting any; to pursue nothing in Life but the bare Speculation what Life is: In one word, to live without *Hopes* or *Fears*, *Expectations*, *Designs*, or *Enterprizes*; and enjoy all that Felicity which can result from the most perfect and consummate Stupidity.

IF this be a happy and rational Method of living, then I have been highly to blame, in recommending some degree of bodily Labour and Exercise as part of the business of every wise and good Man, who is not necessarily hindered, as sometimes is the case, by the Nature of his Employment. For this is certainly a true description of what Life would be, abstracted from all Labour and Attention to common Affairs; unless, as among People of greater Vivacity it probably would, it should degenerate into open Rioting and Dissoluteness. But if such a Life be neither in its own nature amiable; if it is of ill example to Inferiors, and tends to make an active and laborious Life disgraceful; then can there be no
great

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great hurt in any thing I have said on this head ; especially, when we observe how many ill Consequences have flowed from that general *Idleness*, and Aversion to every thing which bears the name of *Work*, which has of late years crept down from the People of Distinction to those who are endeavouring, or rather only fancying themselves to be so.

BUT there is yet a more heavy Accusation lies against me, for attempting to debauch the Minds of my Fellow-Subjects, by infusing into them a Contempt of Learning and Politeness ; a Design that could have entered into the Heart of none but a graceless *Goth*, or *Vandal*. I am sorry I should be guilty of such an Offence, and the more so, because I have been told, that the reading of good Books is greatly useful for confirming the Principles of Morality, especially in the fair Sex, whom I have represented as designed for other Occupations than Reading. Indeed I was much surprized at this Objection, when it was first told me ; in regard I always apprehended the great Principles of Morality to be so plain and obvious, that there was no occasion for any depth of Learning to understand them. I always was so silly as to believe, that the *Common Sense* of Mankind was a much better Rule of Life, than the Maxims of any, or all the Philosophers put together. This was my Mistake. But it is a Mistake I am not singular in ; since several of
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the greatest Men of all Ages have agreed, that great Learning, or, which is usually thought the same thing, much Reading, is rather an Impediment, than Aid to our Virtue. I might quote on this Occasion the great Man from whom I have taken my *Motto*, among many others : but this Authority would be too antiquated for my purpose ; and therefore I shall chuse to express my Sense of this matter in the words of an ingenious *Modern*, and a *Foreigner* too, whom you have more than once mentioned with approbation ; and so conclude this Letter without any farther Apology for the uncivil treatment I have been said to give to the *Muses*.

‘ I apprehend, there is no necessity for
 ‘ reading any further than for a little Instruc-
 ‘ tion ; or to pass away a melancholy hour,
 ‘ when the Mind, having exhausted its own
 ‘ stock, and grown languid, requires the re-
 ‘ lief of other Mens Thoughts. I am also of
 ‘ opinion that there are no good or excellent
 ‘ Books, but what have been written on Sub-
 ‘ jects which the Authors made their chief
 ‘ study, and whereof they are really masters ;
 ‘ in regard there is no true Knowledge but
 ‘ what comes by Experience. Some of those
 ‘ who have made Wisdom and Virtue their
 ‘ Study, and actually excelled in them,
 ‘ have written on that Subject ; and those
 ‘ Books ought to suffice us, being distinguish-
 ‘ ed from all others by their containing Senti-
 ‘ ments

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'ments which are the natural Language of a
 'Man in his right Judgment, who speaks
 'what passes within himself in the simplicity
 'of his Heart, without the tedious and labo-
 'rious manner of descanting upon things.
 'For Men never are reduced to Argumenta-
 'tion, but for want of cultivating their na-
 'tural Sentiments, which never would play
 'them false, if they but left them at liberty,
 'and followed the Dictates of that Huma-
 'nity which produces them. Just Sentiments
 'are the genuine product of the Heart, which
 'nothing but an inborn Inclination to Good-
 'ness can cherish and bring to life. As they
 'are formed by Nature in us, so they have a
 'perfect conformity with Nature; and the
 'Truths they convey are just as natural to
 'Mankind as the Method by which they are
 'conveyed. But when we give ourselves up
 'to reasoning upon every thing, and talk al-
 'ways in the argumentative strain, our natu-
 'ral Sentiments are stifled; and as these Rea-
 'sonings owe their Original to a corrupted
 'Taste, so they corrupt our Taste still more,
 'and divest us of that Simplicity which di-
 'rects us to Truth in the easiest manner.
 'The plain honest Man is ignorant of the
 'Art of Reasoning, and he who is master of
 'his own Business neglects it. It is an Art
 'owing to a savage and unmanly Idleness,
 'and to a false Curiosity begotten by it;
 'and so ought to be given up to those Men,
 'who have all their Humanity in their heads,
 'where

‘ where their Reason takes its full play, and
 ‘ works all its Wonders. These are your
 ‘ *Literati*, who make Knowledge their whole
 ‘ Business, and drunk with the Fumes of it,
 ‘ forego all the Blessings of an honest Heart,
 ‘ with which they have lost all manner of
 ‘ acquaintance. And the Effect hereof is,
 ‘ that among them Obstinacy and Disputes
 ‘ take place of the Love of Truth, of the
 ‘ Diffidence necessary to find it out, and of
 ‘ the Temper and Moderation requisite to
 ‘ communicate it to others.

‘ I CANNOT help looking on these Peo-
 ‘ ple as the Authors of all that is bad and ri-
 ‘ diculous in Reading ; and consequently one
 ‘ great Source of the Corruption and Follies
 ‘ of Mankind. That Air of Importance they
 ‘ give to the most useless and trifling Matters,
 ‘ is without doubt the Cause, that we have so
 ‘ many Writers, who fill the World with Im-
 ‘ pertinence and Nonsense. And the Example
 ‘ by this means given of great Reading, and
 ‘ of Mens spending their Lives in it, has also
 ‘ this ill effect, that it influences many to read
 ‘ more than they otherwise would.

‘ IF we shun all this sort of Reading, and
 ‘ leave to the *Mob* of every kind, that vast
 ‘ number of Books which have been written
 ‘ to them, and which perhaps are capable of
 ‘ making them a *Mob*, if they were not so al-
 ‘ ready ; we shall have our Minds more free
 ‘ from Prejudice, and more weaned from
 ‘ those Follies which contract and lessen them.

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' We shall also approach much nearer to
 ' Truth, by giving greater attention to what
 ' passes in our own Breasts, where Truth is
 ' most frequently found, and seldom fails to
 ' make a lasting Impression, if we give it but
 ' leave. We shall not measure Truth by nar-
 ' row and conceited Rules; and above all,
 ' shall gain the singular advantage of not re-
 ' jecting Opinions inconsistent with what we
 ' imagine ourselves to know already, which
 ' frequently does us a hundred times more hurt,
 ' than all the Knowledge we get by reading
 ' does us good.

' It never was the Intention of Nature
 ' that Men should make no other use of their
 ' *Ideas* but to gather them into a Magazine.
 ' The Perfection of thinking is to be able to
 ' form them aright as occasion offers, and to
 ' follow the Dictates of common Reason, the
 ' only proper Method to preserve that Free-
 ' dom of Mind, which is the foundation of
 ' all true Knowledge. One may venture to
 ' affirm of the most part of your Men of pro-
 ' digious reading, that they are really more
 ' ignorant than those they term the *Vulgar*,
 ' having much less Knowledge of Mankind, a
 ' Science, without which, all others are so
 ' far from being Accomplishments, that they
 ' only render Men monstrous, by giving a
 ' false Lustre to a very disagreeable Character.
 ' This is that Science, unknown to the Lear-
 ' ned, which shews us the real Worth of
 ' Things, to which there is every day oc-
 ' casion

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‘ cation to have recourse. How little of it
‘ these Gentlemen understand, the greatest
‘ part of their own Learning is a plain proof;
‘ nothing being a surer mark of Ignorance,
‘ than to make Collections of *Facts* and *Opi-*
‘ *nions* conducive to no valuable purpose in
‘ Life, and to form a Science purely to display
‘ the Art of *Reasoning*; like School-boys who
‘ are every day climbing, with no other View
‘ than to shew how dextrous they are at the
‘ Exercise.’

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

PUBLICOLA.



N^o 93. *Saturday, January 8, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

— *Facies non omnibus una.* OVID.

S I R,



T is a Notion of the celebrated
Mr. *Leibnitz*, that there are not
in the whole Compass of Nature
any two Things exactly alike.
If there were, it would destroy
one of the first Principles of that great Man's
Philosophy: for, according to him, there

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can be nothing done without a *sufficient Reason* for the doing of it, arising from the Nature and Proportion of things one to another. Now if any two Particles of Matter, for instance, were exactly alike, there could be no reason, in the nature of things, for assigning to either of them *this* or *that* Position, it being a matter of absolute *Indifference*, which of them should be *upper*, or *under*, or *hither*, or *yonder*, in respect of their situation. And where there is an absolute *Indifference*, there can be no Choice, at least such a Choice as is founded on a *sufficient Reason*; and consequently, had the first Principles of things consisted of perfectly similar Parts, the *forming Mind* must have remained in an eternal suspence, and the magnificent Fabrick of the Universe for ever continued in the Womb of *Non-entity*, in a state of endless Confusion and Blindness. It is therefore to the *Discordia Semina rerum* that the World, in a great measure, owes that Beauty and Proportion we admire in it. Nor does its present State give us a faint Hint what an infinite Variety there must have been in the Materials of which it is composed; since, according to an elegant Description of Mr. *Pope's*, we are every where surrounded with numberless Beauties, all of different Forms and Appearances in some respects.

*Not Chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But like the World, harmoniously confus'd;
Where Order in Variety we see,
And where, tho all things differ, all agree.*

HISTORY

HISTORY informs us, that the Emperor *Charles V.* after his Resignation, spent most of his time in the Study and Practice of *Mechanicks*. Among other Exercises of this kind he took a particular delight in the making of Clocks; and was exceeding anxious to have them so exact, that they should all strike at the same Instant; but after many repeated Trials found it impracticable. Upon which he is said to have made this Reflection, How vain a thing it was to attempt to make all Men think one way in Matters of Religion; since by Experience he was convinced, that he could not *compel* Machines of his own making to an exact Uniformity.

I AM not certain, whether that universal Contempt, which, in all Ages, Imitation, and Imitators have lain under, has arisen from a sense of the impossibility of arriving at a perfect Resemblance; but it has indeed a very plausible Appearance. And as the following Nature has always been esteemed the truest part of Wisdom, we may well imagine, that the Reason why Men despised Imitation so much, was because they judged it a vain, and consequently an unnatural Endeavour of reaching at Excellence. This at least is sure, that in the Arts of Politeness and Elegance of any kind, it has been always held the mark of a low and little Genius, to borrow the Mien, and creep servilely after the Fashion of other Persons.

ALL this however does not hinder the Generation of Imitators from being a very great and numerous Body. They are a kind of Shadow inseparable from any sort or degree of Eminence. Nay, the very Follies and Impertinences of Persons in any exalted Station are frequently copied out by Multitudes of People, in the integrity of their Heart, without the least design of making court to those they imitate. But the Humour displays it self most visibly, as well as most preposterously, in the *Beau Monde*, who are perpetually endeavouring to appear what they are not, and to be like something, to which it is impossible they can bear the least resemblance. There is hardly a genteel handsome Man that makes his appearance in a publick Place, but who has immediately a great number of Coxcombs in his Livery, that they may look like him. I have seen a hump-back'd *Beau*, not five foot high, strut with his Hat cock'd in the same manner, which he had observed to look gallantly on a General Officer; and have known several battered old Rakes, who made constant use of Washes and Ointments, to preserve the Bloom of a tawny and shrivel'd Complexion.

At present, the Care and Study of this Race of fine Gentlemen seem to be employed in changing their Sex, and becoming possessed, more ways than one, of those Charms they admire in the Ladies. With this notable

table View we may see them every day going over into the Female World, and abdicating, as far as in them lies, their Title to Manhood. All the Arts of Effeminacy have been employed, and no manner of Industry spared that could give the least promise of effectually abolishing the Order of Nature. I have been sometimes under apprehensions, that we should refine so far, that as the Ladies, upon some occasions, condescend to wear one half of the Masculine Apparel, so we, to return the Compliment, should take it in our heads to appear constantly in theirs. And I am of opinion, that nothing hinders this intimate Union with the Fair Sex, but that their Fashions are so perpetually varying, that it is found impracticable to overtake them. Were they but once come to a stop, I make no doubt, that one half of our Sex would desert their Party, and appear as completely Females, as it is in the power of Valets and Taylors to make them.

Do but look at that little fluttering Creature *Cosmicus*. Observe how he languishes, and reclines his Head upon one shoulder. Nothing can be whiter than his Hands, unless it be his Teeth. It cost his Valet, and other Attendants, four hours and three quarters of this Morning, to make him what you see him. He is just now deep in the Vapours, which is the reason you see him speaking to himself. What he is saying is none of his own, but some tender Scrap out of his

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Favourite *Waller* ; but whatever he is saying, you may depend upon it, he is at the same time practising to *lisp*. To shew you the Delicacy of his Constitution, he is constantly complaining of the Cold, and by that means making an excuse for the Badness of his Voice. When he comes into a Room, he curtsies, and then laughs at it, as a designed Absurdity. When he quarrels with his Servant, he calls him a *Bitch*, and always swears half-Oaths. But for all his Softness and Delicacy, I would not advise any of our Sex rashly to affront him ; for he may happen to do a brave Man a mischief, in regard the Sex he has chosen affords him the Protection of a Pair of *Boddice*, which are of excellent use against the Perils of *Cold Iron*.

THIS is the Character not of a single Person, but of a whole Species. Nor is it in the least heightned beyond the Truth, or more monstrous than the Life. There are a vast many of these *Trimmers* between the Sexes to be met with in all Places of genteel Resort about the Town, who hardly want any thing in their Dress but *Petticoats*, to make them finished Coquettes. Nature however continues very obstinate against them, and is by no means favourable to their Design. An exact similitude is no more to be expected here than in other things. There are found several unrelenting Features in a masculine Face, beyond the power of
Lotions

Lotions and Cosmeticks to soften; and certain rugged Airs in a male Person, proof against the most strenuous endeavours to lay them aside. And hence it is, that all the Care and Niceness of these Persons only tend to make them more remarkably ugly, and more unlike what they would resemble; which is the usual fate of all Men who mistake their own Character, and endeavour to excel in the wrong place. The greatest Proficients in this Art have not been hitherto able to make any thing of it, or to do any more than expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule, as well from the Sex they have taken up, as from that they have relinquished. Unless they could acquire the skill of eradicating their *Beards*, and throwing out of their Persons a great many other Imperfections natural to the Male Kind, it is to be feared, that all their Projects will for ever prove unsuccessful.

WOMEN are said to be very tenacious of their own Humour, and proof against all the Power of Argument and Advice. It is therefore probable, that Counsel would be lost upon those Gentlemen, who have made that Sex so much their Model; and indeed I much fear, that in this respect they transcend their Originals. But if one might presume to give a word of Counsel on this head, I would desire them to consider, how unnatural and impracticable the Enterprize is in which they have embarked. If the
Laws

Laws of Nature forbid, that any two minute Particles of Matter should be exactly alike, how much more impossible is it to reduce such a complex System as a human Person into a perfect Uniformity with another? And were it practicable, the Intention of Nature would be defeated in establishing a Distinction between the Sexes; and the Position of the Moral World inverted; or rather things brought into such Confusion, as to render the Offices of Life precarious and uncertain. How would they take it, should the Fair Sex improve upon the Hint given them, and falling in with the Exercises and Occupations proper to the Male part of Mankind, acquire such a degree of Strength and Robustness, as to be able to fill the active Scenes of Life themselves, and turn down their Adorers into the Business of Oeconomy and the Domestic? How would it mortify them to see their *Gold-headed Canes* degraded into *Distaffs*; and their *Snuff-Boxes* converted into *Saucepans*? What a decent Figure would a *Beau* make at a *Spinning-Wheel*; or how compose himself to darn his Mistress's *Stockings*? Would he be as willing to wash Linen as to wear it, or to make his Fair one a *Mechlin* Lappet with the same Spirit that he now praises her graceful manner of putting it on? In a word, would the most refined Spark of the whole Tribe be content to sit all day moaping at home over *Tea* and
and

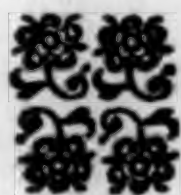
and *Romances*, while the Female Rake, his Spouse, enjoyed her full liberty of running about to Coffee-houses, and Taverns, and that principal Seat of manly and virtuous Recreation, the *Groom-Porter's* ?

THESE are my Apprehensions of that Revolution for which I see some Persons expressing such fondness, and making so great advances towards it ; which makes me think it my Duty, to warn my Countrymen against so great and imminent a danger ; or at least to beg they would defer such an important Change, till some more favourable Juncture of Affairs, when it might be effected without producing such a train of ill Consequences.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 94. *Saturday, January 14, 1726.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

*Non ille pro caris amicis,
Aut patria timidus perire.*

H O R.

S I R,



T is a very common, but indeed a very pernicious Practice among many Men of Sense and Learning, to condemn every great and bold Undertaking in a single Person, as rash and imprudent, if he had not sufficient Means in his power, or at least a fair probability, to secure himself of coming off successfully. Men, say they, are rational Creatures, who ought not to throw away their Lives at a venture, or expose themselves to danger in vain and fruitless Enterprizes. They should calculate their Forces, and find them equal to what they propose, before they engage in any Attempt of Difficulty and Hazard, lest they make Matters worse than before, by depriving the Cause they have espoused of an honest and able Asserter. To do otherwise, is to set up animal Courage in the room of true and reasonable

sonable Manhood ; and to sacrifice a thing of great Value and Importance, the Life of a virtuous and brave Man, to a Whim of Honour, and the Enthusiasm of a great Heart.

I CANNOT deny, but that, in general, this sort of Reasoning is pretty just ; and that no Man ought to sacrifice his Life, but with a view to promote some good and valuable End. But at the same time, I can by no means admit the Consequence, that we ought not to hazard our Lives in the defence of injured Innocence, distressed Virtue, or an endangered Country, unless when we are certain, or at least it is highly probable, that the direct Good we shall by that means obtain to the Interest we are engaged in, shall be equal in value to the Lives we thus expose. There are other Ends a brave Man may promote, besides those he has immediately in his view, by risking his Life in a just and honourable Cause, which are of greater importance to Mankind, than perhaps any single Life ever was, or will be. The direct Good which any Man can produce, commonly lies in a very narrow Compass ; but yet his Actions may indirectly, and without his having such a View, produce very diffusive and lasting Effects. The immediate Profit of most Mens Actions is confined to their own Country, or to their Contemporaries ; whereas the Influence of their Example may extend to the whole World, and to latest

latest Posterity. Regard therefore is to be had by every wise and good Man to these more remote and more generous Ends, as well as to those which more immediately spirit him up to Action. And consequently it is not fair to accuse a brave Man of *Foolhardiness* and *Temerity*, who in the honesty of his Soul rushes into Danger, perhaps without any great prospect of Success, to relieve a beloved Friend, or attack an unjust Invader of his Country.

LONGINUS, in his Treatise of the *Sublime*, censures a Brother Author for having written on the same Subject in a low and languishing Style. To write coolly upon *Courage*, might perhaps give occasion for a Criticism of the same nature. But however that be, it is certain, that to run down *Heroism* and *Gallantry*, when exerted for noble and virtuous Purposes, tho not always directed by the strict Rules of Prudence, with regard to the preservation of Life, has a very great tendency to lessen the Principle of Fortitude in Men; and to make them more wary and timorous, than is consistent with that true Valour, which is founded on the Contempt of Death. Men, for the most part, need few Cautions against plain and evident Danger; the Biass drawing strongly that way already. The Safety of the *Private System* seldom fails to be consulted in such Cases, without needing to have the *Publick Good* brought in as an additional Motive.

Motive. On the contrary, judicious Moralists have always found it necessary to fortify the *Publick* Principle, by Considerations drawn from the Pleasure arising to the *Individual*, in following its Impulses. So that, in effect, there is not only little occasion to admonish Men against an impetuous and over-boiling Courage ; but if there were, it is dangerous to endeavour at abating its Fervour, lest it should receive too great a damp, and lose its Vigor in the Correction of its Violence.

IF we look into Antiquity, we shall find, that the greatest Endeavours both of their Philosophers and Legislators were taken to fortify the Minds of their Disciples and People against Death and Danger. One of the first Principles inculcated upon them always was, the Worthlessness of Life, when set in competition with Virtue and Honour ; and the Baseness of surviving a Defeat, tho even with an Intention of reserving themselves for future Service to their Country. Such a deliberate Temper was not allowed to enter into the Composition of the brave and gallant Man. Speeches of this kind would have been esteemed only the Subterfuges of Treachery or Cowardice. How those Nations flourished under this Discipline, I need not inform my Readers ; nor how their Youth, animated with these exalted Notions of Honour, which proved to them an invincible Armour against the Fear of Death, gave such Proofs
of

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of their Virtue, of every kind, as have filled all succeeding Ages with Admiration and Astonishment.

INDEED, considering how base a Principle all Fear is, it is hardly possible to conceive, how true Virtue can consist with the Fear of Death ; nor on the other hand, how true Courage, when thorowly provoked, can calmly sit down and deliberate on any other way of repelling an Injury, than by fairly attacking him who commits it. And if the Injury be done to many, the more Bravery there is shewn in resenting it, is the greater and nobler Evidence of Virtue. Sacrifices made on such an account, even when the Event has proved unprosperous, have still had a useful and excellent Effect, in the Impressions they leave on the Minds of others.

I REMEMBER, Sir *W. Temple*, in one of his Letters, expresses his great Concern, that this bold and undaunted Spirit was not rather cherished among Men, than exposed either to Censure or Raillery. ‘ I would
 ‘ have been glad, *says he*, to have seen Mr.
 ‘ *Cowley* before he died, celebrate Captain
 ‘ *Douglas's* Death, who stood and burnt in
 ‘ one of our Ships at *Chatham*, when his
 ‘ Soldiers left him, because it should never
 ‘ be said, a *Douglas* quitted his Post with-
 ‘ out order. Whether it be wise in Men to
 ‘ do such Actions or no, I am sure, it is in
 ‘ *States*, to honour them ; and if they can,
 ‘ to turn the Vein of Wits, to raise up the
 ‘ Esteem

‘ Esteem of some Qualities above their real
 ‘ Value, rather than bring every thing to
 ‘ Burlesque.’

THE Instance here mentioned cannot perhaps be justified by the strict Rules of Reason ; and yet it is a proof of great Honour, and of noble and virtuous Principles. Nay, I may venture to affirm, that the Example of this brave Gentleman, and consequently every other like it, was capable of producing greater and more notable Effects, than even the Life of so valuable a Man could have done, had he gone upon more prudential Maxims, and saved himself for future Occasions of serving his Country. So that, if Wisdom is to be estimated by the Extensiveness of its Operations, there seems to be more of it in such great and sublime Actions, than there often is in those which are concerted with more Art and Design, and carried on with greater Circumspection and Temper.

GENEROUS and great Minds are not to be measured by the Standard of common Men, nor their Actions to be brought under the same Regulations. The Warmth of a great and courageous Heart, glowing with a Sense of Wrongs done to its Friends or Country, does not well agree with that Coolness of Head, and Watchfulness of Occasions, which are often found in Men of narrow Souls, and small Talents, and by means of which they are enabled to conduct their

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Designs, whether good or ill, with a surer prospect of Success. The one always pursue the direct Means to obtain their End, without much considering their Efficacy to do so ; while the others are continually looking out for the safest and likeliest Means of doing Business, and seldom discompose themselves with inquiring, whether the Course they are taking be the most honourable, or otherwise. The great Mind is ever bold and enterprizing ; the little Genius diffident and cautious. The Actions of the one seek the Day, and the High-Road ; those of the other affect Obscurity, and private Paths. The one, as soon as he meets his Enemy, is in a Rage, and flies at him, without regarding whether he is able to cope with him, or no. But the other, if conscious of his own Inability, accosts him with a smooth and fair face of Negotiation, and with great dexterity smites him under the fifth Rib.

THIS is the true distinction of Character between the Man of Gallantry and Resolution, and one of a wary and timorous Nature. There may be Benevolence and good Designs in the Hearts of both ; but I think, it is pretty easy to see, whose Benevolence of the two displays itself in the most amiable and graceful manner. The only Question is, which of the two Methods of acting ought to be most inculcated, in good Policy, on the Members of Society, for the publick Interest. And this, I apprehend, may be brought

brought to a short Issue. That Quality, with which the greater Numbers of Men may most easily be inspired, ought to have the preference of that, which, in all Ages and Nations, has been attain'd only by a few, and depends much less on the Goodness of the Affections than of the Understanding. Now it is evident, that most Men have the Seeds of Courage and Fortitude implanted in them, and consequently are capable of being roused up to great and glorious Services in a worthy and honourable Cause: whereas refined Policy, and Stratagems, are what few Men have a Genius for; and if they have not a Genius, all Endeavours to teach them those Arts, instead of making them true and able Politicians, will only terminate in giving them a little wretched Cunning, and a certain aukward Composition of the Coward and the Trickster. And as it is the business of Wisdom rather to form Mens Hearts than their Heads, that alone is a sufficient Reason to cherish a Discipline, which a whole Nation is capable of learning and exercising, and which is of daily use and advantage in one respect or other; rather than one which very few Men can master, and which seldom turns to account but upon extraordinary Emergencies, in Times of great Weakness, or of universal Corruption.

AMONG free Nations especially it is of the utmost importance to keep up their native Courage, and Greatness of Heart. The

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British Nations owe the Preservation of their Liberties, under God, chiefly to the prevalence of this manly Principle among them. But how is this Spirit still to be propagated and continued? No otherwise, in short, than like all other Virtues, by endeavouring to keep it awake and active in ourselves first; and by banishing out of our Thoughts, as criminal and traiterous, all indecent and impertinent Suppositions of its ever happening to be wise and prudent for a good Man to survive the Ruin of his Country. No Man, who thus attempts to warm his own Heart, needs be under any apprehensions, that his Example shall not be followed, or that there ever shall be wanting Multitudes of *Britons* to recognize that first and glorious Principle of *Roman* Virtue, *Dulce & decorum pro patria mori.*

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº 95.



Nº 95. Saturday, January 21, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*;

— *Sensus, moresque repugnant ;
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater, & æqui.* HOR.

S I R,



OF all Counterfeits, the greatest and most pernicious is that of Goodness and Virtue ; and consequently there is none which it is so much the Interest of Mankind to have detected and exposed. Whoever has looked into Human Nature, cannot but have observed, that some virtuous Dispositions, for want of a proper Regulation and Direction, are capable of being drawn in to the commission of the most foolish and unjustifiable Actions. Even Good-nature, and Humanity, unless put under the guidance of Reason, may be productive of very inhuman and unjust Effects ; since if it degenerates into an over-great Facility, and considers rather Mens Distresses than their Merits, what carries the appearance of Compassion and Generosity to one Man, may prove Oppression and Cruelty to Multitudes. The

Gentleness of such Minds is a kind of Treachery, which betrays the Cause of Humanity itself, by not being proof against the Sollicitations of mere tenderness, unsupported by any Arguments of Reason and Justice.

IN like manner, among Men skilled in the Arts of Life, and Ways of the World, and who have Coolness enough of Temper to dissemble their Faults, there are many Vices, which nearly approach to Virtue, and easily put on its resemblance; because, instead of betraying a Man into obvious and scandalous Follies, they rather affect the Mask of Abstinence and Recollection. Men of this Character can so accommodate their ill Qualities to the good ones of those with whom they transact any Business, as sometimes to get the Approbation and Esteem of the very best of Men, and to draw them by degrees into Projects, which, at first perhaps, they could not have heard mentioned without abhorrence and shivering. Thus downright Covetousness passes every day upon the World for Management and Frugality; Spleen, Melancholy, and Disrelish of Joy, for Sobriety, Temperance, and Delicacy of Taste; Moroseness and Stupidity, for rigid Virtue and Gravity: Invidious and uncharitable Reflections on the innocent Mirth and Gaiety of others, are made to seem the genuine Effects of Discretion, and Hatred of Vice; Tale-bearing and Slander come under

der the appellation of Honesty and Fidelity ; and Pride, and Malice, are often so well managed, as to put themselves off for a generous Contempt of every thing ill, and a settled Aversion to all Dishonesty and Wickedness. In short, the very worst Qualities Men can have, and which produce the greatest and most numerous Mischiefs to Mankind, are such as are capable of having the fairest Gloss put upon them ; while Mens private Vices and Follies, the Evil of which is nothing so extensive, are, tho with the utmost difficulty, either concealed or disguised, and consequently the Possessors of them much more easily avoided by such as fear either their Practices, or Example.

BUT among all the Counterfeits of Virtue, there is no one has done such Mischief, and produced such Misery and Desolation in the World, as that impious and ungodly Principle, which, under pretence of Zeal for the Honour of God, and regard to the Truths of Religion, has taught Men to persecute and destroy one another, on account of their different Opinions in Matters purely spiritual, and which no ways contribute to the Good of Society, be they either true or false. That such a Principle has prevailed in the World is evident, not only from the History of two thousand Years past, but from the constant Practice, and open Professions of great Bodies, and formed Societies of Men to this day. Nor is it less plain,

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that however unjust and cruel such a Principle may seem to a Man of Humanity and common Sense, yet it has been inculcated and promoted among Men, not only as a point of great Importance, but as flowing from a virtuous and commendable Disposition. It is therefore of use to inquire into this Matter, and to examine how reconcilable the persecuting Principle is with the natural Notions Men have of Equity and Goodness ; which shall be the Subject of this Paper. What effects the practice of it has had on the Peace and Happiness of Mankind, may perhaps come under consideration more particularly hereafter.

CRUELTY, at first sight, is shocking to Human Nature : but the Question is, what is Cruelty ; since, in some cases, it is not only allowable, but absolutely necessary, to inflict Loss and Pain upon some Persons, for the greater Good either of particular Societies, or of Mankind ; in which cases Severity is so far from being cruel, that it would be cruel and barbarous to forbear it. The Punishment of Criminals is an Instance of this sort, wherein a State, for the defence of itself, and the Members of which it is composed, against the Practices and Example of wicked and profligate Men, exerts its Power for their Chastisement, or their Destruction, in proportion to the Evil of their Crimes. And here, as it is impossible any Nation can subsist without restraining the Violence of
ill.

ill-disposed Men, the Severities inflicted on the guilty, instead of flowing from Hatred and Malice, are only Acts of Justice and Compassion to the deserving, and the innocent.

BUT yet it is certain, that even publick Justice, if not temperately and impartially administred, may degenerate into Tyranny and Cruelty. If those entrusted with the Execution of it mingle their private Resentments with the publick Vengeance; if they delight in the Misery of the Guilty, and play the wanton with Mens Sufferings, like a *Nero*, or a *Jefferies*: In any of these Cases, I say, Men plainly shew themselves to be rather actuated by a fierce and savage Nature, than by an honest regard to Justice, and the Welfare of the Society by whom they are employed. And the Proofs hereof are commonly so obvious, that the most unthinking Spectator can easily know what Disposition to ascribe it to, when they see a Judge discover a fondness to find Men guilty, and take pleasure in exercising the utmost Rigor and Severity of the Law.

IN like manner, it shews a very ill Disposition in a People, or a Legislator, when their Laws are so framed with respect to Punishment, as to regard the Authority of the Power which enacts them, more than the Demerits of Criminals, or the Nature and ill Tendency of their Crimes. This is not only done when Penalties are laid upon good or
innocent

innocent Actions, but when all Crimes are made equal, or small Faults made liable to Punishments not proportioned to them, and which they do not deserve. The common Pretence used to justify such unreasonable Severities, is to preserve the Authority, and maintain the Reverence Men ought to bear to the Legislature ; which is both a Principle of Prudence, and the Care of the Community, whose Safety depends so much on their Governors having the full exercise of their Power of doing Good. But have we not reason, for the most part, to suspect this only to be a Pretence ? And is there not ground to believe, that People who are in possession of Power, and appear in a perpetual endeavour to extend it, or to exercise it with rigor, are rather sacrificing to Ambition and Ill-nature, than acting upon the generous Motive of the publick Good ? Are they not making themselves the Publick, instead of the Society ? Do they not rather discover a Pleasure in the Sufferings of the Criminal, than that true and manly Satisfaction which arises from a sense of having delivered the Society from an Enemy ? And have not the Effects of this Temper, in all Ages, constantly been Uncharitableness, barbarous Pride, and inexorable Tyranny ? And if so, is there not all possible reason to conclude, that such Men act rather from a perverse and savage Disposition, than from mistaken Notions of the best Means to promote the publick Good ;
since

since it is hardly conceivable, how such execrable and diabolical Effects could ever proceed from any virtuous or innocent Principle?

To judge of this matter aright, let us see what Aspect it would bear in any of the common Affairs of Life. Let us take that familiar Instance mentioned by *Horace*, in the *Satire* from whence I had my *Motto*. A Master is there represented as ordering his Servant to be crucified, for only licking his Fingers; and making that small Transgression equal in punishment with the highest degree of Unfaithfulness or Villany. No doubt, this would greatly tend to strengthen his Authority among his other Slaves, and probably deter them from many wicked Practices. But let him pretend this Motive as long as he pleased, would any impartial By-stander take his word for it, that such an unjust and inhuman Sentence proceeded from pure Goodness and Virtue? Or if any Man should rave in that manner, should we not much sooner conclude, that he had perverted the Notions of Good and Ill; than that his Ends were really good, and he had only miscalculated the Means for carrying them on?

I HAVE seen, and so I believe have most of my Readers, a stupid Pedant, with a Face of great Sagacity, and full of Inference, martyr the delicate Limbs and yet more delicate Spirit of a lovely and sprightly Boy, the Comfort and Delight of his fond Parents,
for

for no greater Trespafs than misconjugating a Verb, or perhaps some little childish Freak, owing to nothing but pure Gaiety and Innocence. Should any one have asked the impregnable Dunce, what he meant by chastising a trivial Fault with so much Brutality, I make no question, but he would immediately have trump'd up his Authority, and urged the necessity he was under to make some severe Examples, that he might keep his unruly Disciples in order. This, perhaps, might pass for once or twice: But if we saw him continue still the same *wholesom Severities*, and found in him a marvellous promptitude to exert his dear Authority on all occasions, should we not begin to think, that the Love of it had engrossed the whole Man, and was become his governing Passion? Or should we rather believe the gloomy Fellow's fair Professions, and, in contradiction to all our Senses, when we see him take such delight in the Exercise, and repeat it so constantly, fondly imagine, that he distributed his Birch and Blows with so much impetuosity out of perfect good-will and tenderness to the poor Innocent he had under correction?

Credat Judæus Apella.

To apply these Observations to the Case in hand. Can any thing be a stronger evidence

dence of a perverted Disposition, and of the utter extinction of those *Original Ideas* of Goodness which the Divine Being has implanted in us, than such a Temper as conceives the highest Indignation against Men for doing what is not only lawful and innocent, but their Duty? For surely nothing can be more a Duty, than that which it is utterly impossible for a Man not to do, as is the case in believing, which it is in no Man's power to command contrary to Evidence. And where the things in debate are of little importance to Mankind, as those generally have been which have raised the greatest Confusions in the Christian World, it is plain, that as the Foundation for it is less, the Antipathy against Men on account of their differing from us in such Points is still the more criminal and vicious. Let Men pretend what they will, when we see them treat one another as if they were wild Beasts, we cannot help thinking, that they must look on those to whom they give such Usage with Resentment and Anger; and on themselves as a Race of more perfect and excellent Beings, who ought to bear Rule, and exercise Dominion in the Earth. A Spirit diametrically opposite to that divine Principle of christian Charity, which *as it thinketh no evil*, so neither is it at any time *puffed up*.

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I KNOW, the Honour of God is usually brought in to justify Penalties and Pains in Affairs of Religion. But this mends the matter very little ; since it proceeds on a supposition, that the Author of all Goodness is subject to the same Impotence of Passion and Resentment that we are, and that he weighs Mens Offences not according to their real Moment, but according to our weak and foolish Prejudices concerning them. And tho Men may alledge, they have lovely Ideas of such a Being, it is not conceivable how they can have true and just Ideas of Loveliness, when they ascribe it to so much Imperfection ; or how a Temper formed on such Notions of Goodness, can be any other, in fact, than evil and malicious.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.



Nº. 96.



Nº 96. Saturday, January 28, 1726.

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal*.

Eodem foro utuntur principatus & libertas. PLIN.

S I R,



Y Thoughts on the Subject of last Saturday's Paper have been very agreeably diverted by the Perusal of his Majesty's most gracious Speech, at the opening of the present Session of the *British* Parliament. I believe there are few People who have right Notions of the Safety and Happiness of their Country, of the true Interest of *Europe*, or of the just Rights and Liberties of Mankind, but what have conceived at once the highest degree of Pleasure and Resentment upon this Occasion ; on the one hand, from his Majesty's tender Care and Concern for those valuable Interests, and on the other, from the Discovery of those pernicious Contrivances, which have, for some time past, been carrying on both at home and abroad against them. Such Sentiments, delivered from the Throne of *Great Britain*, cannot but give Life and Vigour to the Resolutions of a brave and free People, against the Attempts of any ambitious

ous and ill-advised Princes, who would impose Popery and Slavery upon them, and expect no less Reward for their so doing, than those Parts of the *British* Dominions, which are not only the Trophies of the Deliverance of *Europe* by their victorious Arms, but the principal Security they have for the peaceable Enjoyment of those Advantages in Trade and Commerce, which they purchased by their Services in the common Cause, at a vast expence both of Blood and Treasure.

BUT whatever Reflections the King's Speech may suggest to Politicians, with respect to the present Face of Affairs, as they are the proper Business of wiser Heads, so they are not of such lasting Use and Influence, notwithstanding their present Importance, as those which arise from his Majesty's gracious and condescending Manner of communicating the Posture of the publick Affairs, and his own Sentiments upon them, to his People. The Effects hereof will, in all probability, last to latest Posterity; and be felt when the Commotions which gave rise to those Expressions of Royal Care and Goodness, shall only be considered as a little Disturbance in the World, of no other consequence than to gratify the Taste of such as are curious to know the Transactions of former Ages. It is not the bare Relation of Battles and Sieges, of Countries laid desolate, and vast Numbers of Mankind destroyed, however proper these are
 280 3 to

to be recorded, which make up the truly entertaining and useful Part of History. The Institutions of wise States and Lawgivers, the prudent Administrations of good and just Kings, their Policies to prevent the Incroachments of their covetous and aspiring Neighbours, and their fatherly Care to provide for the Happiness of their People, by the enacting of wholesom Laws, and the due and impartial Distribution of Justice, are the chief Things which make History a beneficial Study to Mankind; Instances of these being of constant use in all Times and all Places: whereas the Memorials of warlike Proceedings can only be serviceable in troublesome Times, and upon emergent Occasions.

It must give every honest Heart a particular Pleasure to think, that we live under a Constitution which lays our Kings under a happy Incapacity of carrying on any great Design, without having an Intercourse with their People: And how must it heighten that Pleasure, when the Genius of a King is agreeable to that Constitution? The Wisdom of our Ancestors gave us the first; and whoever, without going farther back, reads his Majesty's Speech, must be convinced, that the last is our peculiar Happiness at present: by which means, the Example of the one strengthening the Fences of the other, we have the delightful prospect that this Harmony in our Government shall be perpetuated to all Generations. But such, for the most part, is the perverseness

ness of Mens Minds, that they seldom know the Value of the Blessings they enjoy; till they feel the want of them: In the absence of Sickneſs and Famine, they reflect very little on the great Advantages of Health and Plenty; thoſe theſe are indeed the principal Comforts in Life, without which all the reſt would not only loſe their Reliſh, but their very Being. So, I doubt not, but there are ſome, who for want of conſidering the Circumſtances of other Nations at preſent, and ourſelves in former Times, think it perhaps a light thing for a People to receive ſo many Marks of Affection and Confidence from the Throne. But if we will take the pains to look a little backwards, we ſhall find a quite different Aſpect of Things, and be the better enabled to enjoy the delightful Scene ariſing out of the preſent Form of Affairs.

PARLIAMENTS have indeed been held in all Ages the Great Council of the Nation, and the King's beſt and trueſt Advifers. Our greateſt and wiſeſt Princes have been ſenſible of this, and never failed making themſelves happy and glorious, by ſteddily purſuing a Maxim founded on the very Nature of our Conſtitution. The Neceſſity of it is ſo plain and obvious, that thoſe who have the leaſt acquaintance with our Government cannot avoid ſeeing it. Foreigners have been able to perceive it, as well as ourſelves. A great and eminent Statesman informs us, that he once was in Converſation with a *French* Gen-

Gentleman, who averred, with an Oath, that 'A King of *England*, who would be 'the Man of his People, was the greatest 'King in the World; but if he would be 'any thing more, he was nothing at all.' Yet, notwithstanding the evident Advantages of such a Conduct, many of our Princes have been so ill advised as to fall in with Measures directly opposite; and to give their Parliaments such Treatment, as must make us ashamed of ourselves, if we felt not the highest Sense of Joy and Thankfulness for the different and gracious Usage to which we are now accustomed.

It is not much more than a Century since we had a Monarch, who having been nurtured with great Care, and imbibed much Erudition in his early Years, imagined he had more Wisdom, as well as more Authority, than all his People put together. For this reason, he always thought it an Incroachment on both, whenever his Parliaments took the Liberty of inspecting the *Ardua Regni*, which he considered as a Province reserved to himself. Some little Affairs, indeed, he permitted them to take cognisance of; but if they transgressed those Bounds, he was sure to rebuke them, sometimes from *Scripture*, but oftner from *Suarez*. Being a profound Adept in *Logics*, and *Metaphysics*, he regarded their Proceedings more as they consisted with the Forms of Argumentation, than as they were agreeable to the Interest or Inclinations of his People;

ple; and therefore, when they were complaining of Grievances, he would vouchsafe to inform them, that all their humble Professions of Loyalty were nothing else but *Protestatio contraria facto*; and instruct them, how ill they had argued, *a bene divisis ad male conjuncta*. These were when the Monarch was in high good Humour; and were to be looked upon as particular Strains of Familiarity and Condescension. At other times he would assume a more lofty Tone and Gesture, and deliver his royal Admonitions in the following Language; which, God be praised, since the late happy Revolution, would sound a little extraordinary in the Ears of a *British* Senate.

‘THESE are unfit Things to be handled
 ‘ in Parliament, except your King should require it of you: For who can have Wisdom
 ‘ to judge of Things of that nature, but such
 ‘ as are daily acquainted with the Particulars
 ‘ of Treaties, and of the variable and fixed
 ‘ Connexion of Affairs of State, together
 ‘ with the Knowledge of the secret Ways,
 ‘ Ends, and Intentions of Princes in their several Negotiations? otherwise a small mistake
 ‘ of Matters of this nature, may produce more Effects than can be imagined:
 ‘ And therefore, *Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*.’

THE Son and Successor of this Prince, tho not so great a Pretender to Scholarship, yet upon all occasions shewed himself no less inclined to tutor and discipline his Parliaments.

What

What Severities he exercised in the Course of his Discipline, by imprisoning, and otherwise punishing the Members of both Houses, for doing the only Business Men have there, speaking their Sentiments of the Publick Affairs, I shall let pass; since I am now only considering the Manner of a Prince's expressing his Sentiments to his People. And tho I might present my Reader with many Instances of this Prince's Behaviour in this point, I shall only trouble him with one, which may serve instead of a thousand.

‘REMEMBER, that Parliaments are al-
 ‘together in my Power for their Calling,
 ‘Sitting, and Dissolution; therefore, as I
 ‘find the Fruits of them good or evil, they
 ‘are to continue, or NOT TO BE: And
 ‘remember, that if in this Time, instead of
 ‘mending your Errors, by Delay you persist
 ‘in your Errors, you make them greater and
 ‘irreconcilable.’

THE two succeeding Reigns would furnish us with yet more glaring Instances of this arbitrary and disdainful Spirit, were it agreeable to look into the Miscarriages and Weaknesses of former Times. In general, we may venture to affirm, that those Princes always treated their Parliaments *en Maitre*, and assembled them rather to lay their absolute Commands upon them, than to take their Advice and Assistance. And if at any time, Love to their Country prompted them to represent the ill State of the Nation, and the

Grievances of their Fellow-Subjects, it was constantly resented as an Inroad on the Prerogative, and an Affront on their Sovereign. By which means the Minds of the People were filled with continual Apprehensions and Sorrow, the Publick Counsels with Disorder and Confusion, and the whole Nation with Faction and Discontent; till at last, no longer able to bear so heavy a Burden, they were obliged to have recourse to the last Remedy, and to exert the Power God had put into their hands for their own Deliverance.

How happy then are we in a Monarch, who treats his People upon so different a Footing; and without debasing the Dignity of a Sovereign, shews them all the Mildness and Condescension of a Father? Having no Designs but for the Good of his People, and the common Safety of *Europe*, he lays before them the whole State of his Affairs, and desires them to concert with him the best Measures for the Welfare and Honour of their Country. As his Subjects are a Nation of Freemen, and his Parliament a Council composed of Men of Knowledge and Experience, he does not make his mere Will and Pleasure the Rule of their Actions, but excites them to their Duty by just and proper Arguments, drawn from their own Interest, and the Happiness of those they represent, and with whose most important Concerns they are entrusted. This is acting like God himself,

self, who having made Men reasonable Creatures, in his own Likeness, governs them by no Laws but what are agreeable to the Reason he has given them, and have a natural tendency to make their Lives comfortable and happy. I will add too, that this is the best and wisest Art of Government, and the true Secret of making a great and glorious King, as well as a happy and flourishing People. At least I am convinced, there is no Protestant can read so many Expressions of his Majesty's Goodness, without the highest Resentment of the Indignities offered to his Sovereign, as well as of the Dangers which threaten his Country; especially when pressed with such powerful Considerations as those with which I shall conclude this Letter.

‘ If preserving a due Ballance of Power
‘ in *Europe*; if defending the Possessions of
‘ the Crown of *Great Britain*, of infinite
‘ Advantage and Security to our Trade and
‘ Commerce; if supporting that Trade and
‘ Commerce against dangerous and unlawful
‘ Incroachments; and if the present Establish-
‘ ment, the Religion, Liberties, and Proper-
‘ ties of a Protestant People, are any longer
‘ Considerations worthy of the Care and At-
‘ tention of a *British* Parliament, I need say
‘ no more to incite my loyal and faithful
‘ Houses of Parliament to exert themselves in
‘ the Defence of all that is dear and valuable to
‘ them.’ *I am, &c.*



N^o 97. *Saturday, February 11, 1726-7.*

To HIBERNICUS.

*O execrable Son, so to aspire
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurpt, from God not given.* MILTON.

S I R,



S you have in all your publick Observations discovered a sincere Friendship to the Cause of Liberty, so I will not trouble you with any Apology for this Letter. I dare not pretend to add any thing of mine to the many excellent Writings we have on that important Subject from the best and greatest Men. But there is a Fault we are apt to commit in relation to it, which cannot have escaped your notice: We can read and hear these Discourses with a wonderful indifference. We can, even while we enjoy the immediate Blessings which flow from Freedom, reflect on the rest of our Kind, who are denied them, with Insensibility, as if they had less right to that Privilege of Nature than ourselves. For this reason I have always thought, that a naked Representation of the Miseries found in all abso-

absolute Governments, would be of great use to awaken in us those noble and generous Sentiments of Humanity, which we ought to indulge on this Occasion. When we travel in those unhappy Countries, the Magnificence of their Courts, or the natural Beauties of the Soil and Climate, throw a Varnish over the Face of Things; but when we read their History, and see Nations depopulated and impoverished by the Ambition and Pride of their Princes, we should learn to value *Liberty* as it deserves.

WHEN we consider those Nations of *Europe* which lie near us, we do not indeed find the difference so sensibly: Their Princes, by considering the Advantages the free States have over them in point of People and Riches, find it necessary not to extend their Power to any high or extravagant degrees. Thus in *France* and *Spain*, Trade and Manufactures are encouraged, with a political View, that the miserable Subjects may not sink under the Weight of their Taxes and Gabels. But if we would see the Effects of arbitrary and unlimited Power in its true Colours, let us view it in *Asia* and *Africa*. In the former, what once fruitful Fields has it converted into Desarts? What once flourishing Cities laid in Ruins, and like a Pestilence, blasted the Face of the visible Creation?

I HAVE been led into these Thoughts by reading the Voyages of Sir *John Chardin* into *Persia*. As he was a Traveller of more than ordinary Curiosity and Understanding, and had particular Opportunities of informing himself as to their Government, so I hope it will not be disagreeable, if out of many Adventures which happened during his stay at that Court in 1673, I give you two remarkable ones, which I have abridged from him, and for which I refer the curious to the Author's larger Account.

SOLTMAN had just then ascended the Throne, Grandson to *Abbas* the Great, under whose Government *Persia* first began to flourish in Commerce: He was after the eastern manner, upon the Death of his Father *Abbas* II. taken out of the Seraglio, where he had spent his Time in Indolence and Ignorance, and advanced to the Throne. He soon gave an unbounded loose to his Passions and Desires; and the sole use he made of his new Power, was to indulge himself in all the Excesses of Debauchery and Cruelty. He was for ever drunk, and committing some Action either base or inhuman. Among many Instances of his capricious Tyranny, the following is most remarkable, which serves not only to shew the deplorable Condition of the common People under such Princes, but even of those who have the misfortune to be their Minions, and Instruments of their Cruelty.

SEFI.

SEFI-COULICAN was a Lord of great Merit, on whom he had conferred many Marks of his Favour. He had given him the Government of the greater *Armenia*; his two Sons were Favourites at Court, and two of his Daughters were in the Royal Seraglio. A Family so deserving and so honoured, seemed secure from Fortune; yet it happened otherwise. The *Armenian* Patriarch had a Dispute with the Governor about raising a Tax, which was laid on the Christians of that Country for the payment of his Debts. The Governor had appointed Commissioners to levy this Tax; this the Patriarch opposed, insisting, that since the Money was to be applied to his Use, he ought to appoint the Receivers: and accusing the Governor of a Design of imbezzling the Contributions, the Affair was carried to Court, whither the Patriarch went in Person to demand Relief, and procured several of his Countrymen to accompany him, and according to Custom, to seek for Justice, by loud Cries before the Palace-Gate. His Design succeeded. Notwithstanding the Governor's great Power and Interest at Court, the People were heard, and their Petition received, by the King's Order, in the presence of the whole Court.

THE Governor's two Sons heard their Father's Oppression and Injustice represented with great Aggravations, with all the Pride and Indignation natural to haughty Favourites.

rites. When the King had heard the Request, he called the eldest and told him, *Have I not charged you in my Name to write to your Father to treat my Subjects with Moderation? Have you neglected my Commands? Or does he despise them?* The Favourite humbly endeavoured to excuse his Father and himself, with which the King seemed satisfied and retired. The Court broke up immediately; and the youngest of the Brothers, called *Nesir-Alibec*, going out of the Palace, met several of the Petitioners at the Gate. In his Insolence and Passion he first abused them, which they returning like Men in despair, his Resentment increased, and he struck those who were nearest with his Cane; and they resisting, he drew his Sabre, and continued his Rage in assaulting them, tho without wounding any. The poor Wretches, thus reduced to the last extremity, renewed their Cries, and complained that their Fate was insupportable; *since being come to seek Redress from the violence of the Father, who had taken their Fortunes, they were exposed to the Rage and Malice of the Sons, who sought their Lives.* These Exclamations became at length so loud, that they reached the King, who being informed what had occasioned them, commanded that the Offender should lose his Arm. As soon as it was executed, he retired into the *Seraglio*, where the News of the Favourite's Misfortunes soon reached the Ears of his Sisters.

Sisters. As the Fair Sex in those Countries indulge their Passions in a more violent degree than with us, so one of these Ladies transported with Grief and Passion, flew to the King, and in the Violence of her Rage, not only loaded him with the bitterest Reproaches, but attempted to show her Revenge by Actions; which the Barbarian returned by ordering her to be burnt alive, which was executed on the Spot.

Thus began the Misfortunes of the Family, which however did not as yet reach the Governor. Soon after the Court went from the Capital to *Casbin*. While it staid there, as the King was diverting himself one day with seeing the Troop of Women-Dancers who attended the Court, he missed one of them, who had been his Favourite. Upon inquiring for her, he was told she was left behind at *Ispahan*, on account of Indisposition. He ordered she should be sent for, and when she came, he asked the Reason of her stay; she answered, *She had been ill*. He demanded *what had cured her?* She answered, *Wine*. The King being suspicious, commanded her to tell him *where she had drank it?* She told him, with *Nesir-Alibec*. This inflamed the King, and enraged that a disgraced Favourite should dare to rival him in his Pleasures, he commanded he should be imprisoned, his Goods confiscated, and his Seraglio first exposed to publick View, and then sold. The great Steward, one of the
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most considerable Eunuchs in the Palace, striving to mitigate the Royal Anger, was immediately fled alive. Orders were immediately dispatched for *Sefi-Coulican's* Disgrace and Imprisonment. Not very long after he was restored, and *Nesir-Alibec* his Son was brought to Court by the King's Order with great Magnificence. The King publickly caressed him, gave him a Hand of Gold enamell'd, adorned with Rings to the Value of 50,000 Crowns, and promised him not only his perpetual Favour, but also assured him he would never press him to drink with him. All the Court strove to gain the young Favourite, by Presents and Submissions: yet in four months he was again banished for refusing to debauch with the King, who continually importuned him. Thus far *Sir John Chardin's* Account. From the same Author I shall add one Adventure more tragical, which happened about the same time to another considerable Person of that Court.

FROM *Casbin* the Court went to pass the Winter in *Hyrcania*. A Glazier was one evening at work, mending the Windows of an Apartment belonging to the Queen-Mother. Tho the Snow and Frost were then very severe, yet he both wrought himself, and encouraged his Men to work with great application. The King passing by, stop'd to observe him; and seeing him so diligent, yet trembling with Cold, called for him, took off his own Robe, which was of *Zibelines*, and
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put it on the Artisan : Thus was his Fortune made. He was thence conducted to the Bath, perfumed, richly habited, and brought to kiss the King's Feet, who bestow'd on him a considerable Post, and 200,000 Crowns in Lands and Money.

THE same night the King drank hard with some of his principal Courtiers, among the rest *Cofrou-Can*, Governor of *Hyrkania*, and General of the *Musqueteers*, a Lord of great Courage and Generosity, and much beloved by the King. In the heat of Wine, the General address'd the Prince thus : *Will your Majesty allow your Slave a moment's hearing ? The Troops lie here incamped in the Cold, and are but ill provided for. Would it not have been better to have given 200,000 Crowns amongst them, than to a poor Tradesman, to whom 100 Pistoles had been a Treasure ?* The King, drunk as he was, shew'd, by his Looks, he disprov'd the Liberty of the General's Question ; who observing the danger which threatned him, fell at his feet, and implored his Mercy. The King rose, and threw himself on a Pile of Cushions, where he fell asleep, and the General in a little time retir'd. When the King awoke, he renew'd the Debauch, and ordered them to fill to *Cofrou-Can*, but was informed he was gone. The King enraged at his absence, order'd *Mansour-Can* to go and fetch him his Head. It is the Custom, when such Orders are given by the King in drink, for the Court to inter-

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intercede. But the General's ill Fortune prevail'd, and no one appear'd for him. *Manfour-Can*, accompany'd by a Slave to perform the Execution, went to the General's Palace, and demanded to see him from the King. The unhappy Lord appearing, he told him : *The King sends me for your Head ; throw yourself on the Ground.* He reply'd, *I am ready to obey ; but as I am innocent, I can't believe the King is resolved on my Death : Allow me time for my Prayers.* The other full of triumphant Malice deny'd his request, and ordered the Slave to perform his Commands. Scarce was the bloody Execution finish'd, when a Messenger arrived from the King, who was grown more sober, with a Counter-order. The Monarch expressed much concern for his Death, and reprov'd *Manfour-Can* for his cruel Diligence.

I HAVE chosen these two out of many Instances of that young Monarch's capricious Barbarity, which are to be met with in that Author : they are, I think, plain Evidences of how little significance to the Happiness of their Possessors, either the Virtues of the Mind, or the good Qualities of the Body, or the Goods of Fortune are under such Governments ; nay, rather, how often those Advantages only serve to expose them to greater Misfortunes. Their Lives and Estates are at the mercy of a Tyrant, nurs'd up in Pride, Vice, and Cruelty ; who knows no pleasure, but the full Gratifications of a
wanton

wanton Appetite ; and has no bounds to his Power but his Caprice. They are taught by their Religion an implicit Submission to his Will ; and he is by his Education taught to consider them, as Creatures made for his Use and Pleasure. Thus he can wantonly sport with the Miseries of his Subjects, as if they were Beings of an inferior kind. The Royal Savage can behold Beauty and Innocence, and Virtue in distress, with an insensible Heart ; and glory in Actions, for which a Mortal of inferior quality would be justly punished with Torments and Death.

MY Lord *Molesworth*, in his excellent Preface to the Account of *Denmark*, has observ'd, that Liberty, like Health, is a Blessing we never so truly value, as when we feel its loss. I wish we may never have such an Occasion of being taught its Worth. It will be to every good and worthy Mind incitement enough to cherish and increase the love of Liberty, to reflect on the Condition of those Nations which want it most. Such a Consideration repeated often, would strengthen that glorious Principle. The power of Humanity and Benevolence would rise upon us, and teach us not only to esteem our Constitution as we ought, but to wish our whole Species free and happy as ourselves. Till we come to this point, our Zeal for Liberty is imperfect. We often pray for the propagation of Christianity ; and yet of how little use would that be to a People who were

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not free? Let us then join to it our Wishes, that these two invaluable Blessings may go together, and that with a Religion which is itself Freedom, the whole Race of Mankind may be restored to that Liberty which is their undoubted natural Right, which they may be robb'd of, but can never forfeit; and the loss of which can never be made up by all the other Advantages they can possibly enjoy.

I am your very humble Servant,

J. M.

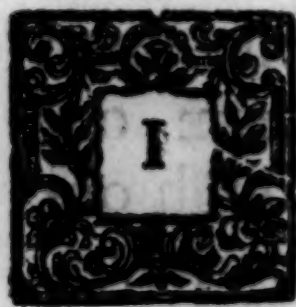


Nº 98. *Saturday, February 18, 1726-7.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Jusque datum sceleri.—— LUCAN.

S I R,



HAVE, in a former Paper, considered the Spirit of Persecution, as a Temper of the Mind; and endeavoured to shew, from the manner in which it always makes its appearance, that it must proceed either from a very ill-disposed Heart, or else from a Head of such a singular cast, as to mistake
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the very Notions of Good and Evil, of Right and Wrong. If indeed Wrath and Violence be signs of a good Temper; if a particular Warmth of Affection for one small Sect of Men, and an unconquerable Aversion to all the World besides, speak a Disposition universally benevolent; if it shews Pity and Compassion, to delight and rejoice in the Torments of others, and a generous disinterested Spirit, to believe every body unworthy to live in this World, or to go any where in the next but to a Place of everlasting Burnings, who does not intirely agree with us in any certain System of Speculation: If these things, I say, are consistent, then what I have advanced is false and absurd, and deserves to be anathematized among the worst and vilest of Heresies. But if hating Men without a just Cause be a Crime; if it be Murder to knock out the Brains of our Fellow-Creatures, without any other Provocation, than their barely thinking contrary to what we think; and if a Delight in punishing Men, who have neither done, nor projected any real Injury to us, or any body else, be Cruelty and Injustice; then I must remain of opinion, that Bigotry and Persecution can owe their Original to nothing either rational, or amiable.

It is a saying of him who brought down the glorious News of *Peace on Earth,* and *Good-will towards Men,* that *a Tree is best known by its Fruits.* And therefore the

surest way to know what *manner of Spirit* they are of, who imagine it their duty to extirpate all who are not of the same Faith with themselves, will be to reflect a little on the Ways and Means, by which that *godly Discipline* was first established in the World, and the Consequences which the Propagation of it has had on the Welfare of Mankind. And if it shall appear that this blessed Plant is of such a nature, as to suffer no others to grow in its Neighbourhood, I hope every one will be convinced of the necessity for having it hewn down, and cast into the Fire.

THE *Mystery of Iniquity*, for so it was called by one of the politest Gentlemen, as well as the best Men of the primitive Christians, began very early to work among the Professors of that Name. Among the Apostles themselves, we find there were some, who had no higher Notions of the *Kingdom of Christ*, than of a mere temporal Sovereignty, which was to absorb all others into itself, and dazzle the whole World with its Splendor and Magnificence. In this Kingdom they all expected to be made Ministers of State; and, like other ambitious Courtiers, were often quarrelling for the highest Places and Preferments, as who should sit on the *Right*, and who on the *Left Hand* of their Master in his Kingdom. Nor were they wanting, upon some occasions, to shew how ready they would have been to exercise
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their Power to the utmost, whenever it should come into their hands. They wondered, and seemed to take it ill too, that their Master did not call down *Fire from Heaven* on the unbelieving *Samaritans*. And so little did they profit under the divine Instructions and lovely Example of him they followed, that it does not appear from the whole History of the Gospel, they ever had entertained a right Notion of the Genius and Spirit of Christianity, till some time after the Death of its Founder; when partly by a miraculous Operation, and partly from a Sense of their own sufferings, they found how inconsistent it was with the pure and peaceable Religion they professed, to devour and persecute one another, on account of their different Conceptions concerning it.

HAPPY had it been for the World, had those who have been called the Successors of these Men, made the like Use of the Severities under which they smarted, before Christianity became the prevailing Religion in the *Roman* Empire. But no sooner were they delivered from Persecution themselves, and favoured with the Countenance of Authority, than they began to exert the same Spirit against one another, and divided themselves into Parties, upon the most trifling Debates; whose Hatred continued longer, and had much worse Effects, than the most famous Dissensions which are to be met with in History.

ONE of the first Consequences of Persecution in the Christian World was the Decay of pure and genuine Religion, by setting up a flaming Zeal for certain Tenets and Points of Speculation as the Test of Christianity, rather than a good and religious Life. The Heads of the several Sects, in order to strengthen their Party, and gratify their Ambition, were wont to indulge the Faults of their Followers, provided they continued firm in that System of Belief which they dictated to them. The Question in debate was always the one thing necessary ; and every thing else made to give way to it. A metaphysical Nicety, or a certain Form of technical Terms, were the Marks of Distinction, and the Badges either of Piety, or Irreligion. This eat out the very Heart and Life of Christianity ; and set up the Mockery of Religion in its place. The *Laity* were over-run with Ignorance and Superstition ; and the *Clergy* with Pride and Luxury. All Ranks and Orders of Men were either engaged in the Confusions and Uproar of the several contending Parties, or affected by them. Every kind of Business was made to give place to these Squabbles ; and the whole Management of publick Affairs directed to support the Interest of this or the other Orthodox Party, without any regard to the general Good ; insomuch that the greatest and most flourishing Empire the World ever saw is reckoned to owe its Ruin, in a great measure,

measure, to the Disorders occasioned by this means. Nor must it be omitted, that the Propagation of *Mahometism* was very much an Effect of the same Cause; many Persons who embraced it, at that time publickly declaring, they had forsaken Christianity, purely on account of the cruel and implacable Spirit which reigned among its Followers.

At length, when Matters were sufficiently ripened, and those who had kindled these Animosities among Christians had gained their point, it appeared what was the true Spring of all this mighty Zeal. The Struggle was for nothing but Power and Greatness. A Succession of aspiring Prelates at *Rome*, taking advantage of the Absence and Weakness of the *Roman* Emperors, had formed a Design of erecting a temporal as well as spiritual Sovereignty in the Western Parts of *Europe*. To carry on this Design, it was necessary to set themselves up for the Substitutes of Heaven, and their Decrees for the only true Standard both of Faith and Manners. The Confusions of those Times, and the universal Ignorance occasioned by them, gave them all the Success they could possibly have desired. Mankind received their Yoke; and for some Ages their Tyranny remained unresisted and uncontroverted. They drained the whole Wealth of the World into their own Coffers; and while themselves were wallowing in the most scandalous Luxury, were perpetually issuing out their pious De-

crees for confining the poor Laity to Butter and Eggs, that they might not have heart and courage enough to attempt the recovery of their Liberty. The Subjects of the Nations who had submitted to this Bondage, were fleeced and beggar'd at the pleasure of their spiritual Guides; and their Princes either lulled asleep with Pilgrimages and Penances, or employed on romantick Expeditions for extirpating *Soldans* and *Sophies*, and recovering a whimsical Property in a Heap of old Ruins. This was to divert them from looking into the Incroachments those holy Fathers were making upon their Rights, and the Liberty of their Kingdoms. A Diversion, which occupied the Christian World for about a hundred and fifty Years; depopulated the most flourishing Provinces of *Europe*, and *Asia*; and cost the Lives of more brave and gallant Men, than perhaps any other single Expedition we read of in History.

THINGS continued in this State, till the revival of Letters; at which time many Persons beginning to think for themselves, saw into the Absurdity of several Doctrines and Usages then in vogue; and had the Virtue honestly and boldly to attack them. This was touching in a tender place: For as those Doctrines and Usages had no other Foundation, than the Authority of what was called the Church, to arraign them was the same thing with resisting that Authority; and con-

consequently could not fail being made equally criminal with High Treason in a State. Thus Persecution came again into play. The Pretence was the Good of Mens Souls, and the Honour of God, which they asserted to be impaired by denying the establish'd Doctrines. But that Insolence of Power which those Pretenders always exercised, and their lazy luxurious manner of living, made it evident, that their own Greatness and Authority was the sole Mark they aimed at, the Biass of their whole Proceedings constantly drawing that way.

WHAT then are Bigots, at the best, but the Dupes of crafty and designing Men, who make them the supports of their Tyranny and Oppression? Well inclined Men may perhaps be drawn in to believe many things of great Importance to Salvation, which are not so. But if they shall carry this so far, as to be cruel and rapacious in the maintenance of such Opinions, and conceive a settled Aversion against the Bulk of their Species for denying them, what can we think, but that they have degenerated from Human Nature into Brutes? For whoever hates without a sufficient Reason, arising either from unjust Treatment, or a known Perverseness of Disposition in the hateful Object, hates from Antipathy, as Brutes do; and sacrifices to the Animal that part of his Nature which is the Manly, and the Divine.

IF we look into the present State of those Countries where Bigotry and Persecution prevail, we shall be still farther convinced, that this is really the Case; and that these Principles are always built on the Ruins of Humanity and Virtue. *Pure Religion* and *undefiled* is a stranger to their Gates, who are for dragging Men into what they call the true Faith. A blind Submission to their Priests, is made the Mark and Touchstone of the People's being in a State of Salvation. For this reason they study nothing but how to please them, by giving up the Fruits of their Labour and Industry into their hands, without regarding the Necessities either of their Families, or Country. Profligate Men are hereby encouraged to the commission of the vilest and most barbarous Crimes, upon the hopes they are all to be atoned for by having a *sound Faith*, and going thro' a Course of spiritual *Mummeries*. The frequent Assassinations and other Disorders, which every day happen in *Spain* and *Italy*, are no doubt owing to this Cause, especially when they see the Directors of their Consciences so openly and boldly give into the same. Hence it also is, that there are more *Banditti*, and publick Robbers in those Countries, than any where else in *Europe*; it being almost impossible for Men of high Spirits to live easily and comfortably there by any other Employment, unless they have
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had the good luck either to be born Princes, or adopted into the Church.

NEED I add to all this, that Trade and Commerce, Arts and Sciences, always rise or fall in proportion as the Principles of Persecution have less or more Influence upon a Nation? This is a Consequence which has been owned by Bigots themselves. I have seen a Treatise written by a Protestant Divine, one who called himself so at least, wherein he lays it down as one of the Causes of the Decay of Religion in *England*, the great Increase of Trade; by means of which the Laity were grown so rich and so knowing, that they despised the Admonitions of the Priesthood, and consequently were sunk into Irreligion and Profaneness. This was telling the World very plainly what he, and such Men as he, would be at; and that their Principles cannot but be destructive to Trade and to Knowledge, since they find Trade and Knowledge so inconsistent with the Propagation of them. But indeed it was the mere Force of Truth extorted this Concession; since in all those Countries where Men enjoy the Liberty of their Consciences unmolested, we shall constantly find a vast concourse of People, a perpetual hurry of Business; all the Signs of Wealth, Plenty, and Industry; the Looks of Men at once brightned up with Dispatch, and Chearfulness; and those of a more elegant and soft turn of Genius improving all those Arts which are either useful or
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ornamental to Mankind. Whereas in those States where Men are obliged by penal Laws to be of one Faith, and one Mind, there is little to be met with among the common People, but Barbarity and gross Ignorance, joined with a stupid Indolence and Inappetency to every Enjoyment in Life beyond Necessity ; among the great ones perpetual Frolick and Debauchery ; and the Soil wherein they live, however blest with all the Advantages of Nature, every where wearing a Face of Poverty and Desolation, except about the Palaces of Princes, and the Retirements of the Clergy.

IF we regard therefore our Country, or Mankind, we must think it our duty to reflect often on these things, and by revolving the Evils of them in our Minds, enlarge our Thoughts with Sentiments of Humanity and Generosity for those who differ from us ; since by doing otherwise, besides the Injury done to innocent Persons at present, we shall lay a Foundation for so many future Calamities to our Country and Posterity ; which as other Nations once as great and happy as we, could not prevent, so neither can we hope to escape, but by discouraging all those tyrannical and imposing Principles which have a tendency to bring them on.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.



N^o 99. *Saturday, March 4, 1726-7.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

In nova fert animus.——

OVID.

SIR,



GENERAL Satires, and Reflections on whole Societies of Men, made without any manner of distinction, have always been look'd upon, by Men of Sense, as the Effects rather of Ill-nature than Judgment. For tho there may be, and generally are ill Men, and ridiculous Characters in all Societies, and among all Ranks of People; yet that arises not from their being of this or the other Community, but from particular Failings, which would break out, and discover themselves in whatever Station of Life the Persons subject to them should happen to be placed.

INDEED it must be owned, that Mens Vices, or Follies will appear differently, according to the manner of their Education, or the respective Profession they follow; and so form a distinct Character either of Villany, or Absurdity. This weak Minds are very apt to mistake, and to imagine, that what
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only by accident heightens a Character, or gives it some few peculiar distinguishing Lineaments, either entirely constitutes it, or at least is essential to it. And because certain Characters are only to be found in certain Professions, the witty Malice of such ill-judging Observers immediately runs away with the Notion, that all who are of those Professions must of course be entitled to all the ill Characters which are among them. Thus because Pettifoggers and Quacks are kinds of Vermin peculiar to the Professions of Law and Physick, how wonderfully arch are all your great Jokers, and Brightners of Conversation upon those Faculties, as if all the Gentlemen belonging to them were a Set of Cheats and Impostors? And yet it is certain, that all the Mirth raised on this account is as unjust as it is ill-natured; and that the Reproach, or the Jest, only lies against the Misconduct of particular Persons, who would have become the Objects of Satire, had they belonged to any other Profession. The Pettifogger and the Quack would indeed have exchanged some accidental Circumstances in their Characters, had they happened to exchange their Manner of living; but still they would have kept their original Deformities, and acted, tho in a different Gesture and Air, the Cheat and the Impostor. And so may we conclude of every other Profession and Employment in Life.

THESE general Reflections, being mostly the effect of Spleen and Disgust, rise in proportion,

portion, as the Persons who make them have been unsuccessful in the pursuit of whatever they strongly desired, and fancied they merited. And as the Splenetick are a Species that few People care for humouring, their Prejudices are continually growing upon them together with their Disappointments, and gathering new matter of Venom from repeated Affronts and Repulses. A Man therefore, who by suffering his Pride and Vanity to get the better of his Good-nature, has once heartily been put out of humour with his old Friends and Acquaintance, is in great danger of being kept continually so as long as he lives, let him converse with as many as he will, and of enlarging his Antipathies till they become universal. So that I should not be surprized, if a Man of this Temper, who by his Arrogance and Capriciousness had rendered himself odious and contemptible to all wise and good Men, should at last, to complete his Folly and Misery, grow out of conceit with Human Nature itself, and figure in his Imagination some of the brute Species as a more excellent and lovely Kind of Beings than Mankind.

BUT there is one common Instance of this unhappy Temper, which I intend more particularly to animadvert upon at present, which discovers itself in grievous Complaints and Murmurings against the Age in which People happen to live, as more vicious, more corrupt, and in every respect inferior to any of
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the foregoing. This Cry is so often repeated, without any apparent Necessity, that, were there nothing else in it, every By-stander must judge it the effect of Lightness and Indiscretion. It has been transmitted down from Age to Age, and bequeathed as a kind of Legacy by the Malecontents of one Generation to those of another. Had every Age been really as bad as the dissatisfied People who lived in it have represented it, and the Degeneracy of Mankind gone on in the same proportion with the Complaints of it, it is hardly possible to conceive, but that we must long ere now have sunk to such a degree, that scarce one among us could have been able to make these wise Observations on our Degeneracy, whatever room the wicked World might have happened to give for them. But we find, that this same World, tho growing every day worse and worse, has stood for several thousands of Years, without any other considerable Alteration in Mankind, than that some Nations, formerly rich and flourishing, and their Inhabitants excelling in all intellectual and moral Accomplishments, are now become poor and miserable, savage and uncivilized; while other Kingdoms, at that time less happy in those respects, have changed Conditions with them, and succeeded to those Blessings which their Neighbours have lost.

THIS, I believe, will be found a true State of the Case with respect to Mankind in all Ages, whatsoever Changes either of Fortune
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or Manners may happen in particular Kingdoms. Nay, I will go farther, and venture to affirm, that the World, at this present, is much advanced both in Virtue and Knowledge, beyond what it was some years ago. It is true, that since the spreading of Arts and Sciences, and the Invention of a great many Manufactures both comfortable and ornamental in Life, our manner of living is very different from what it was formerly, and consequently our Pursuits more numerous and more extensive. We neither feed nor clothe in that simple and artless manner our Ancestors did, and which they had no other reason for confining themselves to, than their Ignorance of one more easy and commodious. The Passions of Men are the same in all Ages; and only their Circumstances and Customs vary; in the compliance with which, generally speaking, there is neither Virtue nor Vice, while Men continue so far Masters of their Reason, as not to make their Happiness depend on them. The Error and the Vice of such things consist in Peoples placing their Affections so much on them, that they cannot live without them, and lose the Relish of Being, whenever, by any Misfortune, they are deprived of them. So, in this respect, the Fashions of former times are neither better nor worse than those of our own. There were Distinctions among Men then as well as now; and the great and the rich lived as much above the common rate as at this time,

and consequently might have their Minds dazzled with the Reflection of their own Grandeur and Dignity, as much as any People can be in Times of the greatest Wealth and Magnificence. And if we look into the History of former Ages, we shall find, that in what to us would appear to be Meanness and Simplicity, People then could express the same Vanity and Luxury that is done at present, with much greater real Parade and Expence. Nor were there fewer Contests and Struggles then than now, to arrive at Pre-eminence and Grandeur, nor less Fraud and Violence made use of to compass the Ends they had in view. So far from it, that, on the contrary, they were continually going together by the ears, and involving their Country in Blood and Confusion, upon the most trifling Occasions, either to enlarge their Domains, or extend their Authority over their Tenants and Vassals. Whereas now Men can, and every day actually do, make themselves rich and powerful, without having recourse to such violent and destructive Methods; and in the quiet and inoffensive way of Trade, Commerce, and Industry, purchase large and noble Fortunes to themselves and Families; and all this not only without injuring, but by being greatly advantageous to their Country. So that, in short, if Peace, Quiet, and Plenty be preferable to Rapine and Tyranny, Pride and Poverty, the present *evil Age*, upon the comparison, will be found

found to have much the better of a great many others which have been set up as its Rivals, by those supercilious Reformers, who cannot imagine how Men can be virtuous, without returning into a State of Nature; in which, unless our Passions were entirely extinct, it is impossible we could live, without being exposed to Evils of the same kind with those which are the Subject of Complaint at present.

BUT we are told that Luxury and Prodigality were never at such a height as now; and that, in these Kingdoms at least, we are prodigiously fallen from the plain and frugal Ways of our Fore-fathers, an Age or an Age and half ago, and consequently have lost much of their Innocence and Virtue. And why, pray? The true Reason of our living more expensively is the Increase of our Trade and Riches, which would be of no use to us, if we were to confine ourselves to the bare Necessaries of Life, without regard to Distinction and Elegance. But what Influence this should have on our Innocence or Virtue, I am not able to understand. Pray were not our Grandmothers, in the Days of good Queen *Bess*, dressed as fine as Hands could make them, and with as much Expence, in proportion to their Fortunes, as our Ladies are now? And might not those venerable Matrons carry on as many Intrigues in a *Ruff* and *Farthingale*, as are possible to be done in a *Hoop-petticoat*? And is it not probable,

that there were Prudes, and Coquettes in those Habits as well as now? It is certain, there were then Distinctions of Habits, as now, according to Peoples different Ranks and Stations; and doubtless, the well-dressed People were as vain and puffed up of being so, as the *Beaus*, and the *Belles* of the present Age. In short, these things being in their own nature indifferent, the use of them is no farther criminal, than as it may needlessly exhaust what ought to supply the Necessaries of Life; or else as it may infeeble the Mind, and give it an Inclination to consider outward Show and Equipage, as the signs of inward Worth and Excellence; in both which respects there are no doubt People in every Age, who very justly deserve to be censured. But it shows great weakness to reckon these Faults peculiar to any single Age, when we find the wise Men of every former Age complaining of them in their Times.

I would by no means be understood to apologize for Luxury of any sort, which prevails but too much in all Times and Places, and is productive of the greatest Evils which can possibly befall either particular Persons, or Communities. But let us not wrongfully accuse ourselves of more Guilt and Folly than falls to our share. If we were in reality so much farther gone in Luxury than our Ancestors, we should undoubtedly see the ill Effects of it, in the decay of Arts and Sciences, of Trade and Industry; or else in the breaking
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ing out of Fraud, Rapine, and Violence to a greater degree, than among our Ancestors. But since we see none of these things; and on the contrary, find Learning and Commerce flourishing as much, or more than formerly, and pursue all the Affairs of Life as quietly and regularly, without either Oppression from within, or Violence from without; we owe that Justice to ourselves, our Country, and the Age we live in, not to run away with worse Opinions of them than they deserve; and ought to look upon them as common Enemies, who endeavour to raise Enmity among Mankind, by representing them as a Race of profligate, abandoned Creatures, entirely lost to all Sense of Honour, Virtue, and Goodness.

THERE are some other particulars, wherein the present Age has been abused, without any manner of Reason; to mention which would exceed the Limits of a single Paper, and will deserve to be made the Subject of a succeeding one.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 100. *Saturday, March 11, 1726-7.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Say not thou, what is the Cause that the former Days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.

SOLOMON.

S I R,



Y last Letter was a kind of *Apo-*
logy for the present Age. I have
endeavoured to shew, that the pre-
sent Race of Mankind is not na-
turally more prone to Wickedness
than those who have gone before. If I have
not done this so well as I should, it is because
the Complaint is so general and indistinct.
People who cry out of the Badness and De-
generacy of the Times, would do but fairly
in letting us know what they mean. Is there
more actual Vice in the World now than for-
merly? Why, that may very well be, and
yet the present Age deserve no such abomina-
ble Character. For if there are more People
at present than in any former Age, and these
People have greater Opportunities and Temp-
tations to indulge a vicious Appetite; both
which

which are Points extremely probable; then indeed it is likewise probable, that the Quantity of Vice is greater now, than when the World was thinner of Inhabitants, and Men had fewer Incitements to Softness and Luxury. But this does not shew any natural Depravity in Mankind now, more than formerly. Besides, the growing Numbers of Mankind will no doubt increase the Quantity of Virtue, as well as of Vice; and if so, the Merit of whatever Virtue is found among Mankind will be so much the greater, as the Allurements and Occasions of gratifying a contrary Temper are more strong and frequent.

How is it then, that the World grows every day worse and worse? Have we less Riches, or Commerce, than our Forefathers? Not so. Are Arts and Sciences on the decay? Nor that neither. Why, what is the matter then? The matter! Why we are grown more vicious. And thus we are returned back again to where we set out. But how does it appear, we are grown more vicious? It is owned, that Trade and Commerce, Arts and Sciences are at a greater height than the former Age could boast of; and by that means a way opened for Mankind to exercise themselves in a greater Variety of Employments, and different Occupations, which they may pursue not only without hurting one another, but to the common Benefit

and Advantage. This one would be apt to think, is rather an Argument of our growing in Virtue than in Vice. For nothing is more likely to hinder a Mind from contracting ill Habits, than being employed constantly in some honest, or even inoffensive Course of Action. The want of it made the first Ages give into the highest Disorders, and engaged them in perpetual Quarrels and Bloodshed, either to procure, or preserve, not the Comforts only, but the very Necessaries of Life. Now as we, at least in these Parts, are much free from those terrible Disorders, and enjoy a thousand Conveniences which former Times were entirely ignorant of; this I apprehend, is a good Proof, that either we are less vicious, or under better Restraints; than the People of Antiquity, since our Vices are not so productive of Calamities as theirs. For it cannot be denied, that the Miseries of Men are always in proportion to their Vices; and consequently, that whenever we see the Affairs of Mankind carried on with greater Sobriety, Security, and Ease to the Whole, we may safely conclude, there is either more Virtue in the World, or else that things are under a better Regulation, however great the Failings, or Crimes of some particular Men may be.

I AM sensible there are some, particularly among ourselves, who will call this a begging the Question; and insist upon it, that the
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State of things at present is entirely wrong, and all the publick Administrations directed with infinitely greater Corruption and Partiality, than in the happy times of our Forefathers; between which and ours there is no manner of Comparison to be made, with respect either to Glory or Prosperity. On this Head we hear abundance of tragical Exclamations made every day by People, who have no other Reason for so doing, than their not being able to relish a thousand Blessings they enjoy, thro' an immoderate desire of some favourite Whim they want. Others again, sport off their ill Humour in little Satires, and sly Jokes on Men in Power, without considering, that their Infirmities, supposing them real, are neither peculiar to the present Time or Government, nor so hurtful to the Publick, as to justify a Disaffection to our Governors on their account.

It is worth while to enquire a little into this matter, to prevent weak and well-meaning People being imposed on by artful and ill-designing Men, who can find no other way of bringing us back to real Slavery and Bondage, than by raising groundless Clamours of fatal Measures, and worse Designs carrying on against our Liberty at present, and by making most unjust and false Comparisons between the state of Affairs just now, and what it was before the late happy Revolution.

lution. This is a common Game played by the factious and discontented of all Nations and all Ages, and seldom fails of its Effects among the Necessitous and Unfortunate, who feel their own Sufferings too sensibly, to form a right Judgment concerning those times, and so are easily made to imagine, that the former Days were productive of much greater Happiness and Tranquillity than the present, the Fault of which Men are always much readier to fix on their Governors, than on themselves. Among us this Method of poisoning Peoples Minds has been pursued to a most scandalous degree. We have been told, with the greatest Impudence, that we are brought, since the late Revolution, under a state of Force and Slavery; that the Constitution has been invaded, and Law and Justice perverted; that our Trade is decayed, and the Kingdoms impoverished; and that our Glory abroad has been sacrificed to maintain Tyranny and Corruption at home: in short, that we are, in all respects, a most miserable and unhappy People, in comparison to what we were in the golden Days of K. *James I.* and K. *Charles I.* whose Reigns these Gentlemen set up for the most perfect Models of Government, and the Times of the greatest Glory and Felicity the *British* Nations ever enjoy'd.

HAPPY is it for our Malecontents themselves, as well as their Fellow-Subjects, that their
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their Representations have not one word of Truth in them. There is one Point, which if true would give them much greater Reason to complain, and at the same time very probably prevent them from doing it. For if both our Laws, and our Governors at present had not a much greater regard to Justice, and Humanity, than in those happy Times which are so much extolled, our infamous Libellers must expect other-guise Usage, than what the Mildness of our present Constitution and Government think fit to inflict upon them. Masquerades were in use in those Days as well as now among the great Folks, and equally censured by many in that Age. But how different was their Treatment, who only made bold to animadvert on the Diversions of the Court then, from that which now a-days falls to their share, who libel not only the Court, but the Government, and the very Constitution of their Country? Our Incendiaries, after having been legally found guilty by their Country, are only punished with a slight Fine, and the Pillory. Our former Governments did not support their Authority with so gentle a Hand. How should we take it at present, to see Men singled out from the most eminent Professions in the Nation, and for expressing their Sentiments of Publick Affairs, sentenced by an arbitrary Court, without the intervention of a Jury, not only to stand on the Pillory, but
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to have their Ears cut close, to be branded on the Cheek, to pay a Fine of five thousand Pounds, and to suffer perpetual Imprisonment? And how would it sound in our Ears, to hear an Archbishop of *Canterbury*, at the instant a Criminal of this sort were enduring the painful and dishonourable part of his Sentence, moving, with great Zeal and Fervency, to have the poor Man gagg'd where he stood, to hinder him from complaining of the Severity and Hardship of his Case? Would not such Proceedings now be looked upon with Amazement and Horror? And yet in that so greatly celebrated Age they were thought very proper and necessary Acts of Justice. But this part of the Parallel between our Age and that, which they chiefly enjoy the Benefit of who deserve it least, is a very inconsiderable Article in the account of the Advantages we are possessed of beyond those who lived in that Period, so much cry'd up as the best and most prosperous Time the *British* Nations ever saw.

IF we look into the most approved Histories of that Age, or even into the noble Historian, who has given the World the finest and most eloquent Apology for all the Grievances complained of in it, we shall find a prodigious difference betwixt the ordinary Exercise of Government then, and the very worst things, supposing them fact, which the worst Enemies of the present Settlement have murmured against since the Revolution. Money

ney raised not only without Consent of Parliament, but even in direct Opposition to the Remonstrances of the Nation in Parliament. The Trade of the Nation ruined, and the Property of the Subject invaded by illegal Monopolies and Prohibitions. Men punished both in their Persons and Estates for Actions condemned by no Law; and even, in some Instances, put to Death, by virtue of a bare Warrant under the King's Hand, without any Trial, or the least appearance of a Prosecution. The Freedom of Parliaments, that great Security of the Peoples Liberty, taken away, by dissolving them with the utmost Contempt, whenever they gave the least Opposition to the arbitrary Measures of the Court, and by imprisoning those Members who had most exerted themselves in defence of the Rights of the People whom they represented; a Set of Patriots the best and noblest that had ever sat in any Senate since the Days of antient *Greece* and *Rome*. These, with numberless other Transactions of the same nature, make up the whole History of those two Reigns I have been mentioning; till the Bulk of the Nation, wearied out with so many repeated Acts of Violence and Oppression, was obliged to have recourse to the last Remedy, and engage in a long and most calamitous Civil War, the Event of which I need not remind my Readers of, since there is a Day particularly

ticularly set apart every Year for that very Purpose.

WHAT monstrous Ingratitude then, and Impudence is it, to be continually trumping up the Happiness of the *Former Days*, in order to raise a Dissatisfaction with the present Establishment? Who now can complain of being hurt either in his Person or Fortune, without incurring the Penalty of some Law, and being legally convicted of a Crime? Have not the Laws made at, and since the Revolution, given us a much greater Security than ever before, for the perpetual Enjoyment of all our Rights, and Liberties? Are our Parliaments interrupted in their Proceedings? Are they lectured, and bullied, as they used to be formerly; or dismissed in the middle of a Session, and their Members shut up in nasty Prisons, for discharging their Trust according to their Consciences? In short, are we governed in any other manner than a free People ought, by Laws to which we have ourselves consented, as made by Representatives of our own choosing; who tho they may mistake in consulting what may be most expedient for the publick Good, yet it is hardly to be thought they can all conspire to give up the Rights and Liberties of their Country, in which they have themselves so great and visible an Interest?

THESE are Questions every Man ought to ask his own Heart, and withal to compare
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the different Figure his Country makes now, from what it formerly did, when the Cares of our Princes were more employed in making themselves absolute at home, than securing their Kingdoms from great and formidable Powers abroad ; and when they were more jealous of their own faithful Subjects, than of their haughty and aspiring Neighbours. Let us consider how our Name and Credit of late Years have risen ; our Trade, our Manufactures, and our Husbandry been improved ; and our Peace and Tranquillity secured : and then complain, if, with a good Conscience, we dare, that the Glory, the Wealth, the Power, and the Happiness of the *British* Nations at present are fallen from what they were in the Times of any of our Ancestors.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.





N^o 101. *Saturday, March 18, 1726-7.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.

H O R.

S I R,



THE unjust Treatment we give to the present Age, appears no where more remarkable than in the Controversial Writings of our Divines; wherein we generally find, that whenever a Disputant has been hardly pressed upon any Point by the Arguments of his Antagonist, he immediately tumbles over his Books till he gets a Passage in some of the antient Fathers, agreeable to his own Sentiments; which, by the by, happens to be no very great difficulty, in regard there is hardly any Absurdity in Religion, which has not had some of those venerable Gentlemen to espouse it. The Passage so found is presently produced, as a full and clear Decision of the Case in hand, with the same assurance that Men offer Bank-Notes in payment of Money. The happy Author plumes himself in his Success; challenges the Victory of
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his Adversary ; and with a well-dissembled Modesty, more insulting than Arrogance itself, appeals to the Reader for the Justice of his Claim. But if the vanquished Foe still persists in the defence of his Opinions, he no longer retains the appearance of his former Moderation, but lets his Heart dilate in the full enjoyment of his Conquest ; and with terrible Outcries of Ignorance, Obstinacy, and want of Reverence for Antiquity in the opposite side, closes the Pomp of the Dispute, and the Triumph.

It is not very long since an Imposition of the like nature prevailed in the Schools. When two Combatants had sufficiently tired themselves, and their Audience, with bandying about all the Impertinences they could find out on a Subject, at length, a grave *Aristoteles dixit*, was pronounced, on one side of the Question or the other ; and so the Matter was concluded. This was in the Reign of Ignorance and Superstition, when good Sense, and true Learning lay under a long and dreadful Eclipse. Upon the first dawning of Knowledge, this authoritative Manner of deciding Controversies was contested, and at last happily exploded, and laughed at. Mankind asserted their Liberty of philosophizing in spite of *Aristotle*, and all his Admirers ; and the good Effects of their doing so have appeared in the great number of noble and useful Discoveries, which have been made in all the Territories of

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Science since the Beginning of the sixteenth Century. But the Reformation has not been so compleat, as it were to be wished. The same Freedom which Men take in their Philosophical Inquiries, is not permitted them in Matters of much greater Importance. And, contrary to all Reason, the Authority of Fathers, and antient Councils, is always set up in opposition to any Opinions which happen to have the appearance of Novelty, tho supported by the strongest and most convincing Arguments, that can be offered to the Reason and Understanding of Mankind.

THERE is no doubt to be made, but that the antientest Religion is the best, as lying nearest Divine Revelation, which is its Fountain-Head. So far then, the Authority of the Fathers is to take place, as they are Witnesses of Fact, and give us an account of the Faith and Practice of the Church in the Times they lived. And consequently, the higher these Accounts are taken, they are the more authentick. But in regard, none of the Fathers, even those who lived nearest the Apostolick Times, ever pretended to Inspiration, all their Reasonings and Explications are no farther to be considered, than as they carry their own Evidence and Clearness along with them; and have no other Force than the Writings of wise Men in any Age ought to have, who support what they say with good and convincing Proofs.

Vol II I

I AM ready also to own, that several of the Fathers were great and good Men, who had very just and clear Notions of Religion, and argued from them in a very rational, as well as affecting manner. Such was the great *Origen*; such *Lactantius*, *Minutius Felix*, and others whose Writings are every way valuable, both in their Design and Execution. And, I believe, there is no wise Man, who has ever read any of them, but pays them all the Veneration he can, without sacrificing his Reason and Understanding to them. But all this will not satisfy. The very Name of a *Father*, especially if he lived in the first three or four Centuries, is thought sufficient to oppose to a Demonstration. We must give up the Opinions we have embraced, upon the most mature and impartial Inquiry, if a Sentence can be found in any one of them contradictory to our Sentiments. And *Heretick*, and *Heresiarch*, are the best Names thought proper to be bestowed on those ungracious and refractory Pretenders to Wisdom, who will not forsake the *Beggarly Elements* of Reason and common Sense, and submit to the Determinations and Judgment of Antiquity.

DID it appear, in fact, that the Fathers were, generally speaking, Men of greater Genius and Learning than are to be met with now-a-days; this indeed, tho not a sufficient Reason for an implicit Assent to every thing they have advanced, yet would justly intitle

them to a larger share of our Esteem and Reverence. But if we look into the Monuments they have left of themselves, we shall find nothing in them so very extraordinary and uncommon, as to justify our esteeming all they say as sacred, and suspecting every Modern, who does not blindly run into their Sentiments. Agreed among themselves they were not, any more than the Divines of the present Age; and consequently, they can be no Standard of Orthodoxy, till it be first determined what Set of them are the true and genuine Fathers, upon whom we ought to depend. Neither do we owe them any greater Veneration on account of their superior Learning. All human Literature was what many of them professedly despised, as the Dregs of Idolatry and Heathenism; and endeavoured, all that in them lay, to suppress the best Writings of the former Ages, which they did with a Barbarity little short of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. It would be therefore surprizing, if the Compositions of such Men should be preferable to those of an Age, which is not proud enough to refuse taking all the Assistance it can get from the Studies and Labours of all that preceded it.

CORRECTNESS of Style, and Elegance of Composition, are things we need not look for among most of the Fathers; since every body knows, that they lived in an Age of a most corrupt Taste, and when the *Greek* and *Roman* Arts and Learning were almost lost from
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the World. This however might be excused, if their manner of reasoning upon things were just and exact. But where is it we are to meet with it? St. *Austin* is one of the most celebrated Authors among them; so much, that a young Preacher imagines he has proved every thing, and confounded all Gain-sayers, when he has made St. *Austin* of his Party. But whoever reads that Father's Writings without prejudice, must own, there is very little reason for holding him in such mighty esteem. His Style is as barbarous as the Language of *Alchymy*. His Reasoning is, for the most part, nothing but a poor playing upon Words. He perpetually affects *Puns*, *Quibbles*, and *Antitheses*, from which he cannot abstain, even in the Place where they are most offensive, and where the greatest Simplicity ought to be the chief Ornament, to wit, in his devotional Pieces; as any one may observe, who will but be at the pains to turn over a Leaf or two of his *Meditations*. Besides all which, the Heat of his Imagination very often hurries him into Strains of Enthusiasm, hardly exceeded by the Ravings and Cant of most of our modern Visionaries.

WERE it not too ill-natured and invidious a Task, I could give Instances, not from the Writings of single Fathers, but the Decrees of whole Councils, even of such as are called *Oecumenical*, not only of Weakness and Absurdities, but of Impieties and Blasphemies,

which would be shocking to every good Christian and reasonable Man. But I rather chuse to touch on what may be more agreeable to most of my Readers. St. *Chrysostom* is one of the most admired Writers for his Eloquence; and on that account has been recommended as a perfect Model for Preachers. And yet I fancy, a modern Preacher would be but contemptibly thought of, that should harangue from the Pulpit against a Pair of *laced Shoes*, in the manner that good Father does, upon a parallel Occasion.

‘ How, *says he*, can he, whose chief
 ‘ Glory is in being fine about the Feet, and
 ‘ in having Men admire as he walks the
 ‘ Brightness of the Silk, the Flowers and
 ‘ Colours of the Needle-work, and all that
 ‘ Art can invent of this kind that is curious
 ‘ and agreeable, lift up his Eyes to Heaven?
 ‘ How can he attend to the Beauties of the
 ‘ Universe, who minds only those of his
 ‘ Shoes? The Lord has extended the Hea-
 ‘ vens above the Earth, and placed the Sun
 ‘ there so beautiful and illustrious, on purpose
 ‘ that your Eyes might be attracted by an
 ‘ Object so glorious: And you, on the con-
 ‘ trary, in opposition to the Views of the
 ‘ Almighty, and in compliance with those
 ‘ of the Devil, the Author of these Vanities,
 ‘ keep them fixed on the Earth. It is he,
 ‘ that has invented those shameful Ornaments
 ‘ to pervert you, and call off your Atten-
 ‘ tion from what is truly beautiful. It is he,
 ‘ that

‘ that uses all his power to make you descend
 ‘ from Heaven to Earth : And he has suc-
 ‘ ceeded in it so fully, that whilst God shews
 ‘ you the one, and the Devil the other, you
 ‘ neglect Heaven, and prefer it to a Shoe.’
 And at this rate goes on that celebrated
 Preacher for the most part of a Sermon :
 upon which I shall not descant, but leave it
 to the Judgment of my Readers, how they
 would relish such Language, and such Rea-
 soning, from those who have the Care of
 their Instruction at present.

AND are these the Men, from whom we
 are to receive the Rules of our Faith and
 Practice, and from whose Decisions no Ap-
 peal must be made, without incurring an
Anathema ? Is such poor trifling Declama-
 tion as this to be put in competition with the
 close Reasoning of *Chillingworth* ; with the
 just and solid Thinking of *Barrow* ; and
 with the strong, natural and manly Eloquence
 of *Tillotson* ? I must own, if our *Hookers*,
 our *Claggets*, our *Baxters*, our *Wakes*,
 and our *Hoadleys*, must stand or fall, accord-
 ing as they happen to concur with those
 reverend Gentlemen, I shall have but a slen-
 der Opinion of their Abilities. I shall also
 be obliged to allow, that one of the best and
 most rational Volumes of Discourses I ever
 saw in my Life, I mean that lately published
 by Mr. *Butler*, the worthy Preacher of
 the *Rolls*, is one continued Heap of false
 Reasoning, Nonsense and Contradiction.

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I HAVE been long at a loss what was the Reason of this unjust Preference given to the antient Divines over the Moderns, till I was lately instructed in it by a very eminent and noble Philosopher, now living, Mr. *Croufaz* of *Lausanne*, in the following Observation.

‘ I REMEMBER a young Preacher, who
 ‘ being to handle the Subject of Conscience,
 ‘ and willing to give his Audience some Ideas
 ‘ on a Subject so important, preferred some
 ‘ Principles of common Sense to the Jargon
 ‘ of the Schools, from which he drew a
 ‘ Train of Consequences very plain, and sufficient to clear his Subject. An old Doctor,
 ‘ who heard him, provoked at his new Method, would not give attention to the
 ‘ Preacher. He did not understand him, because he would not understand him; and the
 ‘ very Clearness of his Discourse was the Cause that he called it dark and unintelligible.’

I BELIEVE, many of my Readers will readily recollect more Doctors than one of the same Cast; and by that means have a very easy Solution for this, and several other Phenomena of the same kind.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c,

HIBERNICUS.

Nº 102.



N^o 102. *Saturday, March 25, 1727.*

To the AUTHOR of the *Dublin Journal.*

Lufisti satis. ———

H O R.

S I R,



W O Years being now elapsed since I first addressed myself to the Publick, thro' the Conveyance of your Paper, I believe nobody will be surprized at my now quitting a Province which I undertook with the greatest diffidence, and in which all my Vanity could not once induce me to imagine I should have continued so long. It is indeed the first Instance of a Design of this sort having met so much good Fortune in this Nation. I cannot therefore forbear congratulating my Readers on the conclusion of a Work, which owes its Subsistence much more to their Good-nature, than to the Merit or Abilities of the Author.

As I am sensible I deserve no other Praise than what results from the Goodness of my Intentions, I desire my Readers may turn back to my first Letter, and consider, whether I have not scrupulously adhered to the Method therein

therein laid down for my Conduct. For tho I did, and still do blame the making such Writings subservient to the Purposes of Party and Faction; yet I did not debar myself from handling, upon some Occasions, such Subjects as might have an Influence on the Cause of Liberty, and the Laws and Constitution of my Country. And yet a tender Consideration of the different Means, which Men of equally honest Intentions may apprehend to be most conducive to the publick Happiness, has made me very sparing even in this Point; tho I have often thought, that altogether to have shunned it would have been a kind of Indecency in a Paper begun under the Patronage and Encouragement of a great and noble * Patriot, whose Memory will be ever dear to his Country, and who would have had a very mean Opinion of any Man, who had expressed the least Indifference about its Concerns.

As to the Execution of my Design, I am entirely in the Judgment of the Publick, who have a right to determine as they please. The great Vices and Corruptions of Mankind are what few pretend to justify; so that the principal thing a Writer of this sort has to do, is to combat the prevailing Prejudices and Mistakes of the Age or Country he lives in, to which honest and good Minds are liable as

* The Right Honourable Robert Lord Viscount Molesworth.

well as others. It is not therefore possible to avoid giving offence to some, whom no good-natured Man would willingly choose to offend. But if a Man be so very delicate, as to be incapable of bearing the thought of having incurred some Peoples Displeasure or Disesteem, I know no other way to keep him from that Pain, but not to write at all.

I AM only sorry to learn, that some of my Papers have been thought to make too free with Religion and Christianity. As I am sure, I never had this in my View, but very far the contrary, I am chiefly concerned on their account who have made the Objection, who seem, in my Opinion, to place Religion and Christianity in things very remote from them. I have only endeavoured to correct and expose an Infirmary in Mankind, not only not imputable to Christianity, but directly opposite to it; I mean, that narrow and bale Spirit, which disposes Men to transgress its most important Precepts, in defence of what they imagine to be its Principles; which confines all Charity and Benevolence to one small Sect, and looks on all the rest of Mankind, however virtuous in their Lives, and sincere in their searches after Truth, as a Race of vile and impious Men, devoted to Destruction. Whatever I have written on this Head, I can truly assure my Readers proceeded from a tender regard for Christianity; since I have been always of opinion that the greatest Wound it ever received, has been from the

imputing to it such Principles as justify Mens being at strife and variance with one another on account of their Differences in Points, wherein it is impossible for all Mankind ever to be perfectly agreed.

THERE are others of my Readers, who have complained of me as too dry and philosophical, for the most part, and not so entertaining as I ought to have been. I doubt not my having given too much reason for this Censure. But I have apologized for it in my fifty eighth Paper, and shall only add now, that as I did not set out with a humorous and fanciful Character, a Method so happily pursued by some of my Predecessors in this Manner of Writing, I had not the same freedom and opportunity of running into strains of Wit and Pleasantry, even tho I had been Master of the same Genius and Spirit. I have however, now and then, ventured to vary my Character, by writing on Subjects which did not require so much attention; and even sometimes endeavoured, under the name of *Musophilus*, to divert my Readers with a few Pieces in Poetry. There are also some other Pieces of the same nature, interspersed thro' the Work, for which I am beholden to the Assistance of several ingenious Gentlemen. Of this sort is the Paraphrase of a Passage in the Book of *Job*, in the fiftieth Paper, communicated to me by Mr. *Samuel Boyse*, who is also the Author of the Ninety seventh. The *Town Eclogue*, in the twenty fourth,

fourth, was sent me by an unknown Hand; and the excellent Copy of Verses by Mr. *Sterling*, on two Pieces of Painting, in the eighty first. Nor must I omit the two incomparable Poems in the sixty second Paper, which were written by the late Reverend Archdeacon *Parnel*, and are no ways unworthy that great and extraordinary Genius.

WHILE I am upon this Head, it becomes me to divest myself of a great deal of Reputation I have got by the Papers of some other Gentlemen, who have more frequently lent me their Assistance. The learned and ingenious Author of the *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, will therefore, I hope, excuse me, if to do Justice to myself, I am obliged to name him for the three Papers upon Laughter, which are written in so curious and new a strain of thinking; and also for the forty fifth, forty sixth, and forty seventh Papers, containing so many judicious and valuable Remarks on that pernicious Book, the *Fable of the Bees*.

ALL the Papers subscribed *Isaac Alogist*, came to me from a Gentleman, who will not so much as permit me to enquire after him, far less to publish his Name. Whether he thinks it too great an Honour for me to be known in the number of his Friends, I cannot tell; but this I am sure, that I should think myself altogether unworthy of his Friendship, if I were not much prouder of it,

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than of a Reputation which his unkind Modesty, in refusing me his acquaintance, might provoke me to take to myself, at the same time that it affords me an opportunity of doing it.

THE Author of the seventh and eighth Papers, containing a Translation from *Anacreon*, with a Criticism on that Author, has also thought fit to conceal himself from me; tho' he has since favoured me with two other Letters, to wit, the forty ninth, and sixty ninth. There are also six or seven very ingenious Papers subscribed with the Letters N. N. and O. O. which seem all to be written in the same Hand; but the Writer of them has left me ignorant to whom the Publick is indebted for them. I am at the same loss about the twenty second, the twenty ninth, the thirtieth, the thirty third, the seventy first, the ninety seventh, and the ninety ninth Papers, which seem to me the Performances of so many different Persons, and came to me at different times, in the same order in which they lie in the *Journals*.

WHATEVER other Papers have been published in this *Journal*, either under the Name of *Hibernicus*, or any of his Correspondents, I only am chargeable with, and answerable for all the Faults in them; which while I submit with all due deference to the Judgment of the Publick, I hope it will have the goodness to allow me the Merit of having started a Design in this Country, which may perhaps

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perhaps hereafter prove useful, when put into abler hands to be executed. A Reader of Candor and Generosity will be inclined to think this a sufficient Motive to pardon, at least, whatever Errors or Mistakes have been observable during the Progress of this Undertaking.

It only remains to thank all my Readers for their Indulgence to me, continued to a Period so much beyond my fondest Wishes or Ambition. It would be a wronging their Judgment, if I did not now begin to think, that these loose Compositions might perhaps be still farther useful; for which Reason I have just published proposals for collecting them together in such a Form as may best answer that End: in promoting of which, I shall presume to hope for the Continuance of their Favour; assuring them, that I shall have very little Relish of any Advantages I may thereby procure to myself, besides the Capacity of serving my Country and Mankind, and having a better Opportunity of accounting to the Publick hereafter for the leisure Hours of

Their most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

I N D E X.



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